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BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY.

NINETEENTH CENTURY WRITERS.

LIFE OF JOHN LORD.

DR. JOHN LORD'S

BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY.

A series of lectures setting forth the great epochs and master minds of civilization,— a biographical history of the world's life.

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JOHN LORD, AT SEVENTY-FIVE

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BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY.

By JOHN LORD, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ROMAN WORLD," "MODERN EUROPE," ETC., ETC.

VOL. VIII.

NINETEENTH CENTURY WRITERS.

ALSO:

THE LIFE OF JOHN LORD,

By ALEX. S. TWOMBLY, D.D.

NEW YORK:
FORDS, HOWARD, AND HULBERT.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THIS being the last possible volume in the series of "Beacon Lights of History" from the pen of Dr. Lord, its readers will be interested to know that it contains all the lectures that he had completed (although not all that he had projected) for his review of the chief Men of Letters of the Nineteenth Century. Lectures on other topics were found among his papers, but none that would properly fit into this scheme; and it was thought best not to attempt any collection of material which he himself had not deemed worthy or appropriate for use in this series, which embodies the best of his life's work, — all of his books and his lectures that he wished to have preserved. For instance, "The Old Roman World," enlarged in scope and rewritten, is included in the volume on "Old Pagan Civilizations;" much of his "Modern Europe" reappears in "Great Warriors and Statesmen" and "Modern European Statesmen," etc.

During the intervals of his more exacting labors, Dr. Lord had written "Reminiscences of Fifty Years in the Lecture Field," — a most entertaining flow of running comment on men and affairs during the

6642

half-century of his public life, in which he gave full play to his shrewd observation, literary and practical sense, ready wit, and lofty moral spirit. This is the chief basis of the biography of him which has been included in the present volume, although numberless letters and other memoranda have been examined, facts patiently culled, and the Life rewritten and presented in better form for our purpose than Dr. Lord's "Reminiscences" alone could have furnished. The Rev. Alexander S. Twombly, D. D., who has done this work, was for years Dr. Lord's pastor and familiar friend, a companion in travel, a keen appreciator of his talents, his personality, and his sterling worth.

Many letters received by the Publishers during the past thirteen years show that Dr. Lord's readers have taken a deep and affectionate interest in the man himself, and will welcome in this concluding volume an account of his unique character and career.

It is proper to say that the preparation and issuance of the "Beacon Lights of History" have been under the editorial care of Mr. John R. Howard of this House, while the proof-sheets have also received the critical attention of Mr. Abram W. Stevens, the accomplished reader of the University Press in Cambridge, Mass.

New York, September 15, 1896.

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THE COBBLES—The Later Home, *same grounds*, 1889 273

CONTENTS.

LXXXII.

ROUSSEAU.

Socialism and Education.

	Page
Jean Jacques Rousseau and Edmund Burke	23
Rousseau representative of this century	24
Birth	25
Education and early career: engraver, footman	26
Secretary, music-teacher, and writer	27
Meets Thérèse	28
His first public essay in literature	29
Operetta, and second essay	30
Geneva; the Hermitage; Madame d'Épinay	31
The "Nouvelle Héloïse;" Comtesse d'Houdetot	32
"Émile;" "The Social Contract"	33
Books publicly burned: author flees	34
England; Hume; the "Confessions"	35
Death, career reviewed	36
Character of Rousseau	37
Essay on the Arts and Sciences	39
"Origin of Human Inequalities"	40
"The Social Contract"	43
"Émile"	51
The "New Héloïse"	57
The "Confessions"	58
Influence of Rousseau	60

LXXXIII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Modern Novel.

	Page
Scott and Byron	65
Evanescence of literary fame	66
Parentage of Scott	70
Birth and childhood	71
Schooling and reading	72
Becomes an advocate	73
His friends and pleasures	74
Personal peculiarities	77
Writing of poetry; first publication	78
Marriage and settlement	79
"Scottish Minstrelsy"	81
"Lay of the Last Minstrel;" Ashestiel rented	83
The Edinburgh Review: Jeffrey, Brougham, Smith	85
The Ballantynes	87
"Marmion"	88
Jeffrey as a critic	89
Quarrels of author and publishers; Quarterly Review	92
Scott's poetry	93
Duration of poetic fame	96
Clerk of Sessions; Abbotsford bought	98
"Lord of the Isles;" "Rokeby"	100
Fiction: fame of great authors	101
"Waverley"	104
"Guy Mannering"	107
Great popularity of Scott	109
"The Antiquary"	110
"Old Mortality;" comparisons	111
"Rob Roy"	115

The King's Library

PAGE

Scotland's debt to Scott 116
Prosperity; rank; correspondence 118
Personal habits 119
Life at Abbotsford 120
Chosen friends 123
Works issued in 1820–1825 125
Bankruptcy through failure of his publishers 126
Scott's noble character and action 127
Works issued in 1825–1831 128
Illness and death 129
Payment of his enormous debt 129
Vast pecuniary returns from his works 130

LXXXIV.

LORD BYRON.

POETIC GENIUS.

Difficulty of depicting Byron 135
Descent; birth; lameness 137
Schooling; early reading habits 139
College life 140
Temperament and character 141
First publication of poems 143
Savage criticism by Edinburgh Review 145
"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" 146
Byron becomes a peer 146
Loneliness and melancholy: determines to travel . . . 147
Portugal; Spain 148
Malta; Greece; Turkey 149
Profanity of language in Byron's time 150
"Childe Harold" 152
Instant fame and popularity 153

PAGE

Consideration of the poem 154
Marries Miss Millbanke: separation 158
Genius and marriage 159
"The Corsair," "Bride of Abydos" 160
Evil reputation: loss of public favor 161
Byron leaves England forever 162
Switzerland; the Shelleys; new poems 162
Degrading life in Venice 163
Wonderful labors amid dissipation 164
The Countess Guiccioli 165
Two sides to Byron's character 167
His power and fertility 169
Inexcusable immorality: "Don Juan" 170
"Manfred" and "Cain" not irreligious, but dramatic . 172
Byron not atheistical, but morbid 174
Many noble traits and actions 175
Generosity and fidelity in friendship 177
Eulogies by Scott and Moore 179
Byron's interest in the Greek Revolution 180
Devotes himself to that cause 181
Raises £10,000 and embarks for Greece 182
Collects troops, in his own pay 183
His latest verses 183
Illness from vexation and exposure 184
Death and burial 185
The verdict 186

LXXXV.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Criticism and Biography.

	Page
Froude's Biography of Carlyle	191
Brief résumé of Carlyle's career	192
Parentage and birth	195
Slender education; school-teaching	196
Abandons clerical intentions, to become a writer	197
"Elements of Geometry;" "Life of Schiller;" "Wilhelm Meister"	198
Marries Jane Welsh	199
Her character	200
Edinburgh and Craigenputtock	201
Essays: "German Literature"	202
Goethe's "Helena"	203
"Burns"	204
"Life of Heyne;" "Voltaire"	206
"Characteristics"	208
Wholesome and productive life at Craigenputtock	209
"Dr. Johnson"	210
Friendship with Ralph Waldo Emerson	213
"Sartor Resartus"	214
Carlyle removes to London	217
Begins "The French Revolution"	218
Manuscript accidentally destroyed	219
Habits of great authors in rewriting	220
Publication of the work: Caryle's literary style	221
Better reception in America than in England	222
Carlyle begins lecturing	222
Popular eloquence in England	223
Carlyle and the Chartists	225

PAGE

"Heroes and Hero Worship" 226
"Past and Present" 227
Carlyle becomes bitter 228
"Latter Day Pamphlets" 229
"Life of Oliver Cromwell" 231
Carlyle's confounding right with might 232
Great merits of Carlyle as historian 233
Death of Mrs. Carlyle 234
Success of Carlyle established 236
"Frederick the Great" 237
Decline of the author's popularity 238
Public honors; private sorrow 239
Final illness, and death 241
Carlyle's place in literature 242

LXXXVI.

LORD MACAULAY.

ARTISTIC HISTORICAL WRITING.

Macaulay's varied talents 245
Descent and parentage 246
Birth and youth 247
Education 248
Character: his greatness intellectual rather than moral . 249
College career 250
Enters the law 251
His early writings; poetry; essay on Milton 252
Social success; contemporaries 253
Enters politics and Parliament 256
Sent to India: secretary board of education 257
Essays in the Reviews 258
Limitations as a statesman 259

PAGE

Devotion to literature 260
Personal characteristics 261
Return to London and public office 263
Still writing essays: "Warren Hastings," "Clive" . . 264
Special public appreciation in America 265
Drops out of Parliament; begins "History of England" . 267
Prodigious labor; extent and exactness of his knowledge 269
Self-criticism; brilliancy of style 270
Some inconsistencies 271
Public honors 275
Remarkable successes; re-enters Parliament 276
Illness and growing weakness 277
Conclusion of the History; foreign and domestic honors . 278
Resigns seat in Parliament 279
Social habits 280
Literary tastes 281
Final illness, and death; his fame 282

INDEX 285

LXXXII.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

SOCIALISM AND EDUCATION.

1712–1778.

BEACON LIGHTS.

LXXXII.

ROUSSEAU.

SOCIALISM AND EDUCATION.

TWO great political writers in the eighteenth century, of antagonistic views, but both original and earnest, have materially affected the whole science of government, and even of social life, from their day to ours, and in their influence really belong to the nineteenth century. One was the apostle of radicalism; the other of conservatism. The one, more than any other single man, stimulated, though unwittingly, the French Revolution; the other opposed that mad outburst with equal eloquence, and caused in Europe a reaction from revolutionary principles. While one is far better known to-day than the other, to the thoughtful both are exponents and representatives of conflicting political and social questions which agitate this age.

These men were Jean Jacques Rousseau and Edmund Burke, — one Swiss, and the other English. Burke I have already treated of in a former volume.[1] His name is no longer a power, but his influence endures in all the grand reforms of which he was a part, and for which his generation in England is praised; while his writings remain a treasure-house of political and moral wisdom, sure to be drawn upon during every public discussion of governmental principles. Rousseau, although a writer of a hundred years ago, seems to me a fit representative of political, social, and educational ideas in the present day, because his theories are still potent, and even in this scientific age more widely diffused than ever before. Not without reason, it is true, for he embodied certain germinant ideas in a fascinating literary style; but it is hard to understand how so weak a man could have exercised such far-reaching influence.

Himself a genuine and passionate lover of Nature; recognizing in his principles of conduct no duties that could conflict with personal inclinations; born in democratic and freedom-loving Switzerland, and early imbued through his reading of German and English writers with ideas of liberty, — which in

[1] Beacon Lights of History, Vol. IV., "Great Warriors and Statesmen."

those conservative lands were wholesome, — he distilled these ideas into charming literary creations that were eagerly read by the restless minds of France and wrought in them political frenzy. The reforms he projected grew out of his theories of the "rights" of man, without reference to the duties that limit those rights; and his appeal for their support to men's passions and selfish instincts and to a sentimental philosophy, in an age of irreligion and immorality, aroused a political tempest which he little contemplated.

In an age so infidel and brilliant as that which preceded the French Revolution, the writings of Rousseau had a peculiar charm, and produced a great effect even on men who despised his character and ignored his mission. He engendered the Robespierres and Condorcets of the Revolution, — those sentimental murderers, who under the guise of philosophy attacked the fundamental principles of justice and destroyed the very rights which they invoked.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva in the year 1712, when Voltaire was first rising into notice. He belonged to the plebeian ranks, being the son of a watchmaker; was sickly, miserable, and morbid from a child; was poorly educated, but a great devourer of novels (which his father — sentimental as he — read with him), poetry, and

gushing biographies; although a little later he became, with impartial facility, equally delighted with the sturdy Plutarch. His nature was passionate and inconstant, his sensibilities morbidly acute, and his imagination lively. He hated all rules, precedents, and authority. He was lazy, listless, deceitful, and had a great craving for novelties and excitement, — as he himself says, "feeling everything and knowing nothing." At an early age, without money or friends, he ran away from the engraver to whom he had been apprenticed, and after various adventures was first kindly received by a Catholic priest in Savoy; then by a generous and erring woman of wealth lately converted to Catholicism; and again by the priests of a Catholic Seminary in Sardinia, under whose tuition, and in order to advance his personal fortunes, he abjured the religion in which he had been brought up, and professed Catholicism. This, however, cost him no conscientious scruples, for his religious training had been of the slimmest, and principles he had none.

We next see Rousseau as a footman in the service of an Italian Countess, where he was mean enough to accuse a servant girl of a theft he had himself committed, thereby causing her ruin. Again, employed as a footman in the service of another noble family, his extraordinary talents were detected, and

he was made secretary. But all this kindness he returned with insolence, and again became a wanderer. In his isolation he sought the protection of the Swiss lady who had before befriended him, Madame de Warens. He began as her secretary, and ended in becoming her lover. In her house he saw society and learned music.

A fit of caprice induced Rousseau to throw up this situation, and he then taught music in Chambéry for a living, studied hard, read Voltaire, Descartes, Locke, Hobbes, Leibnitz, and Puffendorf, and evinced an uncommon vivacity and talent for conversation, which made him a favorite in social circles. His chief labor, however, for five years was in inventing a system of musical notation, which led him to Lyons, and then, in 1741, to Paris.

He was now twenty-nine years old, — a visionary man, full of schemes, with crude opinions and unbounded self-conceit, but poor and unknown, — a true adventurer, with many agreeable qualities, irregular habits, and not very scrupulous morals. Favored by letters of introduction to ladies of distinction, — for he was a favorite with ladies, who liked his enthusiasm, freshness, elegant talk, and grand sentiments, — he succeeded in getting his system of musical notation examined, although not accepted, by the French Academy, and secured an

appointment as secretary in the suite of the Ambassador to Venice.

In this city Rousseau remained but a short time, being disgusted with what he called "official insolence," which did not properly recognize native genius. He returned to Paris as poor as when he left it, and lived in a cheap restaurant. There he made the acquaintance of his Thérèse, a healthy, amiable woman, but low, illiterate, unappreciative, and coarse, the author of many of his subsequent miseries. She lived with him till he died, — at first as his mistress and housekeeper, although later in life he married her. She was the mother of his five children, every one of whom he sent to a foundling hospital, justifying his inhumanity by those sophistries and paradoxes with which his writings abound, — even in one of his letters appealing for pity because he "had never known the sweetness of a father's embrace." With extraordinary self-conceit, too, he looked upon himself, all the while, in his numerous illicit loves, as a paragon of virtue, being apparently without any moral sense or perception of moral distinctions.

It was not till Rousseau was thirty-nine years of age that he attracted public attention by his writings, although earlier known in literary circles, — especially in that infidel Parisian *coterie*, where Diderot, Grimm,

D'Holbach, D'Alembert, David Hume, the Marquis de Mirabeau, Helvetius, and other wits shined, in which circle no genius was acknowledged and no profundity of thought was deemed possible unless allied with those pagan ideas which Saint Augustine had exploded and Pascal had ridiculed. Even while living among these people, Rousseau had all the while a kind of sentimental religiosity which revolted at their ribald scoffing, although he never protested.

He had written some fugitive pieces of music, and had attempted and failed in several slight operettas, composing both music and words; but the work which made Rousseau famous was his essay on a subject propounded in 1749 by the Academy of Dijon: "Has the Progress of Science and the Arts Contributed to Corrupt or to Purify Morals?" This was a strange subject for a literary institution to propound, but one which exactly fitted the genius of Rousseau. The boldness of his paradox — for he maintained the evil effects of science and art — and the brilliancy of his style secured readers, although the essay was crude in argument and false in logic. In his "Confessions" he himself condemns it as the weakest of all his works, although "full of force and fire;" and he adds: "With whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily

learned." It has been said that Rousseau got the idea of taking the "off side" of this question from his literary friend Diderot, and that his unexpected success with it was the secret of his life-long career of opposition to all established institutions. This is interesting, but not very authentic.

The next year, his irregular activity having been again stimulated by learning that his essay had gained the premium at Dijon, and by the fact of its great vogue as a published pamphlet, another performance fairly raised Rousseau to the pinnacle of fashion; and this was an opera which he composed, "Le Devin du Village" (The Village Sorcerer), which was performed at Fontainebleau before the Court, and received with unexampled enthusiasm. His profession, so far as he had any, was that of a copyist of music, and his musical taste and facile talents had at last brought him an uncritical recognition.

But Rousseau soon abandoned music for literature. In 1753 he wrote another essay for the Academy of Dijon, on the "Origin of the Inequality of Man," full of still more startling paradoxes than his first, in which he attempted to show, with great felicity of language, the superiority of savage life over civilization.

At the age of forty-two Rousseau revisited Protestant Geneva, abjured in its turn the Catholic faith,

and was offered the post of librarian of the city. But he could not live out of the atmosphere of Paris ; nor did he wish to remain under the shadow of Voltaire, living in his villa near the City Gate of Geneva, who had but little admiration for Rousseau, and whose superior social position excited the latter's envy. Yet he professed to hate Paris with its conventionalities and fashions, and sought a quiet retreat where he could more leisurely pursue his studies and enjoy Nature, which he really loved. This was provided for him by an enthusiastic friend, — Madame d'Épinay, — in the beautiful valley of Montmorenci, and called "The Hermitage," situated in the grounds of her Château de la Chevrette. Here he lived with his wife and mother-in-law, he himself enjoying the hospitalities of the Château besides, — society of a most cultivated kind, also woods, lawns, parks, gardens, — all for nothing ; the luxuries of civilization, the glories of Nature, and the delights of friendship combined. It was an earthly paradise, given him by enthusiastic admirers of his genius and conversation.

In this retreat, one of the most favored which a poor author ever had, Rousseau, ever craving some outlet for his passionate sentiments, created an ideal object of love. He wrote imaginary letters, dwelling with equal rapture on those he wrote and those he

fancied he received in return, and which he read to his lady friends, after his rambles in the forests and parks, during their reunions at the supper-table. Thus was born the "Nouvelle Héloïse," — a novel of immense fame, in which the characters are invested with every earthly attraction, living in voluptuous peace, yet giving vent to those passions which consume the unsatisfied soul. It was the forerunner of "Corinne," "The Sorrows of Werther," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and all those sentimental romances which amused our grandfathers and grandmothers, but which increased the prejudice of religious people against novels. It was not until Sir Walter Scott arose with his wholesome manliness that the embargo against novels was removed.

The life which Rousseau lived at the Hermitage — reveries in the forest, luxurious dinners, and sentimental friendships — led to a passionate love-affair with the Comtesse d'Houdetot, a sister-in-law of his patroness Madame d'Épinay, — a woman not only married, but who had another lover besides. The result, of course, was miserable, — jealousies, piques, humiliations, misunderstandings, and the sundering of the ties of friendship, which led to the necessity of another retreat: a real home the wretched man never had. This was furnished, still in the vicinity of Montmorenci, by another aristocratic friend, the

Maréchal de Luxembourg, the fiscal agent of the Prince de Condé. And nothing to me is stranger than that this wandering, morbid, irritable man, without birth or fortune, the father of the wildest revolutionary and democratic doctrines, and always hated both by the Court and the Church, should have found his friends and warmest admirers and patrons in the highest circles of social life. It can be explained only by the singular fascination of his eloquence, and by the extreme stolidity of his worshippers in appreciating his doctrines, and the state of society to which his principles logically led.

In this second retreat Rousseau had the *entrée* to the palace of the Duke of Luxembourg, where he read to the friends assembled at its banquets his new production, "Émile," — a singular treatise on education, not so faulty as his previous works, but still false in many of its principles, especially in regard to religion. This book contained an admirable and powerful impulse away from artificiality and towards naturalness in education, which has exerted an immense influence for good; we shall revert to it later.

A few months before the publication of "Émile," Rousseau had issued "The Social Contract," the most revolutionary of all his works, subversive of all precedents in politics, government, and the organization of society, while also confounding Christianity with

ecclesiasticism and attacking its influence in the social order. All his works obtained a wide fame before publication by reason of his habit of reading them to enthusiastic and influential friends who made them known.

"The Social Contract," however, dangerous as it was, did not when published arouse so much opposition as "Émile." The latter book, as we now see, contained much that was admirable; but its freedom and looseness in religious discussion called down the wrath of the clergy, excited the alarm of the government, and finally compelled the author to fly for his life to Switzerland.

Rousseau is now regarded as an enemy to Christian doctrine, even as he was a foe to the existing institutions of society. In Geneva his books are publicly burned. Henceforth his life is embittered by constant persecution. He flies from canton to canton in the freest country in Europe, obnoxious not only for his opinions but for his habits of life. He affectedly adopts the Armenian dress, with its big fur bonnet and long girdled caftan, among the Swiss peasantry. He is as full of personal eccentricities as he is of intellectual crotchets. He becomes a sort of literary vagabond, with every man's hand against him. He now writes a series of essays, called "Letters from the Mountain," full of bitterness and anti-

Christian sentiments. So incensed by these writings are the country people among whom he dwells that he is again forced to fly.

David Hume, regarding him as a mild, affectionate, and persecuted man, gives Rousseau a shelter in England. The wretched man retires to Derbyshire, and there writes his "Confessions," — the most interesting and most dangerous of his books, showing a diseased and irritable mind, and most sophistical views on the immutable principles of both morality and religion. A victim of mistrust and jealousy, he quarrels with Hume, who learns to despise his character, while pitying the sensitive sufferings of one whom he calls "a man born without a skin."

Rousseau returns to France at the age of fifty-five. After various wanderings he is permitted to settle in Paris, where he lives with great frugality in a single room, poorly furnished, — supporting himself by again copying music, sought still in high society, yet shy, reserved, forlorn, bitter; occasionally making new friends, who are attracted by the infantine simplicity of his manners and apparent amiability, but losing them almost as soon as made by his petty jealousies and irritability, being "equally indignant at neglect and intolerant of attention."

Rousseau's declining health and the fear of his friends that he was on the borders of insanity led to

his last retreat, offered by a munificent friend, at Ermenonville, near Paris, where he died at sixty-six years of age in 1778, as some think from poison administered by his own hand. The revolutionary National Assembly of France in 1790 bestowed a pension of fifteen hundred francs on his worthless widow, who had married a stable boy soon after the death of her husband.

Such was the checkered life of Rousseau. As to his character, Lord Brougham says that "never was so much genius before united with so much weakness." The leading spring of his life was egotism. He never felt himself wrong, and the sophistries he used to justify his immoralities are both ludicrous and pitiable. His treatment of Madame de Warens, his first benefactor, was heartless, while the abandonment of his children was infamous. He twice changed his religion without convictions, for the advancement of his fortunes. He pretended to be poor when he was independent in his circumstances. He supposed himself to be without vanity, while he was notoriously the most conceited man in France. He quarrelled with all his friends. He made war on society itself. He declared himself a believer in Christianity, but denied all revelation, all miracles, all inspiration, all supernaturalism, and everything he

could not reconcile with his reason. His bitterest enemies were the atheists themselves, who regarded him as a hypocrite, since he professed to believe in what he undermined. The hostility of the Church was excited against him, not because he directly assailed Christianity, but because he denied all its declarations and sapped its authority.

Rousseau was, however, a sentimentalist rather than a rationalist, an artist rather than a philosopher. He was not a learned man, but a bold thinker. He would root out all distinctions in society, because they could not be reconciled with his sense of justice. He preached a gospel of human rights, based not on Christianity but on instinct. He was full of impracticable theories. He would have no war, no suffering, no hardship, no bondage, no fear, and even no labor, since these were evils, and, according to his notions of moral government, unnecessary. But in all his grand theories he ignored the settled laws of Providence, — even those of that "Nature" he so fervently worshipped, — all that is decreed concerning man or woman, all that is stern and real in existence; and while he uttered such sophistries, he excited discontent with the inevitable condition of man, he loosened family ties, he relaxed wholesome restraints, he infused an intense hatred of all conditions subject to necessary toil.

The life of this embittered philanthropist was as great a contradiction as were his writings. This benevolent man sends his own children to a foundling hospital. This independent man lives for years on the bounty of an erring woman, whom at last he exposes and deserts. This high-minded idealizer of friendship quarrels with every man who seeks to extricate him from the consequences of his own imprudence. This affectionate lover refuses a seat at his table to the woman with whom he lives and who is the mother of his children. This proud republican accepts a pension from King George III., and lives in the houses of aristocratic admirers without payment. This religious teacher rarely goes to church, or respects the outward observances of the Christianity he affects. This moral theorizer, on his own confession, steals and lies and cheats. This modest innocent corrupts almost every woman who listens to his eloquence. This lofty thinker consumes his time in frivolity and senseless quarrels. This patriot makes war on the institutions of his country and even of civilized life. This humble man turns his back on every one who will not do him reverence.

Such was this precursor of revolutions, this agitator, this hypocrite, this egotist, this lying prophet, — a man admired and despised, brilliant but indefinite, original but not true, acute but not wise; logical,

but reasoning on false premises; advancing some great truths, but spoiling their legitimate effect by sophistries and falsehoods.

Why, then, discuss the ideas and influence of so despicable a creature? Because, sophistical as they were, those ideas contained truths of tremendous germinant power; because in the rank soil of his times they produced a vast crop of bitter, poisonous fruit, while in the more open, better aërated soil of this century they have borne and have yet to bear a fruitage of universal benefit. God's ways seem mysterious; it is for men patiently to study, understand, and utilize them.

Let us turn to the more definite consideration of the writings which have given this author so brilliant a fame. I omit any review of his operas and his system of musical notation, as not bearing on the opinions of society.

The first work, as I have said, which brought Rousseau into notice was the treatise for the Academy of Dijon, as to whether the arts and sciences have contributed to corrupt or to purify morals. Rousseau followed the bent of his genius, in maintaining that they have done more harm than good; and he was so fresh and original and brilliant that he gained the prize. This little work contains the germ of all his subsequent theories, especially that in which

he magnifies the state of nature over civilization,— an amazing paradox, which, however, appealed to society when men were wearied with the very pleasures for which they lived.

Rousseau's cant about the virtues engendered by ignorance, idleness, and barbarism is repulsive to every sound mind. Civilization may present greater temptations than a state of nature, but these are inseparable from any growth, and can be overcome by the valorous mind. Who but a madman would sweep away civilization with its factitious and remediable evils for barbarism with its untutored impulses and animal life? Here Rousseau makes war upon society, upon all that is glorious in the advance of intellect and the growth of morality, — upon the reason and aspirations of mankind. Can inexperience be a better guide than experience, when it encounters crime and folly? Yet, on the other hand, a plea for greater simplicity of life, a larger study of Nature, and a freer enjoyment of its refreshing contrasts to the hot-house life of cities, is one of the most reasonable and healthful impulses of our own day.

What can be more absurd, although bold and striking, than Rousseau's essay on the "Origin of Human Inequalities"! In this he pushes out the doctrine of personal liberty to its utmost logical sequence, so as to do away with government itself, and with

all regulation for the common good. We do not quarrel with his abstract propositions in respect to political equality; but his deductions strike a blow at civilization, since he maintains that inequalities of human condition are the source of all political and social evils, while Christianity, confirmed by common-sense, teaches that the source of social evils is in the selfish nature of man rather than in his outward condition. And further, if it were possible to destroy the inequalities of life, they would soon again return, even with the most boundless liberty. Here common-sense is sacrificed to a captivating theory, and all the experiences of the world are ignored.

This shows the folly of projecting any abstract theory, however true, to its remote and logical sequence. In the attempt we are almost certain to be landed in absurdity, so complicated are the relations of life, especially in governmental and political science. What doctrine of civil or political economy would be applicable in all ages and all countries and all conditions? Like the ascertained laws of science, or the great and accepted truths of the Bible, political axioms are to be considered in their relation with other truths equally accepted, or men are soon brought into a labyrinth of difficulties, and the strongest intellect is perplexed.

And especially will this be the case when a theory under consideration is not a truth but an assumption. That was the trouble with Rousseau. His theories, disdainful of experience, however logically treated, became in their remotest sequence and application insulting to the human understanding, because they were often not only assumptions, but assumptions of what was not true, although very specious and flattering to certain classes.

Rousseau confounded the great truth of the justice of moral and political equality with the absurd and unnatural demand for social and material equality. The great modern cry for equal opportunity for all is sound and Christian; but any attempt to guarantee individual success in using opportunity, to insure the lame and the lazy an equal rank in the race, must end in confusion and distraction.

The evil of Rousseau's crude theories or false assumptions was practically seen in the acceptance of their logical conclusions, which led to anarchy, murder, pillage, and outrageous excess. The great danger attending his theories is that they are generally half-truths, — truth and falsehood blended. His writings are sophistical. It is difficult to separate the truth from the error, by reason of the marvellous felicity of his language. I do not underrate his genius or his style. He was doubtless an

original thinker and a most brilliant and artistic writer; and by so much did he confuse people, even by the speciousness of his logic. There is nothing indefinite in what he advances. He is not a poet dealing in mysticisms, but a rhetorical philosopher, propounding startling theories, partly true and partly false, which he logically enforces with matchless eloquence.

Probably the most influential of Rousseau's writings was "The Social Contract," — the great text-book of the Revolution. In this famous treatise he advanced some important ideas which undoubtedly are based on ultimate truth, such as that the people are the source of power, that might does not make right, that slavery is an aggression on human rights; but with these ideal truths he combines the assertion that government is a contract between the governor and the governed. In a perfect state of society this may be the ideal; but society is not and never has been perfect, and certainly in all the early ages of the world governments were imposed upon people by the strong hand, irrespective of their will and wishes, — and these were the only governments which were fit and useful in that elder day. Governments, as a plain matter of fact, have generally arisen from circumstances and relations with which the people have had little to do. The Oriental monarchies were the

gradual outgrowth of patriarchal tradition and successful military leadership, and in regard to them the people were never consulted at all. The Roman Empire was ruled without the consent of the governed. Feudal monarchies in Europe were based on the divine rights of kings. There was no state in Europe where a compact or social contract had been made or implied. Even later, when the French elected Napoleon, they chose a monarch because they feared anarchy, without making any stipulation. There were no contracting parties.

The error of Rousseau was in assuming a social contract as a fact, and then reasoning upon the assumption. His premises are wrong, or at least they are nothing more than statements of what abstractly might be made to follow from the assumption that the people actually are the source of power, — a condition most desirable and in the last analysis correct, since even military despots use the power of the people in order to oppress the people, but which is practically true only in certain states. Yet, after all, when brought under the domain of law by the sturdy sense and utilitarian sagacity of the Anglo-Saxon race, Rousseau's doctrine of the sovereignty of the people is the great political motor of this century, in republics and monarchies alike.

Again, Rousseau maintains that, whatever acquisi-

tions an individual or a society may make, the right to this property must be always subordinate to the right which the community at large has over the possessions of all. Here is the germ of much of our present-day socialism. Whatever element of truth there may be in the theory that would regard land and capital, the means of production, as the joint possession of all the members of the community, — the basic doctrine of socialism, — any forcible attempt to distribute present results of individual production and accumulation would be unjust and dangerous to the last degree. In the case of the furious carrying out of this doctrine by the crazed French revolutionists, it led to outrageous confiscation, on the ground that all property belonged to the state, and therefore the representatives of the nation could do what they pleased with it. This shallow sophistry was accepted by the French National Convention when it swept away estates of nobles and clergy, not on the tenable ground that the owners were public enemies, but on the baseless pretext that their property belonged to the nation.

From this sophistry about the rights of property, Rousseau advanced another of still worse tendency, which was that the general will is always in the right and constantly tends to the public good. The theory is inconsistent with itself. Light and truth do not

come from the universal reason, but from the thoughts of great men stimulated into growth among the people. The teachers of the world belong to a small class. Society is in need of constant reforms, which are not suggested by the mass, but by a few philosophers or reformers, — the wise men who save cities.

Rousseau further says that a whole people can never become corrupted, — a most barefaced assertion. Have not all nations suffered periods of corruption? This notion, that the whole people cannot err, opens the door for any license. It logically leads to that other idea, of the native majesty of man and the perfectibility of society, which this sophist boldly accepted. Rousseau thought that if society were released from all law and all restraint, the good impulses and good sense of the majority would produce a higher state of virtue and wisdom than what he saw around him, since majorities could do no wrong and the universal reason could not err. In this absurdity lay the fundamental principle of the French Revolution, so far as it was produced by the writings of philosophers. This doctrine was eagerly seized upon by the French people, maddened by generations of oppression, poverty, and degradation, because it appealed to the pride and vanity of the masses, at that time congregated bodies of ignorance and wickedness.

Rousseau had an unbounded trust in human nature, — that it is good and wise, and will do the best thing if left to itself. But can anything be more antagonistic to all the history of the race? I doubt if Rousseau had any profound knowledge, or even really extensive reading. He was a dreamer, a theorist, a sentimentalist. He was the arch-priest of all sensationalism in the guise of logic. What more acceptable to the vile people of his age than the theory that in their collective capacity they could not err, that the universal reason was divine? What more logical than its culmination in that outrageous indecency, the worship of Reason in the person of a prostitute!

Again, Rousseau's notion of the limitations of law and the prerogative of the people, carried out, would lead to the utter subversion of central authority, and reduce nations to an absolute democracy of small communities. They would divide and subdivide until society was resolved into its original elements. This idea existed among the early Greek states, when a state rarely comprised more than a single city or town or village, such as might be found among the tribes of North American Indians. The great political question in Ancient Greece was the autonomy of cities, which kept the whole land in constant wars and dissensions and quarrels and jealousies,

and prevented that centralization of power which would have made Greece unconquerable and the mistress of the world. Our wholesome American system of autonomy in local affairs, with a common authority in matters affecting the general good, is organized liberty. But the ancient and outgrown idea of unregulated autonomy was revived by Rousseau; and though it could not be carried out by the French Revolutionists who accepted nearly all his theories, it led to the disintegration of France, and the multiplication of offices fatal to a healthy central power. Napoleon broke up all this in his centralized despotism, even if, to keep the Revolutionary sympathy, he retained the Departments which were substituted for the ancient Provinces.

The extreme spirit of democratic liberty which is the characteristic of Rousseau's political philosophy led to the advocacy of the wildest doctrines of equality. He would prevent the accumulation of wealth, so that, to use his words, "no one citizen should be rich enough to buy another, and no one so poor as to be obliged to sell himself." He would have neither rich people nor beggars. What could flow from such doctrines but discontent and unreasonable expectations among the poor, and a general fear and sense of insecurity among the rich? This "state of nature," moreover, in his view, could be

reached only by going backward and destroying all civilization, — and it was civilization which he ever decried, — a very pleasant doctrine to vagabonds, but likely to be treated with derisive mockery by all those who have something to conserve.

Another and most dangerous principle which was advocated in the "Social Contract" was that religion has nothing to do with the affairs of civil and political life; that religious obligations do not bind a citizen; that Christianity, in fact, ignores all the great relations of man in society. This is distinct from the Puritan doctrine of the separation of the Church from the State, by which is simply meant that priests ought not to interfere in matters purely political, nor the government meddle with religious affairs, — a prime doctrine in a free State. But no body of men were ever more ardent defenders of the doctrine that all religious ideas ought to bear on the social and political fabric than the Puritans. They would break up slavery, if it derogated from the doctrine of the common brotherhood of man as declared by Christ; they would use their influence as Christians to root out all evil institutions and laws, and bring the sublime truths of the Master to bear on all the relations of life, — on citizens at the ballot-box, at the helm of power, and in legislative bodies. Christianity was to them the supreme law, with which all human

laws must harmonize. But Rousseau would throw out Christianity altogether, as foreign to the duties and relations of both citizens and rulers, pretending that it ignored all connection with mundane affairs and had reference only to the salvation of the soul, — as if all Christ's teachings were not regulative of the springs of conduct between man and man, as indicative of the relations between man and God! Like Voltaire, Rousseau had the excuse of a corrupt ecclesiasticism to be broken into; but the Church and Christianity are two different things. This he did not see. No one was more impatient of all restraints than Rousseau; yet he maintained that men, if calling themselves Christians, must submit to every wrong and injustice, looking for a remedy in the future world, — thus pouring contempt on those who had no right, according to his view of their system, to complain of injustice or strive to rise above temporal evils. Christianity, he said, inculcates servitude and dependence; its spirit is favorable to tyrants; true Christians are formed to be slaves, and they know it, and never trouble themselves about conspiracies and insurrections, since this transitory world has no value in their eyes. He denied that Christians could be good soldiers, — a falsehood rebuked for us by the wars of the Reformation, by the troops of Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus, by our American soldiers in the

late Civil War. Thus he would throw away the greatest stimulus to heroism, — even the consciousness of duty, and devotion to great truths and interests.

I cannot follow out the political ideas of Rousseau in his various other treatises, in which he prepared the way for revolution and for the excesses of the Reign of Terror. The truth is, Rousseau's feelings were vastly superior to his thinking. Whatever of good is to result from his influence will arise out of the impulse he gave toward the search for ideals that should embrace the many as well as the few in their benefits; when he himself attempted to apply this impulse to philosophic political thought, his unregulated mind went all astray.

Let us now turn to consider a moment his doctrines pertaining to education, as brought out in his greatest and most unexceptionable work, his "Émile."

In this remarkable book everything pertaining to human life appears to be discussed. The duties of parents, child-management, punishments, perception and the beginning of thinking; toys, games, catechisms, all passions and sentiments, religion, friendship, love, jealousy, pity; the means of happiness, the pleasures and profits of travel, the principles of virtue, of justice and liberty; language, books; the nature of man and of woman, the arts of conventional life, politeness, riches, poverty, society, marriage, — on all

these and other questions he discourses with great sagacity and good sense, and with unrivalled beauty of expression, often rising to great eloquence, never dull or uninstructive, aiming to present virtue and vice in their true colors, inspiring exalted sentiments, and presenting happiness in simple pleasures and natural life.

This treatise is both full and original. The author supposes an imaginary pupil named Émile, and he himself, intrusted with the care of the boy's education, attends him from his cradle to his manhood, assists him with the necessary directions for his general improvement, and finally introduces him to an amiable and unsophisticated girl, whose love he wins by his virtues and whom he honorably marries; so that, although a treatise, the work is invested with the fascination of a novel.

In reading this book, which made so great a noise in Europe, with so much that is admirable I find but little to criticise, except three things, which mar its beauty and make it both dangerous and false, in which the unsoundness of Rousseau's mind and character — the strange paradoxes of his life in mixing up good with evil — are brought out, and that so forcibly that the author was hunted and persecuted from one part of Europe to another on account of it.

The first is that he makes all natural impulses

generous and virtuous, and man, therefore, naturally good instead of perverse, — thus throwing not only Christianity but experience entirely aside, and laying down maxims which, logically carried out, would make society perfect if only Nature were always consulted. This doctrine indirectly makes all the treasures of human experience useless, and untutored impulse the guide of life. It would break the restraints which civilization and a knowledge of life impose, and reduce man to a primitive state. In the advocacy of this subtle falsehood, Rousseau pours contempt on all the teachings of mankind, — on all schools and colleges, on all conventionalities and social laws, yea, on learning itself. He always stigmatizes scholars as pedants.

Secondly, he would reduce woman to insignificance, having her rule by arts and small devices; making her the inferior of man, on whom she is dependent and to whose caprice she is bound to submit, — a sort of toy or slave, engrossed only with domestic duties, like the woman of antiquity. He would give new rights and liberties to man, but none to woman as man's equal, — thus keeping her in a dependence utterly irreconcilable with the bold freedom which he otherwise advocates. The dangerous tendency of his writings is somewhat checked, however, by the everlasting hostility with which women of char-

acter and force of will — such as they call "strong-minded" — will ever pursue him. He will be no oracle to them.

But a still more marked defect weakens "Émile" as one of the guide-books of the world, great as are its varied excellencies. The author undermines all faith in Christianity as a revelation, or as a means of man's communion with the Divine, for guidance, consolation, or inspiration. Nor does he support one of his moral or religious doctrines by an appeal to the Sacred Scriptures, which have been so deep a well of moral and spiritual wisdom for so many races of men. Practically, he is infidel and pagan, although he professes to admire some of the moral truths which he never applies to his system. He is a pure Theist or Deist, recognizing, like the old Greeks, no religion but that of Nature, and valuing no attainments but such as are suggested by Nature and Reason, which are the gods he worships from first to last in all his writings. The Confession of Faith by the Savoyard Vicar introduced into the fourth of the six "Books" of this work, which, having nothing to do with his main object, he unnecessarily drags in, is an artful and specious onslaught on all doctrines and facts revealed in the Bible, — on all miracles, all prophecies, and all supernatural revelation, — thus attacking Christianity in its most vital points, and making it of

no more authority than Buddhism or Mohammedanism. Faith is utterly extinguished. A cold reason is all that he would leave to man, — no consolation but what the mind can arrive at unaided, no knowledge but what can be reached by original scientific investigation. He destroys not only all faith but all authority, by a low appeal to prejudices, and by vulgar wit such as the infidels of a former age used in their heartless and flippant controversies. I am not surprised at the hostility displayed even in France against him by both Catholics and Protestants. When he advocated his rights of man, from which Thomas Paine and Jefferson himself drew their maxims, he appealed to the self-love of the great mass of men ground down by feudal injustices and inequalities, — to the sense of justice, sophistically it is true, but in a way which commanded the respect of the intellect. When he assailed Christianity in its innermost fortresses, while professing to be a Christian, he incurred the indignation of all Christians and the contempt of all infidels, — for he added hypocrisy to scepticism, which they did not. Diderot, D'Alembert, and others were bold unbelievers, and did not veil their hostilities under a weak disguise. I have never read a writer who in spirit was more essentially pagan than Rousseau, or who wrote maxims more entirely antagonistic to Christianity.

Aside from these great falsities, — the perfection of natural impulse, the inferiority of woman, and the worthlessness of Christianity, — as inculcated in this book, "Émile" must certainly be ranked among the great classics of educational literature. With these expurgated, it confirms the admirable methods inspired by its unmethodical suggestions. Noting the oppressiveness of the usual order of education through books and apparatus, he scorns all tradition, and cries, "Let the child learn direct from Nature!" Himself sensitive and humane, having suffered as a child from the tyranny of adults, he demands the tenderest care and sympathy for children, a patient study of their characteristics, a gentle, progressive leading of them to discover for themselves rather than a cramming of them with facts. The first moral education should be negative, — no preaching of virtue and truth, but shielding from vice and error. He says: "Take the very reverse of the current practice, and you will almost always do right." This spirit, indeed, is the key to his entire plan. His ideas were those of the nineteenth, not the eighteenth century. Free play to childish vitality; punishment the natural inconvenience consequent on wrong-doing; the incitement of the desire to learn; the training of sense-activity rather than reflection, in early years; the acquirement of the power to learn

rather than the acquisition of learning, — in short, the natural and scientifically progressive rather than the bookish and analytically literary method was the end and aim of "Émile."

Actually, this book accomplished little in its own time, chiefly because of its attack on established religion. Influentially, it reappeared in Pestalozzi, the first practical reformer of methods; in Froebel, the inventor of the Kindergarten; in Spencer, the great systematizer of the philosophy of development; and through these its spirit pervades the whole world of education at the present time.

In Rousseau's "New Héloïse" there are the same contradictions, the same paradoxes, the same unsoundness as in his other works, but it is more eloquent than any. It is a novel in which he paints all the aspirations of the soul, all its unrest, all its indefinite longings, its raptures, and its despair; in which he unfetters the imagination and sanctifies every impulse, not only of affection, but of passion. This novel was the pioneer of the sentimental romances which rapidly followed in France and England and Germany, — worse than our sensational literature, since the author veiled his immoralities by painting the transports of passion under the guise of love, which ever has its seat in the affections and is sustained only by respect. Here Rousseau was a disguised

seducer, a poisoner of the moral sentiments, a foe to what is most sacred; and he was the more dangerous from his irresistible eloquence. His sophistries in regard to political and social rights may be met by reason, but not his attacks on the heart, with his imaginary sorrows and joys, his painting of raptures which can never be found. Here he undermines virtue as he had undermined truth and law. Here reprobation must become unqualified, and he appears one of the very worst men who ever exercised a commanding influence on a wicked and perverse generation.

And this view of the man is rather confirmed by his own "Confessions," — a singularly attractive book, yet from which, after the perusal of the long catalogue of his sorrows, joys, humiliations, triumphs, ecstasies and miseries, glories and shame, one rises with great disappointment, since no great truths, useful lessons, or even ennobling sentiments are impressed upon the mind to make us wiser or better. The "Confessions" are only a revelation of that sensibility, excessive and morbid, which reminds us of Byron and his misanthropic poetry, — showing a man defiant, proud, vain, unreasonable, unsatisfied, supremely worldly and egotistic. The first six Books are mere annals of sentimental debauchery; the last six, a kind of thermometer of friendship, containing an accurate account of kisses

given and received, with slights, huffs, visits, quarrels, suspicions, and jealousies, interspersed with grand sentiments and profound views of life and human nature, yet all illustrative of the utter vanity of earth, and the failure of all mortal pleasures to satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind. The "Confessions" remind us of "Manfred" and "Ecclesiastes" blended, — exceedingly readable, and often unexceptionable, where virtue is commended and vice portrayed in its true light, but on the whole a book which no unsophisticated or inexperienced person can read without the consciousness of receiving a moral taint; a book in no respect leading to repose or lofty contemplation, or to submission to the evils of life, which it catalogues with amazing detail; a book not even conducive to innocent entertainment. It is the revelation of the inner life of a sensualist, an egotist, and a hypocrite, with a maudlin although genuine admiration for Nature and virtue and friendship and love. And the book reveals one of the most miserable and dissatisfied men that ever walked the earth, seeking peace in solitude and virtue, while yielding to unrestrained impulses; a man of morbid sensibility, ever yearning for happiness and pursuing it by impossible and impracticable paths. No sadder autobiography has ever been written. It is a lame and impotent attempt at self-justification, revealing on every page

the writer's distrust of the virtues which he exalts, and of man whose reason and majesty he deifies, — even of the friendships in which he sought consolation, and of the retirements where he hoped for rest.

The book reveals the man. The writer has no hope or repose or faith. Nothing pleases him long, and he is driven by his wild and undisciplined nature from one retreat to another, by persecution more fancied than real, until he dies, not without suspicion of having taken his own life.

Such was Rousseau: the greatest literary genius of his age, the apostle of the reforms which were attempted in the French Revolution, and of ideas which still have a wondrous power, — some of which are grand and true, but more of which are sophistical, false, and dangerous. His theories are all plausible; and all are enforced with matchless eloquence of style, but not with eloquence of thought or true feeling, like the soaring flights of Pascal, — in every respect his superior in genius, because more profound and lofty. Rousseau's writings, like his life, are one vast contradiction, the blending of truth with error, — the truth valuable even when commonplace, the error subtle and dangerous, — so that his general influence must be considered bad wherever man is weak or credulous or inexperienced or perverse. I wish I

could speak better of a man whom so many honestly admire, and whose influence has been so marked during the last hundred years, and will be equally great for a hundred years to come; a man from whom Madame de Staël, Jefferson, and Lamartine drew so much of their inspiration, whose ideas about childhood have so helpfully transformed the educational methods of our own time. But I must speak my honest conviction, from the light I have, at the same time hoping that fuller light may justify more leniency to one of the great oracles whose doctrines are still cherished by many of the guides of modern thought.

LXXXIII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

1771–1832.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

IN the early decades of the nineteenth century the two most prominent figures in English literature were Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. They are still read and admired, especially Scott; but it is not easy to understand the enormous popularity of these two men in their own day. Their busts or pictures were in every cultivated family and in almost every shop-window. Everybody was familiar with the lineaments of their countenances, and even with every peculiarity of their dress. Who did not know the shape of the Byronic collar and the rough, plaided form of "the Wizard of the North"? Who could not repeat the most famous passages in the writings of these two authors?

Is it so now? If not, what a commentary might be written on human fame! How transitory are the judgments of men in regard to every one whom fashion stamps! The verdict of critics is that only

some half-dozen authors are now read with the interest and glow which their works called out a hundred years ago. Even the novels of Sir Walter, although to be found in every library, kindle but little enthusiasm compared with that excited by the masterpieces of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, and of the favorites of the passing day. Why is this? Will these later lights also cease to burn? Will they too pass away? Is this age so much advanced that what pleased our grandfathers and grandmothers has no charm for us, but is often "flat, stale, and unprofitable," — at least, decidedly uninteresting?

I am inclined to the opinion that only a very small part of any man's writings is really immortal. Take out the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and how much is left of Gray for other generations to admire? And so of Goldsmith: besides the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Deserted Village," there is little in his writings that is likely to prove immortal. Johnson wrote but little poetry that is now generally valued. Certainly his dictionary, his greatest work, is not immortal, and is scarcely a standard. Indeed, we have outgrown nearly everything which was prized so highly a century ago, not only in poetry and fiction, but in philosophy, theology, and science. Perhaps that is least permanent which once was regarded as most certain.

If, then, the poetry and novels of Sir Walter Scott are not so much read or admired as they once were, we only say that he is no exception to the rule. I have in mind but two authors in the whole range of English literature that are read and prized as much to-day as they were two hundred years ago. And if this is true, what shall we say of rhetoricians like Macaulay, of critics like Carlyle, of theologians like Jonathan Edwards, of historians like Hume and Guizot, and of many other great men of whom it has been the fashion to say that their works are lasting as the language in which they were written? Some few books will doubtless live, but, alas, how few! Where now are the eight hundred thousand in the Alexandrian library, which Ptolemy collected with so great care, — what, even, their titles? Where are the writings of Varro, said to have been the most learned man of all antiquity?

I make these introductory remarks to show how shallow is the criticism passed upon a novelist or poet like Scott, in that he is not now so popular or so much read as he was in his own day. It is the fate of most great writers, — the Augustines, the Voltaires, the Bayles of the world. It is enough to say that they were lauded and valued in their time, since this is about all we can say of most of the works supposed to be immortal. But when we remember the enthu-

siasm with which the novels of Scott were at first received, the great sums of money which were paid for them, and the honors he received from them, he may well claim a renown and a popularity such as no other literary man ever enjoyed. His eyes beheld the glory of a great name; his ears rang with the plaudits of idolaters; he had the consciousness of doing good work, universally acknowledged and gratefully remembered. Scarcely any other novelist ever created so much healthy pleasure combined with so much sound instruction. And, further, he left behind him a reproachless name, having fewer personal defects than any literary man of his time, being everywhere beloved, esteemed, and almost worshipped; whom distant travellers came to see, — sure of kind and gracious treatment; a hero in their eyes to the last, with no drawbacks such as marred the fame of Byron or of Burns. That so great a genius as Scott is fading in the minds of this generation may be not without comfort to those honest and hard-working men in every walk of human life who can say: We too were useful in our day, and had our share of honors and rewards, — all perhaps that we deserved, or even more. What if we are forgotten, as most men are destined to be? To live in the mouths of men is not the greatest thing or the best. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies," for

life after all is a drama or a stage. The supremest happiness is not in being praised; it is in the consciousness of doing right and being possessed with the power of goodness.

When, however, a man has been seated on such a lofty pinnacle as was Sir Walter Scott, we wish to know something of his personal traits, and the steps by which he advanced to fame. Was he overrated, as most famous men have been? What is the niche he will probably occupy in the temple of literary fame? What are the characteristics of his productions? What gave him his prodigious and extraordinary popularity? Was he a born genius, like Byron and Burns, or was he merely a most industrious worker, aided by fortunate circumstances and the caprices of fashion? What were the intellectual forces of his day, and how did he come to be counted among them?

All these points it is difficult to answer satisfactorily, but some light may be shed upon them. The bulky volumes of Lockhart's Biography constitute a mine of information about Scott, but are now heavy reading, without much vivacity, — affording a strong contrast to Boswell's Life of Johnson, which concealed nothing that we would like to know. A son-in-law is not likely to be a dispassionate biographer, especially when family pride and interests

restrain him. On the other hand it is not wise for a biographer to be too candid, and belittle his hero by the enumeration of foibles not consistent with the general tenor of the man's life. Lockhart's knowledge of his subject and his literary skill have given us much; and, with Scott's own letters and the critical notice of his contemporaries, both the man and his works may be fairly estimated.

Most biographers aim to make the birth and parentage of their heroes as respectable as possible. Of authors who are "nobly born" there are very few; most English and Scotch literary men are descended from ancestors of the middle class, — lawyers, clergymen, physicians, small landed proprietors, merchants, and so on, — who were able to give their sons an education in the universities. Sir Walter Scott traced his descent to an ancient Scottish chief. His grandfather, Robert Scott, was bred to the sea, but, being shipwrecked near Dundee, he became a farmer, and was active in the cattle trade. Scott's father was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, — what would be called in England a solicitor, — a thriving, respectable man, having a large and lucrative legal practice, and being highly esteemed for his industry and integrity; a zealous Presbyterian, formal and precise in manner, strict in the observance of the Sabbath and of all that he

considered to be right. His wife, Anne Rutherford, was the daughter of a professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, — a lady of rather better education than the average of her time; a mother whom Sir Walter remembered with great tenderness, and to whose ample memory and power of graphic description he owed much of his own skill in reproducing the past. Twelve children were the offspring of this marriage, although only five survived very early youth.

Walter, the ninth child, was born on the 15th of August, 1771, and when quite young, in consequence of a fever, lost the use of his right leg for a time. By the advice of his grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, he was sent into the country for his health. As his lameness continued, he was, at the age of four, removed to Bath, going to London by sea. Bath was then a noted resort, and its waters were supposed to cure everything. Here little Walter remained a year under the care of his aunt, when he returned to Edinburgh, to his father's house in George Square, which was his residence until his marriage, with occasional visits to the county seat of his maternal grandfather. He completely regained his health, although he was always lame.

From the autobiography which Scott began but did not complete, it would appear that his lame-

ness and solitary habits were favorable to reading; that even as a child he was greatly excited by tales and poems of adventure; and that as a youth he devoured everything he could find pertaining to early Scottish poetry and romance, of which he was passionately fond. He was also peculiarly susceptible to the beauties of Scottish scenery, being thus led to enjoy the country and its sports at a much earlier age than is common with boys, — which love was never lost, but grew with his advancing years. Among his fellows he was a hearty player, a forward fighter in boyish "bickers," and a teller of tales that delighted his comrades. He was sweet-tempered, merry, generous, and well-beloved, yet peremptory and pertinacious in pursuit of his own ideas.

In 1779 Walter was sent to the High School in Edinburgh; but his progress here was by no means remarkable, although he laid a good foundation for the acquisition of the Latin language. He also had a tutor at home, and from him learned the rudiments of French. With a head all on fire for chivalry and Scottish ballads, he admired the old Tory cavaliers and hated the Roundheads and Presbyterians. In three years he had become fairly familiar with Cæsar, Livy, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, and Terence. He also distinguished himself by making Latin verses. From the High School he entered the University of Edinburgh,

very well grounded in French and Latin. For Greek and mathematics he had an aversion, but made up for this deficiency by considerable acquisitions in English literature. He was delighted with both Ossian and Spenser, and could repeat the "Faërie Queene" by heart. His memory, like that of Macaulay, was remarkable. What delighted him more than Spenser were Hoole's translations of Tasso and Ariosto (later he learned Italian, and read these in the original), and Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." At college he also read the best novels of the day, especially the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. He made respectable progress in philosophy under the teaching of the celebrated Dugald Stewart and Professor Bruce, and in history under Lord Woodhouselee. On the whole, he was not a remarkable boy, except for his notable memory (which, however, kept only what pleased him), and his very decided bent toward the poetic and chivalric in history, life, and literature.

Walter was trained by his father to the law, and on leaving college he served the ordinary apprenticeship of five years in his father's office and attendance upon the law classes in the University; but the drudgery of the law was irksome to him. When the time came to select his profession, as a Writer to the Signet or an advocate, he preferred the latter; although success here was more uncertain than as a solicitor. Up to the time

of his admission to the bar he had read an enormous number of books, in a desultory way, and made many friends, some of whom afterwards became distinguished. His greatest pleasures were in long walks in the country with chosen companions. His love of Nature amounted to a passion, and in his long rambles he acquired not only vigorous health, but the capacity of undergoing great fatigue.

Scott's autobiography closes with his admission to the bar. From his own account his early career had not been particularly promising, although he was neither idle nor immoral. He was fond of convivial pleasures, but ever had uncommon self-control. All his instructors were gentlemanly, and he had access to the best society in Edinburgh, when that city was noted for its number of distinguished men in literature and in the different professions. His most intimate friends were John Irving, Sir Archibald Campbell, the Earl of Dalhousie, and Adam Ferguson, with whom he made excursions to the Highlands, and to ruined castles and abbeys of historic interest, — following with tireless search the new trail of an old Border ballad, or taking a thirty-mile walk to clear up some local legend of battle, foray, or historic event. In all these antiquarian raids the young fellows mingled freely with the people, and tramped the counties round about in most hilarious mood, by no means

escaping the habits of the day in tavern sprees and drinking-bouts, — although Scott's companions testify to his temperate indulgence.

The young lawyer was, indeed, unwittingly preparing for his mission to paint Scottish scenery so vividly, and Scottish character so charmingly, that he may almost be said to have created a new country which succeeding generations delight to visit. No man was ever a greater benefactor to Scotland, whose glories and beauties he was the first to reveal, showing how the most thrifty, practical, and parsimonious people may be at the same time the most poetic. Here Burns and he go hand in hand, although as a poet Scott declared that he was not to be named in the same day with the most unfortunate man of genius that his country and his century produced. How singular that in all worldly matters the greater genius should have been a failure, while he, who as a born poet was the lesser light, should have been the greatest popular success of which Scotland can boast! And yet there is something almost as pathetic and tragical in the career of the man who worked himself to death, as in that of the man who drank himself to death. The most supremely fortunate writer of his day came to a mournful end, notwithstanding his unparalleled honors and his magnificent rewards.

At the time Scott was admitted to the bar he was

not, of course, aware of his great original creative powers, nor could he have had very sanguine expectations of a brilliant career. The profession he had chosen was not congenial with his habits or his genius, and hence as a lawyer he was not a success. And yet he was not a failure, for he had the respect of some of the finest minds in Edinburgh, and at once gained as an advocate enough to support himself respectably among aristocratic people, — aided no doubt by his father who, as a prosperous Writer to the Signet, threw business into his hands. Amid his practice at the courts he found time to visit some of the most interesting spots in Scotland, and he had money enough to gratify his tastes. He was a thriving rather than a prosperous lawyer; that is to say, he earned his living.

But Scott was too much absorbed in literary studies and in writing ballads, to give to his numerous friends the hope of a distinguished legal career. No man can serve two masters. "His heart" was "in the Highlands a-chasing the deer," or ransacking distant villages for antiquarian lore, or collecting ancient Scottish minstrelsy, or visiting moss-covered and ivy-clad ruins, famous before John Knox swept monasteries and nunneries away as cages of unclean birds; but most of all was he interested in the feuds between the Lowland and Highland chieftains, and in the contest between Roundheads and Cavaliers when

Scotland lost her political independence. He did, however, find much in Scotch law to enrich his mind, with entanglements and antiquarian records, as well as the humors and tragedies of the courts; and of this his writings show many traces.

No young lawyer ever had more efficient friends than Walter Scott. And richly he deserved them, for he was generous, companionable, loyal, a brilliant story-teller, a good hunter and sportsman, bright, cheerful, and witty, doubtless one of the most interesting young men in his beautiful city; modest, too, and unpretentious, yet proud, claiming nothing that nothing might be denied him, a favorite in the most select circles. His most striking peculiarity was his good sense, keeping him from all exaggerations, which were always offensive to him. He was a Tory, indeed; but no aristocrat ever had a more genial humanity, taking pleasure in any society where he could learn anything. His appetite was so healthy, from his rural sports and pedestrian feats, that he could dine equally well on a broiled haddock or a saddle of venison, although from the minuteness of his descriptions of Scottish banquets one might infer that he had great appreciation of the pleasures of the table.

It is not easy to tell when Scott began to write poetry, but probably when he was quite young. He wrote for the pleasure of it, without any idea of devot-

ing his life to literature. Writing ballads was the solace of his leisure hours. His acquaintance with Francis Lord Jeffrey began in 1791, at a club, where he read an essay on ballads which so much interested the future critic that he sought an introduction to its author, and the acquaintance thus begun between these two young men, both of whom unconsciously stood on the threshold of great careers, ripened into friendship. This happened before Scott was called to the bar in 1792. It was two years afterwards that he produced a poem which took by surprise a literary friend, Miss Cranstoun, and caused her to exclaim, "Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet, something of a cross between Burns and Gray!"

In 1795 Scott was appointed one of the Curators of the Advocates' Library, — a compliment bestowed only on those members of the bar known to have a zeal in literary affairs; but I do not read that he published anything until 1796, when appeared his translation from the German of Bürger's ballads, "The Wild Huntsman" and "Lenore." This called out high commendation from Dugald Stewart, the famous professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and from other men of note, but obtained no recognition in England.

It was during one of his rambles with his friend Ferguson to the English Lakes in 1797 that Scott met

Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, or Charpentier, a young French lady of notable beauty and lovely character. She had an income of about £200 a year, which, added to his earnings as an advocate, then about £150, encouraged him to offer to her his hand. For a young couple just starting in life £350 was an independence. The engagement met with no opposition from the lady's family; and in December of 1797 he was married, and took a modest house in Castle Street, being then twenty-six years of age. The marriage turned out to be a happy one, although *convenance* had something to do with it.

Of course, so healthy and romantic a nature as Scott's had not passed through the susceptible time of youth without a love affair. From so small a circumstance as the lending of his umbrella to a young lady (Margaret, the beautiful daughter of Sir John Belches) he enjoyed five years of affection and of what seems to have been a reasonable hope, which, however, was finally ended by the young lady's marrying Mr. William Forbes, a well-to-do banker, and later one of Scott's best friends. "Three years of dreaming and two years of waking," Scott calls it in one of his diaries thirty years later; and his own marriage followed within a year after that of his lost love.

With an income sufficient only for the necessities of life, as a married man in society Scott had not much

to spare for expensive dinners, although given to hospitality. What money he could save was spent for books and travel. At twenty-six he had visited what was most interesting in Scotland, either in scenery or historical associations, and some parts of England, especially the Cumberland Lakes. He took a cottage at Lasswade near Edinburgh, and began there the fascinating pursuit of tree-planting and "place"-making. His vacations when the Courts were not in session were spent in excursions to mountain scenery and those retired villages where he could pick up antiquarian lore, particularly old Border ballads, heroic traditions of the times of chivalry, and of the conflicts of Scottish chieftains. Concerning these no man in Scotland knew so much as he, his knowledge furnishing the foundation alike of his lays and his romances. His enthusiasm for these scenic and historic interests was unquenchable, — a source of perpetual enjoyment, which made him a most acceptable visitor wherever he chose to go, both among antiquaries and literary men, and ladies of rank and fashion.

In March, 1799, Mr. and Mrs. Scott visited London, where they were introduced to many distinguished literary men. On their return to Edinburgh, the office of sheriff depute of Selkirkshire having become vacant, worth £300 a year, Scott received the appointment, which increased his income to about

£700. Although his labors were light, the office entailed the necessity of living in that county a few months in each year. It was a pastoral, quiet, peaceful part of the country, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, his friend and patron. His published translation in this year of Goethe's "Goetz of Berlichingen" added to his growing reputation, and led him on towards his career.

With a secure and settled income, Scott now meditated a literary life. A hundred years ago such a life was impossible without independent means, if a man would mingle in society and live conventionally, and what was called respectably. Even Burns had to accept a public office, although it was a humble one, and far from lucrative; but it gave him what poetry could not, — his daily bread. Hogg, peasant-poet of the Ettrick forest, was supported in all his earlier years by tending sheep and borrowing money from his friends.

The first genuine literary adventure of Scott was his collection of a Scottish Minstrelsy," printed for him by James Ballantyne, a former schoolfellow, who had been encouraged by Scott to open a shop in Edinburgh. The preparation of this labor of love occupied the editor a year, assisted by John Leyden, a man of great promise who died in India in 1811, having made a mark as an Orientalist. About this time began

Scott's memorable friendship with George Ellis, the most discriminating and useful of all his literary friends. In the same year he made the acquaintance of Thomas Campbell, the poet, who had already achieved fame by his "Pleasures of Hope."

It was in 1802 that the first and second volumes of the "Minstrelsy" appeared, in an edition of eight hundred copies, Scott's share of the profits amounting to £78 10*s.*, which did not pay him for the actual expenditure in the collection of his materials. The historical notes with which he elucidated the value of the ancient ballads, and the freshness and vigor of those which he himself wrote for the collection, secured warm commendations from Ellis, Ritson, and other friends, and the whole edition was sold; yet the work did not bring him wide fame. The third and last volume was issued in 1803.

The work is full of Scott's best characteristics, — wide historical knowledge, wonderful industry, humor, pathos, and a sympathetic understanding of life — that of the peasant as well as the knight — such as seizes the imagination. Lockhart quotes a passage of Scott's own self-criticism: "I am sensible that if there be anything good about my poetry, or prose either, it is *a hurried frankness of composition*, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." His ability to "toil terribly" in accum-

ulating choice material, and then, fusing it in his own spirit, to throw it forth among men with this "hurried frankness" that stirs the blood, was the secret of his power.

Scott did not become famous, however, until his first original poem appeared, — "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," printed by Ballantyne in 1805, and published by Longman of London, and Constable of Edinburgh. It was a great success ; nearly fifty thousand copies were sold in Great Britain alone by 1830. For the first edition of seven hundred and fifty copies quarto, Scott received £169 6*s.*, and then sold the copyright for £500.

In the mean time, a rich uncle died without children, and Scott's share of the property enabled him, in 1804, to rent from his cousin, Major-General Sir James Russell, the pretty property called Ashestiel, — a cottage and farm on the banks of the Tweed, altogether a beautiful place, where he lived when discharging his duties of sheriff of Selkirkshire. He has celebrated the charms of Ashestiel in the canto introduction to "Marmion." His income at this time amounted to about £1000 a year, which gave him a position among the squires of the neighborhood, complete independence, and leisure to cultivate his taste. His fortune was now made: with poetic fame besides, and powerful friends, he was a man every way to be envied.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" placed Scott among the three great poets of Scotland, for originality and beauty of rhyme. It is not marked by pathos or by philosophical reflections. It is a purely descriptive poem of great vivacity and vividness, easy to read, and true to nature. It is a tale of chivalry, and is to poetry what Froissart's "Chronicles" are to history. Nothing exactly like it had before appeared in English literature. It appealed to all people of romantic tastes, and was reproachless from a moral point of view. It was a book for a lady's bower, full of chivalric sentiments and stirring incidents, and of unflagging interest from beginning to end, — partly warlike and partly monastic, describing the adventures of knights and monks. It deals with wizards, harpers, dwarfs, priests, warriors, and noble dames. It sings of love and wassailings, of gentle ladies' tears, of castles and festal halls, of pennons and lances, —

> "Of ancient deeds, so long forgot,
> Of feuds whose memory was not,
> Of forests now laid waste and bare,
> Of towers which harbor now the hare."

In "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" there is at least one immortal stanza which would redeem the poem even if otherwise mediocre. How few poets can claim as much as this! Very few poems live except for some splendid passages which cannot be forgotten,

and which give fame. I know of nothing, even in Burns, finer than the following lines: —

> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand?
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
> Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self,
> Living shall forfeit fair renown,
> And, doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

The favor with which "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was received, greater than that of any narrative poem of equal length which had appeared for two generations, even since Dryden's day, naturally brought great commendation from Jeffrey, the keenest critic of the age, in the famous magazine of which he was the editor. The Edinburgh Review had been started only in 1802 by three young men of genius, — Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sidney Smith, — and had already attained great popularity, but not such marvellous influence as it wielded ten years afterwards, when nine

thousand copies were published every three months, and at such a price as gave to its contributors a splendid remuneration, and to its editors absolute critical independence. The only objection to this powerful periodical was the severity of its criticisms, which often also were unjust. It seemed to be the intent of the reviewers to demolish everything that was not of extraordinary merit. Fierce attacks are not criticism. The articles in the Edinburgh Review were of a different sort from the polished and candid literary dissections which made St. Beuve so justly celebrated. In the beginning of the century, however, these savage attacks were all the fashion and to be expected; yet they stung authors almost to madness, as in the case of the review of Byron's early poetry. Literary courtesy did not exist. Justice gave place generally to ridicule or sarcasm. The Edinburgh Review was a terror to all pretenders, and often to men of real merit. But it was published when most judges were cruel and severe, even in the halls of justice.

The friendship between Scott and Jeffrey had been very close for ten years before the inception of the Edinburgh Review; and although Scott was (perhaps growing out of his love for antiquarian researches and admiration of the things that had been) an inveterate conservative and Tory, while the new Review was slashingly liberal and progressive, he was drawn in

by friendship and literary interest to be a frequent contributor during its first three or four years. The politics of the Edinburgh Review, however, and the establishment in 1808 of the conservative Quarterly Review, caused a gradual cessation of this literary connection, without marring the friendly relations between the two men.

About this time began Scott's friendship with Wordsworth, for whom he had great respect. Indeed, his modesty led him to prefer everybody's good poetry to his own. He felt himself inferior not only to Burns, but also to Wordsworth and Campbell and Coleridge and Byron, — as in many respects he undoubtedly was; but it requires in an author discernment and humility of a rare kind, to make him capable of such a discrimination.

More important to him than any literary friendship was his partnership with James Ballantyne, the printer, whom he had known from his youth. This in the end proved unfortunate, and nearly ruined him; for Ballantyne, though an accomplished man and a fine printer, as well as enterprising and sensible, was not a safe business man, being over-sanguine. For a time, however, this partnership, which was kept secret, was an advantage to both parties, although Scott embarked in the enterprise his whole available capital, about £5000. In connection with the publishing

business, soon added to the printing, with James Ballantyne's brother John as figure-head of the concern, — a talented but dissipated and reckless "good fellow," with no more head for business than either James Ballantyne or Scott, — the association bound Scott hand and foot for twenty years, and prompted him to adventurous undertakings. But it must be said that the Ballantynes always deferred to him, having for him a sentiment little short of veneration. One of the first results of this partnership was an eighteen-volume edition of Dryden's poems, with a Life, which must have been to Scott little more than drudgery. He was well paid for his work, although it added but little to his fame, except for intelligent literary industry.

Before the Dryden, however, in the same year, 1808, appeared the poem of "Marmion: A Tale of Flodden Field," which was received by the public with great avidity, and unbounded delight. Jeffrey wrote a chilling review, for which Scott with difficulty forgave him, since with all his humility and amiability he could not bear unfriendly or severe criticism.

In a letter to Joanna Baillie, Scott makes some very sensible remarks as to the incapability of such a man as Jeffrey appreciating a work of the imagination, distinguished as he was: —

"I really have often told him that I think he wants the taste for poetry which is essentially necessary to enjoy, and of course to criticise with justice. He is learned with the most learned in its canons and laws, skilled in its modulations, and an excellent judge of the justice of the sentiments which it conveys; but he wants that enthusiastic feeling which, like sunshine upon a landscape, lights up every beauty, and palliates if it cannot hide every defect. To offer a poem of imagination to a man whose whole life and study have been to acquire a stoical indifference towards enthusiasm of every kind, would be the last, as it would surely be the silliest, action of my life."

As stated above, it was about this time that Scott broke off his connection with the Edinburgh Review. Perhaps that was what Jeffrey wished, since the Review became thenceforth more intensely partisan, and Scott's Toryism was not what was wanted.

It is fair to add that in 1810 Jeffrey sent Scott advance proofs of his critique on "The Lady of the Lake," with a frank and friendly letter in which he says:—

"I am now sensible that there were needless asperities in my review of 'Marmion,' and from the hurry in which I have been forced to write, I dare say there may be some here also. . . . I am sincerely proud both of your genius and of your glory, and I value your friendship more highly than most either of my literary or political opinions."

Southey, Ellis, and Wordsworth, Erskine, Heber, and other friends wrote congratulatory letters about "Marmion," with slight allusions to minor blemishes. Lockhart thought that it was on the whole the greatest of Scott's poems, in strength and boldness. Most critics regarded the long introduction to each canto as a defect, since it broke the continuity of the narrative; but it may at least be said that these preludes give an interesting insight into the author's moods and views. The opinions of literary men of course differ as to the relative excellence of the different poems. "Marmion" certainly had great merit, and added to the fame of the author. There is here more variety of metre than in his other poems, and also some passages of such beauty as to make the poem immortal, — like the death of Marmion, and those familiar lines in reference to Clara's constancy: —

> "O woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light, quivering aspen made, —
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

The sale of "Marmion" ultimately reached fifty thousand copies in Great Britain. The poem was originally published in a luxurious quarto at thirty-two and a half shillings. Besides one thousand

guineas in advance, half the profits went to Scott, and must have reached several thousand pounds, — a great sale, when we remember that it was confined to libraries and people of wealth. In America the poem was sold for two or three shillings, — less than one tenth of what it cost the English reader. A successful poem or novel in England is more remunerative to the author, from the high price at which it is published, than in the United States, where prices are lower and royalties rarely exceed ten per cent. It must be borne in mind, however, that in England editions are ordinarily very small, sometimes consisting of not more than two hundred and fifty copies. The first edition of "Marmion" was only of two thousand copies. The largest edition published was in 1811, of five thousand copies octavo; but even this did not circulate largely among the people. The popularity of Scott in England was confined chiefly to the upper classes, at least until the copyright of his books had expired. The booksellers were not slow in availing themselves of Scott's popularity. They employed him to edit an edition of Swift for £1500, and tried to induce him to edit a general edition of English poets. That scheme was abandoned in consequence of a disagreement between Scott and Murray, the London publisher, as to the selection of poets.

I think the quarrels of authors eighty or one hundred years ago with their publishers were more frequent than they are in these times. We read of a long alienation between Scott and Constable, the publisher, who enjoyed a sort of monopoly of the poet's contributions to literature. Constable soon after found a great rival in Murray, who was at this time an obscure London bookseller in Fleet Street. Both these great publishers were remarkable for sagacity, and were bold in their ventures. The foundation of Constable's wealth was laid when he was publishing the Edinburgh Review. In 1809, Murray started the Quarterly Review, its great political rival, with the aid of Scott, who wrote many of its most valuable articles; and William Gifford, satirist and critic, became its first editor. Growing out of the quarrel between Scott and Constable was the establishment of John Ballantyne & Co. as publishers and booksellers in Edinburgh.

Shortly after the establishment of the Quarterly Review as a Tory journal, Scott began his third great poem, "The Lady of the Lake," which was published in 1810, in all the majesty of a quarto, at the price of two guineas a copy. He received for it two thousand guineas. The first edition of two thousand copies disappeared at once, and was followed the same year by four octavo editions. In a few months the sale reached

twenty thousand copies. The poem received great commendation both from the Quarterly and the Edinburgh Review.

Mr. Ellis, in his article in the Quarterly, thus wrote:

"There is nothing in Scott of the severe majesty of Milton, or of the terse composition of Pope, or the elaborate elegance of Campbell, or the flowing and redundant diction of Southey; but there is a medley of bright images, and a diction tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare, the antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry, — passing from the borders of the ludicrous to the sublime, alternately minute and energetic, sometimes artificial, and frequently negligent, but always full of spirit and vivacity, abounding in images that are striking at first sight to minds of every contexture, and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend."

This seems to me to be a fair criticism, although the lucidity of Scott's poetry is not that which is most admired by modern critics. Fashion in these times delights in what is obscure and difficult to be understood, as if depth and profundity must necessarily be unintelligible to ordinary readers. In Scott's time, however, the fashion was different, and the popularity of his poems became almost universal. However, there are the same fire, vivacity, and brilliant color-

ing in all three of these masterpieces, as they were regarded two generations ago, reminding one of the witchery of Ariosto; yet there is no great variety in these poems such as we find in Byron, no great force of passion or depth of sentiment, but a sort of harmonious rhythm, — more highly prized in the earlier part of the century than in the latter, since Wordsworth and Tennyson have made us familiar with what is deeper and richer as well as more artistic in language and versification. But no one has denied Scott's originality and high merits, in contrast with the pompous tameness and conventionality of the poetry which arose when Johnson was the oracle of literary circles, and which still held the stage in Scott's day.

Even Scott's admirers, however, like Canning and Ellis, did not hesitate to say that they would like something different from anything he had already written. But this was not to be; and perhaps the reason why he soon after gave up writing poetry was the conviction that his genius as a poet did not lie in variety and richness, either of style or matter. His great fame was earned by his novels.

One thing greatly surprises me: Scott regarded Joanna Baillie as the greatest poetical genius of that day, and he derived more pleasure from reading Johnson's "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" than from any other poetical composition. Indeed,

there is nothing more remarkable in literary history than Scott's admiration of poetry inferior to his own, and his extraordinary modesty in the estimate of his own productions. Most poets are known for their morbid vanity, their self-consciousness, their feeling of superiority, and their depreciation of superior excellence; but Scott had eminently a healthy mind, as he had a healthy body, and shrank from exaggeration as he did from vulgarity in all its forms. It is probable that his own estimate of his poetry was nearer the truth than that of his admirers, who were naturally inclined to be partial.

There has been so much poetry written since "The Lady of the Lake" was published, — not only by celebrated poets like Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Byron, Campbell, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, but also by many minor authors, — that the standard is now much higher than it was in the early part of the century. Much of that which then was regarded as very fine is now smiled at by the critics, and neglected by cultivated readers generally; and Scott has not escaped unfavorable criticism.

It has been my object to present the subject of this Lecture historically rather than critically, — to show the extraordinary popularity of Scott as a poet among his contemporaries, rather than to estimate his merit

at the present time. I confess that most of "Marmion," as also of the "Lady of the Lake," is tame to me, and deficient in high poetic genius. Doubtless we are all influenced by the standards of our own time, and the advances making in literature as well as in science and art. Yet this change in the opinions of critics does not apply to Byron's "Childe Harold," which is as much, if not as widely, admired now as when it was first published. We think as highly too of "The Deserted Village," the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and the "Cotter's Saturday Night," as our fathers did. And men now think much more highly of the merits of Shakespeare than they have at any period since he lived; so that after all there is an element in true poetry which does not lose by time. In another hundred years the verdicts of critics as to the greater part of the poems of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Browning, and Longfellow may be very different from what they now are, while some of their lyrics may be, as they are now, pronounced immortal.

Poetry is both an inspiration and an art. The greater part of that which is now produced is made, not born. Those daintily musical and elaborate measures which are now the fashion, because they claim novelty, or reproduce the quaintness of an art so old as to be practically new, perhaps will soon again be forgotten or derided. What is simple, natural, appeal-

ing to the heart rather than to the head, may last when more pretentious poetry shall have passed away. Neither criticism nor contemporary popularity can decide such questions.

Scott himself seemed to take a true view. In a letter to Miss Seward, he said:—

"The immortality of poetry is not so firm a point in my creed as the immortality of the soul.

'I've lived too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.'

Nay, those that have really attained their literary immortality have gained it under very hard conditions. To some it has not attached till after death. To others it has been the means of lauding personal vices and follies which had otherwise been unremembered in their epitaphs; and all enjoy the same immortality under a condition similar to that of Noureddin in an Eastern tale. Noureddin, you remember, was to enjoy the gift of immortality, but with this qualification,—that he was subjected to long naps of forty, fifty, or a hundred years at a time. Even so Homer and Virgil slumbered through whole centuries. Shakespeare himself enjoyed undisturbed sleep from the age of Charles I., until Garrick waked him. Dryden's fame has nodded; that of Pope begins to be drowsy; Chaucer is as sound as a top, and Spenser is snoring in the midst of his commentators. Milton, indeed, is quite awake; but observe, he was at his very outset refreshed with a nap of half a century; and in the midst of all this we sons of degeneracy talk

of immortality! Let me please my own generation, and let those who come after us judge of their facts and my performances as they please; the anticipation of their neglect or censure will affect me very little."

In 1812 the poet-lawyer was rewarded with the salary of a place whose duties he had for some years performed without pay, — that of Clerk of Sessions, worth £800 per annum. Thus having now about £1500 as an income independently of his earnings by the pen, Scott gave up his practice as an advocate, and devoted himself entirely to literature. At the same time he bought a farm of somewhat more than a hundred acres on the banks of the beautiful Tweed, about five miles from Ashestiel, and leaving to its owners the pretty place in which he had for six years enjoyed life and work, he removed to the cottage at Abbotsford, — for thus he named his new purchase, in memory of the abbots of Melrose, who formerly owned all the region, and the ruins of whose lovely abbey stood not far away. Of the £4000 for this purchase half was borrowed from his brother, and the other half on the pledge of the profits of a poem that was projected but not written, — "Rokeby."

Scott ought to have been content with Ashestiel; or, since every man wishes to own his home, he should have been satisfied with the comfortable cottage which he built at Abbotsford, and the modest improvements

that his love for trees and shrubs enabled him to make. But his aspirations led him into serious difficulties. With all his sagacity and good sense, Scott never seemed to know when he was well off. It was a fatal mistake both for his fame and happiness to attempt to compete with those who are called great in England and Scotland, — that is, peers and vast landed proprietors. He was not alone in this error, for it has generally been the ambition of fortunate authors to acquire social as well as literary distinction, — thus paying tribute to riches, and virtually abdicating their own true position, which is higher than any that rank or wealth can give. It has too frequently been the misfortune of literary genius to bow down to vulgar idols; and the worldly sentiments which this idolatry involves are seen in almost every fashionable novel which has appeared for a hundred years. In no country is this melancholy social slavery more usual than in England, with all its political freedom, although there are noble exceptions. The only great flaw in Scott's character was this homage to rank and wealth.

On the other hand, rank and wealth also paid homage to him as a man of genius; both Scotland and England received him into the most select circles, not only of their literary and political, but of their fashionable life.

In 1811 Scott published "The Lord of the Isles," and in 1813, "Rokeby," neither of which was remarkable for either literary or commercial success, although both were well received. In 1814 he edited a nineteen-volume edition of Dean Swift's works, with a Life, and in the same year began — almost by accident — the real work of his own career, in "Waverley."

If public opinion is far different to-day from what it was in Scott's time in reference to his poetry, we observe the same change in regard to the source of his widest fame, his novels, — but not to so marked a degree, for it was in fiction that Scott's great gifts had their full fruition. Many a fine intellect still delights in his novels, though cultivated readers and critics differ as to their comparative merits. No two persons will unite in their opinions as to the three of those productions which they like most or least. It is so with all famous novels. Then, too, what man of seventy will agree with a man of thirty as to the comparative merits of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo, Balzac, George Sand? How few read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," compared with the multitudes who read that most powerful and popular book forty years ago? How changing, if not transient, is the fame of the novelist as well as of the poet! With reference to him even the same generation changes its tastes.

What filled us with delight as young men or women of twenty, is at fifty spurned with contempt or thrown aside with indifference. No books ever filled my mind and soul with the delight I had when, at twelve years of age, I read "The Children of the Abbey" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw." What man of eighty can forget the enthusiasm with which he read "Old Mortality" or "Ivanhoe" when he was in college?

Perhaps one test of a great book is the pleasure derived from reading it over and over again, — as we read "Don Quixote," or the dramas of Shakespeare, of whose infinite variety we never tire. Measured by this test, the novels of Sir Walter Scott are among the foremost works of fiction which have appeared in our world. They will not all retain their popularity from generation to generation, like "Don Quixote" or "The Pilgrim's Progress" or "The Vicar of Wakefield;" but these are single productions of their authors, while not a few of Scott's many novels are certainly still read by cultivated people, — if not with the same interest they excited when first published, yet with profit and admiration. They have some excellencies which are immortal, — elevation of sentiment, chivalrous regard for women, fascination of narrative (after one has waded through the learned historical introductory chapters), the absence of exaggeration, the vast variety of characters introduced and

vividly maintained, and above all the freshness and originality of description, both of Nature and of man. Among the severest and most bigoted of New England Puritans, none could find anything corrupting or demoralizing in his romances; whereas Byron and Bulwer were never mentioned without a shudder, and even Shakespeare was locked up in book-cases as unfit for young people to read, and not particularly creditable for anybody to own. The unfavorable comments which the most orthodox ever made upon Scott were as to the repulsiveness of the old Covenanters, as he described them, and his sneers at Puritan perfections. Scott, however, had contempt, not for the Puritans, but for many of their peculiarities, — especially for their cant when it degenerated into hypocrisy.

One thing is certain, that no works of fiction have had such universal popularity both in England and America for so long a period as the Waverley Novels Scott reigned as the undisputed monarch of the realm of fiction and romance for twenty-five years. He gave undiminished entertainment to an entire generation — and not that merely, but instruction — in his historical novels, although his views were not always correct, — as whose ever are? He who could charm millions of readers, learned and unlearned, for a quarter of a century must have possessed remarkable genius. Indeed, he was not only the central figure in

English literature for a generation, but he was regarded as peculiarly original. Another style of novels may obtain more passing favor with modern readers, but Scott was justly famous; his works are to-day in every library, and form a delightful part of the education of every youth and maiden who cares to read at all; and he will as a novelist probably live after some who are now prime favorites will be utterly forgotten or ignored.

About 1830 Bulwer was in his early successes; about 1840 Dickens was the rage of his day; about 1850 Thackeray had taken his high grade; and it was about 1860 that George Eliot's power appeared. These still retain their own peculiar lines of popularity, — Bulwer with the romantic few, Thackeray with the appreciative intelligent, George Eliot with a still wider clientage, and Dickens with everybody, on account of his appeal to the universal sentiments of comedy and pathos. Scott's influence, somewhat checked during the growth of these reputations and the succession of fertile and accomplished writers on both sides of the Atlantic, — including the introspective analysts of the past fifteen years, — has within a decade been rising again, and has lately burst forth in a new group of historical romancers who seem to have "harked back" from the subjective fad of our day to Scott's healthy, adventurous objectivity. Not only so, but new editions

of the Waverley Novels are coming one by one from the shrewd publishers who keep track of the popular taste, one of the most attractive being issued in Edinburgh at half-a-crown a volume.

The first of Scott's remarkable series of novels, "Waverley," published in 1814 when the author was forty-three years of age and at the height of his fame as a poet, took the fashionable and literary world by storm. The novel had been partly written for several years, but was laid aside, as his edition of Swift and his essays for the supplement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and other prose writings, employed all the time he had to spare.

This hack work was done by Scott without enthusiasm, to earn money for his investment in real estate, and is not of transcendent merit. Obscurer men than he had performed such literary drudgery with more ability, but no writer was ever more industrious. The amount of work which he accomplished at this period was prodigious, especially when we remember that his duties as sheriff and clerk of Sessions occupied eight months of the year. He was more familiar with the literary history of Queen Anne's reign than any subsequent historian, if we except Macaulay, whose brilliant career had not yet begun. He took, of course, a different view of Swift from the writers of the Edinburgh Review, and was probably too favorable in his

description of the personal character of the Dean of St. Patrick's, who is now generally regarded as "inordinately ambitious, arrogant, and selfish; of a morose, vindictive, and haughty temper, utterly destitute of generosity and magnanimity, as well as of tenderness, fidelity, and compassion." Lord Jeffrey, in his Review, attacked Swift's moral character with such consummate ability as to check materially the popularity of his writings. which are universally admitted to be full of genius. His superb intellect and his morality present a sad contrast, — as in the cases of Bacon, Burns, and Byron, — which Scott, on account of the force of his Tory prejudices, did not sufficiently point out.

But as to the novel, when it suddenly appeared, it is not surprising that "Waverley" should at once have attained an unexampled popularity when we consider the mediocrity of all works of fiction at that time, if we except the Irish tales of Maria Edgeworth. Scott received from Constable £1000 for this romance, then deemed a very liberal remuneration for what cost him but a few months' work. The second and third volumes were written in one month. He wrote with remarkable rapidity when his mind was full of the subject; and his previous studies as an antiquary and as a collector of Scottish poetry and legends fitted him for his work, which was in no sense a task, but a most lively pleasure.

It is not known why Scott published this strikingly original work anonymously; perhaps it was because of his unusual modesty, and the fear that he might lose the popularity he had already enjoyed as a poet. But it immediately placed him on a higher literary elevation, since it was generally suspected that he was the author. He could not altogether disguise himself from the keen eyes of Jeffrey and other critics.

The book was received as a revelation. The first volume is not particularly interesting, but the story continually increases in interest to its close. It is not a dissection of the human heart; it is not even much of a love-story, but a most vivid narrative, without startling situations or adventures. Its great charm is its quiet humor, — not strained into witty expressions which provoke laughter, but a sort of amiable delineation of the character of a born gentleman, with his weaknesses and prejudices, all leaning to virtue's side. It is a description of manners peculiar to the Scottish gentry in the middle of the eighteenth century, especially among the Jacobite families then passing away.

Of course the popularity of this novel, at that time, was chiefly confined to the upper classes. In the first place the people could not afford to pay the price of the book; and, secondly, it was outside their sympathies and knowledge. Indeed, I doubt if any common-

place person, without culture or extended knowledge, can enjoy so refined a work, with so many learned allusions, and such exquisite humor, which appeals to a knowledge of the world in its higher aspects. It is one of the last books that an ignorant young lady brought up on the trash of ordinary fiction would relish or comprehend. Whoever turns uninterested from "Waverley" is probably unable to see its excellencies or enjoy its peculiar charms. It is not a book for a modern school-boy or school-girl, but for a man or woman in the highest maturity of mind, with a poetic or imaginative nature, and with a leaning perhaps to aristocratic sentiments. It is a rebuke to vulgarity and ignorance, which the minute and exaggerated descriptions of low life in the pages of Dickens certainly are not.

In February, 1815, "Guy Mannering" was published, the second in the series of the Waverley Novels, and was received by the intelligent reading classes with even more *éclat* than "Waverley," to which it is superior in many respects. It plunges at once *in medias res*, without the long and labored introductory chapters of its predecessor. It is interesting from first to last, and is an elaborate and well-told tale, written *con amore*, when Scott was in the maturity of his powers. It is full of incident and is delightful in humor. Its chief excellence is in the

loftiness of its sentiments,—being one of the healthiest and wholesomest novels ever written, appealing to the heart as well as to the intellect, to be read over and over again, like "The Vicar of Wakefield," without weariness. It may be too aristocratic in its tone to please everybody, but it portrays the sentiments of its age in reference to squires and Scottish lairds, who were more distinguished for uprightness and manly duties than for brains and culture.

The fascination with which Scott always depicts the virtues of hospitality and trust in humanity makes a strong impression on the imagination. His heroes and heroines are not remarkable for genius, but shine in the higher glories of domestic affection and fidelity to trusts. Two characters in particular are original creations,—"Dominie Sampson" and "Meg Merrilies," whom no reader can forget,—the one, ludicrous for his simplicity; and the other a gypsy woman, weird and strange, more like a witch than a sibyl, but intensely human, and capable of the strongest attachment for those she loved.

"The easy and transparent flow of the style of this novel; its beautiful simplicity; the wild magnificence of its sketches of scenery; the rapid and ever brightening interest of the narrative; the unaffected kindness of feeling; the manly purity of thought, everywhere mingled with a gentle humor and homely sagacity,—but, above

all, the rich variety and skilful contrast of character and manners, at once fresh in fiction, and stamped with the unforgeable seal of truth and nature, spoke to every heart and mind; and the few murmurs of pedantic criticism were lost in the voice of general delight which never fails to welcome the invention that introduces to the sympathy of the imagination a new group of immortal realities."

Scott received about £2000 for this favorite romance, — one entirely new in the realm of fiction, — which enabled him to pay off his most pressing debts, and indulge his taste for travel. He visited the Field of Waterloo, and became a social lion in both Paris and London. The Prince of Wales sent him a magnificent snuff-box set with diamonds, and entertained him with admiring cordiality at Carlton House, — for his authorship of "Waverley" was more than surmised, while his fame as a poet was second only to that of Byron. Then (in the spring of 1815) took place the first meeting of these two great bards, and their successive interviews were graced with mutual compliments. Scott did not think that Byron's reading was extensive either in poetry or history, in which opinion the industrious Scottish bard was mistaken; but he did justice to Byron's transcendent genius, and with more charity than severity mourned over his departure from virtue. After a series of brilliant banquets at the

houses of the great, both of rank and of fame, Scott returned to his native land to renew his varied and exhausting labors, having furnished his publishers with a volume of letters on the subjects which most interested him during his short tour. Everything he touched now brought him gold.

"Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," as he called this volume concerning his tour, was well received, but not with the enthusiasm which marked the publication of "Guy Mannering;" indeed, it had no special claim to distinction. "The Antiquary" followed in May of the next year, and though it lacked the romance of "Waverley" and the adventure of "Guy Mannering," it had even a larger sale. Scott himself regarded it as superior to both; but an author is not always the best judge of his own productions, and we do not accept his criticism. It probably cost him more labor; but it is an exhibition of his erudition rather than a revelation of himself or of Nature. It is certainly very learned; but learning does not make a book popular, nor is a work of fiction the place for a display of learning. If "The Antiquary" were published in these times, it would be pronounced pedantic. Readers are apt to skip names and learned allusions and scraps of Latin. As a story I think it inferior to "Guy Mannering," although it has great merits, — "a kind of simple, unsought charm," — and

is a transcript of actual Scottish life. It had a great success; Scott says in a letter to his friend Terry: "It is at press again, six thousand having been sold in six days." Before the novel was finished, the author had already projected his "Tales of my Landlord."

Scott was now at the flood tide of his creative power, and his industry was as remarkable as his genius. There was but little doubt in the public mind as to the paternity of the Waverley Novels, and whatever Scott wrote was sure to have a large sale; so that every publisher of note was eager to have a hand in bringing his productions before the public. In 1816 appeared the "Edinburgh Annual Register," containing Scott's sketch of the year 1814, which, though very good, showed that the author was less happy in history than in fiction.

The first series of "Tales of My Landlord" were published by Murray, and not by Constable, who had brought out Scott's other works, and the book was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Many critics place "Old Mortality" in the highest niche of merit and fame. Frere of the Quarterly Review, Hallam, Boswell, Lamb, Lord Holland, all agreed that it surpassed his other novels. Bishop Heber said, "There are only two men in the world,— Walter Scott and Lord Byron." Lockhart regarded "Old Mortality"

as the "Marmion" of Scott's novels; but the painting of the Covenanters gave offence to the more rigid of the Presbyterians. For myself, I have doubt as to the correctness of their criticisms. "Old Mortality," in contrast with the previous novels of Scott, has a place similar to the later productions of George Eliot as compared with her earlier ones. It is not so vivid a sketch of Scotch life as is given in "Guy Mannering." Like "The Antiquary," it is bookish rather than natural. From a literary point of view, it is more artistic than "Guy Mannering," and more learned. "The canvas is a broader one." Its characters are portrayed with great skill and power, but they lack the freshness which comes from actual contact with the people described, and with whom Scott was familiar as a youth in the course of his wanderings. It is more historical than realistic. In short, "Old Mortality" is another creation of its author's brain rather than a painting of real life. But it is justly famous, for it was the precursor of those brilliant historical romances from which so much is learned of great men already known to students. It was a new departure in literature.

Before Scott arose, historical novels were comparatively unknown. He made romance instructive, rather than merely amusing, and added the charm of life to the dry annals of the past. Cervantes does not portray

a single great character known in Spanish history in his "Don Quixote," but he paints life as he has seen it. So does Goldsmith. So does George Eliot in "Silas Marner." She presents life, indeed, in "Romola," — not, however, as she had personally observed it, but as drawn from books, recreating the atmosphere of a long gone time by the power of imagination.

The earlier works of Scott are drawn from memory and personal feeling, rather than from the knowledge he had gained by study. Of "Old Mortality" he writes to Lady Louisa Stuart: "I am complete master of the whole history of these strange times, both of persecutors and persecuted; so I trust I have come decently off."

The divisional grouping of these earlier novels by Scott himself is interesting. In the "Advertisement" to "The Antiquary" he says: "The present work completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. WAVERLEY embraced the age of our fathers ['T is Sixty Years Since'], GUY MANNERING that of our own youth, and the ANTIQUARY refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century." The dedication of "Tales of My Landlord" describes them as "tales illustrative of ancient Scottish manners, and of the traditions of their [his countrymen's] respective districts." They were — *First Series:* "The Black

Dwarf" and "Old Mortality;" *Second Series:* "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" *Third Series:* "The Bride of Lammermoor" and "A Legend of Montrose;" *Fourth Series:* "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous." These all (except the fourth series, in 1832) appeared in the six years from 1814 to 1820, and besides these, "Rob Roy," "Ivanhoe," and "The Monastery."

With the publication of "Old Mortality" in 1816, then, Scott introduced the first of his historical novels, which had great fascination for students. Who ever painted the old Cameronian with more felicity? Who ever described the peculiarities of the Scottish Calvinists during the reign of the last of the Stuarts with more truthfulness, — their severity, their strict and Judaical observance of the Sabbath, their hostility to popular amusements, their rigid and legal morality, their love of theological dogmas, their inflexible prejudices, their lofty aspirations? Where shall we find in literature a sterner fanatical Puritan than John Balfour of Burley, or a fiercer royalist than Graham of Claverhouse? As a love-story this novel is not remarkable. It is not in the description of passionate love that Scott anywhere excels. His heroines, with two or three exceptions, would be called rather tame by the modern reader, although they win respect for their domestic virtues and sterling elements of char-

acter. His favorite heroes are either Englishmen of good family, or Scotchmen educated in England, — gallant, cultivated, and reproachless, but without any striking originality or intellectual force.

"Rob Roy" was published in the latter part of 1817, and was received by the public with the same unabated enthusiasm which marked the appearance of "Guy Mannering" and the other romances. An edition of ten thousand was disposed of in two weeks, and the subsequent sale amounted to forty thousand more. The scene of this story is laid in the Highlands of Scotland, with an English hero and a Scottish heroine; and in this fascinating work the political history of the times (forty years earlier than the period of "Waverley") is portrayed with great impartiality. It is a description of the first Jacobite rising against George I. in the year 1715. In this novel one of the greatest of Scott's creations appears in the heroine, Diana Vernon, — rather wild and masculine, but interesting from her courage and virtue. The character of Bailie Jarvie is equally original and more amusing.

The general effect of "Rob Roy," as well as of "Waverley" and "Old Mortality," was to make the Scottish Highlanders and Jacobites interesting to English readers of opposite views and feelings, without arousing hostility to the reigning royal family. The Highlanders a hundred years ago were viewed by the

English with sentiments nearly similar to those with which the Puritan settlers of New England looked upon the Indians, — at any rate, as freebooters, robbers, and murderers, who were dangerous to civilization; and the severities of the English government toward these lawless clans, both as outlaws and as foes of the Hanoverian succession, were generally condoned by public opinion. Scott succeeded in producing a better feeling among both the conquerors and the conquered. He modified general sentiment by his impartial and liberal views, and allayed prejudices. The Highlanders thenceforth were regarded as a body of men with many interesting traits, and capable of becoming good subjects of the Crown; while their own hatred and contempt of the Lowland Saxon were softened by the many generous and romantic incidents of these tales. Two hitherto hostile races were drawn into neighborly sympathy. Travellers visited the beautiful Highland retreats, and returned with enthusiastic impressions of the country. To no other man does Scotland owe so great a debt of gratitude as to Walter Scott, not only for his poetry and novels, but for showing the admirable traits of a barren country and a fierce population, and contributing to bring them within the realm of civilization. A century or two ago the Highlands of Scotland were peopled by a race

in a state of perpetual conflict with civilization, averse to labor, gaining (except such of them as were enrolled in the English Army) a precarious support by plunder, black-mailing, smuggling, and other illegal pursuits. Now they compose a body of hard-working, intelligent, and law-abiding laborers, cultivating farms, raising cattle and sheep, and pursuing the various branches of industry which lead to independence, if not to wealth. The traveller among the Highlanders feels as secure and is made as comfortable as in any part of the island; while revelations of their shrewd intelligence and unsuspected wit, in the stories of Barrie and Crockett, show what a century of Calvinistic theology — as the chief mental stimulant — has done in developing blossoms from that thistle-like stock.

Scott had now all the fame and worldly prosperity which any literary man could attain to, — for his authorship of the novels, although unacknowledged, was more and more generally believed, and after 1821 not denied. He lived above the atmosphere of envy, honored by all classes of people, surrounded with admiring friends and visitors. He had an income of at least £10,000 a year. Wherever he journeyed he was treated with the greatest distinction. In London he was cordially received as a distinguished guest in any circle he chose. The highest nobles paid homage

to him. The King made him a baronet, — the first purely literary man in England to receive that honor. He now became ambitious to increase his lands; and the hundred acres of farm at Abbotsford were enlarged by new purchases, picturesquely planted with trees and shrubberies, while "the cottage grew to a mansion, and the mansion to a castle," with its twelve hundred surrounding acres, cultivated and made beautiful.

Scott's correspondence with famous people was immense, besides his other labors as farmer, lawyer, and author. Few persons of rank or fame visited Edinburgh without paying their respects to its most eminent citizen. His country house was invaded by tourists. He was on terms of intimacy with some of the proudest nobles of Scotland. His various works were the daily food not only of his countrymen, but of all educated Europe. "Station, power, wealth, beauty, and genius strove with each other in every demonstration of respect and worship."

And yet in the midst of this homage and increasing prosperity, one of the most fortunate of human beings, Scott's head was not turned. His habitual modesty preserved his moral health amid all sorts of temptation. He never lost his intellectual balance. He assumed no airs of superiority. His manners were simple and unpretending to the last. He praised all literary productions except his own. His life in Edin-

burgh was plain, though hospitable and free; and he seemed to care for few luxuries aside from books, of which he made a large collection. The furniture of his houses in Edinburgh and at Abbotsford was neither showy nor luxurious. He was extraordinarily fond of dogs and all domestic animals, who — sympathetic creatures as they are — unerringly sought him out and lavished affection upon him.

When Scott lived in Castle Street he was not regarded by Edinburgh society as particularly brilliant in conversation, since he never aspired to lead by learned disquisitions. He told stories well, with great humor and pleasantry, to amuse rather than to instruct. His talk was almost homely. The most noticeable thing about it was common-sense. Lord Cockburn said of him that "his sense was more wonderful than his genius." He did not blaze like Macaulay or Mackintosh at the dinner-table, nor absorb conversation like Coleridge and Sidney Smith. "He disliked," says Lockhart, "mere disquisitions in Edinburgh and prepared impromptus in London." A *doctrinaire* in society was to him an abomination. Hence, until his fame was established by the admiration of the world, Edinburgh professors did not see his greatness. To them he seemed commonplace, but not to such men as Hallam or Moore or Rogers or Croker or Canning.

Notwithstanding Scott gave great dinners occa-

sionally, they appear to have been a bore to him, and he very rarely went out to evening entertainments, although at public dinners his wit and sense made him a favorite chairman. He retired early at night and rose early in the morning, and his severest labors were before breakfast, — his principal meal. He always dined at home on Sunday, with a few intimate friends, and his dinner was substantial and plain. He drank very little wine, and preferred a glass of whiskey toddy to champagne or port. He could not distinguish between madeira and sherry. He was neither an epicure nor a gourmand.

After Scott had become world-famous, his happiest hours were spent in enlarging and adorning his land at Abbotsford, and in erecting and embellishing his baronial castle. In this his gains were more than absorbed. He loved that castle more than any of his intellectual creations, and it was not completed until nearly all his novels were written. Without personal extravagance, he was lavish in the sums he spent on Abbotsford. Here he delighted to entertain his distinguished visitors, of whom no one was more welcome than Washington Irving, whom he liked for his modesty and quiet humor and unpretending manners. Lockhart writes: "It would hardly, I believe, be too much to affirm that Sir Walter Scott entertained under his roof, in the course of the seven or eight

brilliant seasons when his prosperity was at its height, as many persons of distinction in rank, in politics, in art, in literature, and in science, as the most princely nobleman of his age ever did in the like space of time."

One more unconscious, apparently, of his great powers has been rarely seen among literary men, especially in England and France, — affording a striking contrast in this respect to Dryden, Pope, Voltaire, Byron, Bulwer, Macaulay, Carlyle, Hugo, Dumas, and even Tennyson. Great lawyers and great statesmen are rarely so egotistical and conceited as poets, novelists, artists, and preachers. Scott made no pretensions which were offensive, or which could be controverted. His greatest aspiration seems to have been to be a respectable landed proprietor, and to found a family. An English country gentleman was his beau-ideal of happiness and contentment. Perhaps this was a weakness; but it was certainly a harmless and amiable one, and not so offensive as intellectual pride. Scott indeed, while without vanity, had pride; but it was of a lofty kind, disdaining meanness and cowardice as worse even than transgressions which have their origin in unregulated passions.

From the numerous expletives which abound in Scott's letters, such as are not now considered in

good taste among gentlemen, I infer that like most gentlemen of his social standing in those times he was in the habit of using, when highly excited or irritated, what is called profane language. After he had once given vent to his feelings, however, he was amiable and forgiving enough for a Christian sage, who never harbored malice or revenge. He had great respect for the military profession, — probably because it was the great prop and defence of government and established institutions, for he was the most conservative of aristocrats. And yet his aristocratic turn of mind never conflicted with his humane disposition, — never made him a snob. He abhorred all vulgarity. He admired genius and virtue in whatever garb they appeared. He was as kind to his servants, and to poor and unfortunate people, as he was to his equals in society, being eminently big-hearted. It was only fools, who made great pretensions, that he despised and treated with contempt.

No doubt Scott was bored by the numerous visitors, whether invited or uninvited, who came from all parts of Great Britain, from America, and even from continental Europe, to do homage to his genius, or to gratify their curiosity. Sometimes as many as thirty guests sat down to his banqueting-table at once. He entertained in baronial style, but without ostentation

or prodigality, and on old-fashioned dishes. He did not like French cooking, and his simple taste in the matters of beverage we have already noted. The people to whom he was most attentive were the representatives of ancient families, whether rich or poor.

Scott was very kind to literary men in misfortune, and his chosen friends were authors of eminence,— like Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, Thomas Moore, Crabbe, Southey, Wordsworth, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston the chemist, Henry Mackenzie, etc. He was very intimate with the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Montagu, and other noblemen. He was visited by dukes and princes, as well as by ladies of rank and fame. George IV. sent him valuable presents, and showed him every mark of high consideration. Cambridge and Oxford tendered to him honorary degrees. Wherever he travelled, he was received with honor and distinction and flatteries. But he did not like flatteries; and this was one reason why he did not openly acknowledge his authorship of his novels, until all doubt was removed by the masterly papers of John Leycester Adolphus in 1821.

Scott's correspondence must have been enormous, for his postage bills amounted to £150 per annum, besides the aid he received from franks, which with his natural economy he made no scruple in liberally

using. Perhaps his most confidential letters were, like Byron's, written to his publishers and printers, though many such were addressed to his son-in-law Lockhart, and to his dearest friend William Erskine. But he had also some admirable women friends, with whom he corresponded freely. Some of the choicest of his recently-published Letters are to Lady Abercorn, who was an intimate and helpful friend; to Miss Anna Seward, a literary confidant of many years; to Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Bute, and granddaughter of Mary Wortley Montagu, one of the few who knew from the first of his "Waverley" authorship; and to Mrs. John Hughes, an early and most affectionate friend, whose grandson, Thomas Hughes, has made famous the commonplace name of "Tom Brown" in our own day.

Scott's letters show the man, — frank, cordial, manly, tender, generous, finding humor in difficulties, pleasure in toil, satisfaction in success, a proud courage in adversity, and the purest happiness in the affection of his friends.

How Scott found time for so much work is a mystery, — writing nearly three novels a year, besides other literary labors, attending to his duties in the Courts, overlooking the building of Abbotsford and the cultivation of his twelve hundred acres, and entertaining more guests than Voltaire did at Ferney.

He was too much absorbed by his legal duties and his literary labors to be much of a traveller; yet he was a frequent visitor to London, saw something of Paris, journeyed through Ireland, was familiar with the Lake region in England, and penetrated to every interesting place in Scotland. He did not like London, and took little pleasure in the ovations he received from people of rank and fashion. As a literary lion at the tables of "the great," he disappointed many of his admirers, since he made no effort to shine. It was only in his modest den in Castle Street, or in rambles in the country or at Abbotsford, that he felt himself at home, and appeared to the most advantage.

It would be pleasant to leave this genuinely great man in the full flush of health, creative power, inward delight and outward prosperity; but that were to leave unwritten the finest and noblest part of his life. It is to the misfortunes which came upon him that we owe both a large part of his splendid achievements in literature and our knowledge of the most admirable characteristics of the man.

My running record of his novels last mentioned "The Monastery," issued in 1820, in the same year with perhaps the prime favorite of all his works, "Ivanhoe," the romantic tale of England in the crusading age of Richard the Lion-Hearted. In 1821 he

put forth the fascinating Elizabethan tale of "Kenilworth." In 1822 came "The Pirate" (the tale of sea and shore that inspired James Fenimore Cooper to write "The Pilot" and his other sea-stories) and "The Fortunes of Nigel;" in 1823, "Peveril of the Peak" and "Quentin Durward," both among his best; in 1824, "St. Ronan's Well" and "Redgauntlet;" and in 1825, two more Tales of the Crusaders, — "The Betrothed" and "The Talisman," the latter probably sharing with "Ivanhoe" the greatest popularity.

In the winter of 1825–1826, a widespread area of commercial distress resulted in the downfall of many firms; and among others to succumb were Hurst & Robinson, publishers, whose failure precipitated that of Constable & Co., Scott's publishers, and of the Ballantynes his printers, with whom he was a secret partner, who were largely indebted to the Constables and so to the creditors of that house. The crash came January 16, 1826, and Scott found himself in debt to the amount of about £147,000, — or nearly $650,000.

Such a vast misfortune, overwhelming a man at the age of fifty-five, might well crush out all life and hope and send him into helpless bankruptcy, with the poor consolation that, though legally responsible, he was not morally bound to pay other people's debts. But Scott's own sanguine carelessness had been partly

to blame for the Ballantyne failure; and he faced the billow as it suddenly appeared, bowed to it in grief but not in shame, and, while not pretending to any stoicism, instantly resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the repayment of the creditors.

The solid substance of manliness, honor, and cheerful courage in his character; the genuine piety with which he accepted the "dispensation," and wrote "Blessed be the name of the Lord;" the unexampled steadiness with which he comforted his wife and daughters while girding himself to the daily work of intellectual production amidst his many distresses; the sweetness of heart with which he acknowledged the sympathy and declined the offers of help that poured in upon him from every side (one poor music teacher offering his little savings of £600, and an anonymous admirer urging upon him a loan of £30,000), — all this is the beauty that lighted up the black cloud of Scott's adversity. His efforts were finally successful, although at the cost of his bodily existence. Lockhart says: "He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honor and his self-respect.

'The glory dies not, and the grief is past.'"

"Woodstock," then about half done, was completed in sixty-nine days, and issued in March, 1826, bringing

in about $41,000 to his creditors. His "Life of Napoleon," published in June, 1827, produced $90,000. In 1827, also, Scott issued "Chronicles of the Canongate," First Series (several minor stories), and the First Series of "Tales of a Grandfather;" in 1828, "The Fair Maid of Perth" (Second Series of the "Chronicles"), and more "Tales of a Grandfather;" in 1829, "Anne of Geierstein," more "Tales of a Grandfather," the first volume of a "History of Scotland," and a collective edition of the Waverley Novels in forty-eight volumes, with new Introductions, Notes, and careful corrections and improvements of the text throughout, — in itself an immense labor; in 1830, more "Tales of a Grandfather," a three volume "History of France," and Volume II. of the "History of Scotland;" in 1831, and finally, a Fourth Series of "Tales of My Landlord," including "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous."

This completes the list of Scott's greater productions; but it should be remembered that during all the years of his creative work he was incessantly doing critical and historical writing, — producing numerous reviews, essays, ballads; introductions to divers works; biographical sketches for Ballantyne's "Novelist's Library," — the works of fifteen celebrated English writers of fiction, Fielding, Smollett, etc.; letters and pamphlets; dramas; even a few

religious discourses; and his very extensive and interesting private correspondence. He was such a marvel of productive brain-power as has seldom, if ever, been known to humanity.

The illness and death of Scott's beloved wife, but four short months after his commercial disaster, was a profound grief to him; and under the exhausting pressure of incessant work during the five years following, his bodily power began to fail, — so that in October, 1831, after a paralytic shock, he stopped all literary labor and went to Italy for recuperation. The following June he returned to London, weaker in both mind and body; was taken to Abbotsford in July; and on the 21st September, 1832, with his children about him, the kindly, manly, brave, and tender spirit passed away.

At the time of his death Sir Walter had reduced his great indebtedness to $270,000. A life insurance of $110,000, $10,000 in the hands of his trustees, and $150,000 advanced by Robert Cadell, an Edinburgh bookseller, on the copyrights of Scott's works, cleared away the last remnant of the debt; and within twenty years Cadell had reimbursed himself, and made a handsome profit for his own account and that of the family of Sir Walter.

The moneyed details of Scott's literary life have been made a part of this brief sketch, both because

his phenomenal fecundity and popularity offer a convenient measure of his power, and because the fiscal misfortune of his later life revealed a simple grandeur of character even more admirable than his mental force. "Scott ruined!" exclaimed the Earl of Dudley when he heard of the trouble. "The author of Waverley ruined! Good God! let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild!" But the sturdy Scotchman accepted no dole; he set himself to work out his own salvation. William Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of Eminent British Poets," estimated that Scott's works had produced as profits to the author or his trustees at least £500,000, — nearly $2,500,000: this in 1847, nearly fifty years ago, and only forty-five years from Scott's first original publication. Add the results of the past fifty years, and, remembering that this gives but the profits, conceive the immense sums that have been freely paid by the intelligent British public for their enjoyment of this great author's writings. Then, besides all this, recall the myriad volumes of Scott sold in America, which paid no profit to the author or his heirs. There is no parallel.

Voltaire's renown and monetary rewards, as the master-writer of the eighteenth century, offer the

only case in modern times that approaches Scott's success; yet Voltaire's vast wealth was largely the result of successful speculation. As a purely popular author, whose wholesome fancy, great heart, and tireless industry has delighted millions of his fellowmen, Scott stands alone; while, as a man, he holds the affection and respect of the world. Even though it be that the fashion of his workmanship passeth away, wonder not, lament not. With Mithridates he could say, "I have lived." What great man can say more?

LXXXIV.

LORD BYRON.

POETIC GENIUS.

1788–1824.

LXXXIV.

LORD BYRON.

POETIC GENIUS.

IT is extremely difficult to depict Lord Bryon, and even presumptuous to attempt it. This is not only because he is a familiar subject, the triumphs and sorrows of whose career have been often portrayed, but also because he presents so many contradictions in his life and character, — lofty yet degraded, earnest yet frivolous, an impersonation of noble deeds and sentiments, and also of almost every frailty which Christianity and humanity alike condemn. No great man has been more extravagantly admired, and none more bitterly assailed; but generally he is regarded as a fallen star, — a man with splendid gifts which he wasted, for whom pity is the predominant sentiment in broad and generous minds. With all his faults, the English-speaking people are proud of him as one of the greatest lights in our literature; and in view of the brilliancy of his literary career his own nation in particular does not like to have his de-

fects and vices dwelt upon. It blushes and condones. It would fain blot out his life and much of his poetry if without them it could preserve the best and grandest of his writings, — that ill-disguised autobiography which goes by the name of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," in which he soars to loftier flights than any English poet from Milton to his own time. Like Shakespeare, like Dryden, like Pope, like Burns, he was a born poet; while most of the other poets, however eminent and excellent, were simply made, — made by study and labor on a basis of talent, rather than exalted by native genius as he was, speaking out what he could not help, and revelling in the richness of unconscious gifts, whether for good or evil.

Byron was a man with qualities so generous, yet so wild, that Lamartine was in doubt whether to call him angel or devil. But, whether angel or devil, his life is the saddest and most interesting among all the men of letters in the nineteenth century.

Of course, most of our material comes from his Life and Letters as edited by his friend and brother-poet, Thomas Moore. This biographer, I think, has been unwisely candid in the delineation of Byron's character, making revelations that would better have remained in doubt, and on which friendship at least should have prompted him to a discreet silence.

Lord Byron was descended from the Byrons of Normandy who accompanied William the Conqueror in his invasion of England, of which illustrious lineage the poet was prouder than of his poetry. In the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, a Byron came into possession of the old mediæval abbey of Newstead. In the reign of James I., Sir John Byron was made a knight of the Order of the Bath. In 1784 the father of the poet, a dissipated captain of the Guards, being in embarrassed circumstances, married a rich Scotch heiress of the name of Gordon. Handsome and reckless, "Mad Jack Byron" speedily spent his wife's fortune; and when he died, his widow, being reduced to a pittance of £150 a year, retired to Scotland to live, with her infant son who had been born in London. She was plain Mrs. Byron, widow of a "younger son," with but little expectation of future rank. She was a woman of caprices and eccentricities, and not at all fitted to superintend the education of her wayward boy.

Hence the childhood and youth of Bryon were sad and unfortunate. His temper was violent and passionate. A malformation of his foot made him peculiarly sensitive, and the unwise treatment of his mother, fond and harsh by turns, destroyed maternal authority. At five years of age he was

sent to a day-school in Aberdeen, where he made but slim attainments. Though excitable and ill-disciplined, he is said to have been affectionate and generous, and perfectly fearless. A fit of sickness rendered his removal from this school necessary, and he was sent to a summer resort among the Highlands. His early impressions were therefore favorable to the development of the imagination, coming as they did from mountains and valleys, rivulets and lakes, near the sources of the Dee. At the age of eight he wrote verses and fell in love, like Dante at the age of nine.

On the death of the grandson of the old Lord Byron in 1794, this unpromising youth became the heir apparent to the barony. Nor did he have to wait long; for soon after, his grand-uncle died, and the young Byron, whose mother was struggling with poverty, became a ward of Chancery; and the Earl of Carlisle — one of the richest and most powerful noblemen of the realm, a nephew by marriage of the deceased peer — was appointed his guardian. This cold, formal, and politic nobleman took but little interest in his ward, leaving him to the mismanagement of his mother, who, with her boy, at the age of ten, now removed to Newstead, the seat of his ancestors,—the government, meanwhile, for some reason which is not explained, having conferred on her a pension of £300 a year.

One of the first things that Mrs. Byron did on her removal to Newstead was to intrust her son to the care of a quack in Nottingham, in order to cure him of his lameness. As the doctor was not successful, the boy was removed to London with the double purpose of effecting a cure under an eminent surgeon, and of educating him according to his rank; for his education thus far had been sadly neglected, although it would appear that he was an omnivorous reader in a desultory kind of way. The lameness was never cured, and through life was a subject of bitter sensitiveness on his part. Dr. Glennie of Dulwich, to whose instruction he was now confided, found him hard to manage, because of his own undisciplined nature and the perpetual interference of his mother. His progress was so slow in Latin and Greek that at the end of two years, in 1801, he was removed to Harrow, — one of the great public schools of England, of which Dr. Drury was head-master. For a year or two, owing to that constitutional shyness which is so often mistaken for pride, young Byron made but few friendships, although he had for school-fellows many who were afterwards distinguished, including Sir Robert Peel. Before he left this school for Cambridge, however, he had made many friends whom he never forgot, being of a very generous and loving disposition. I think that those years at Harrow were the happiest

he ever knew, for he was under a strict discipline, and was too young to indulge in those dissipations which were the bane of his subsequent life. But he was not distinguished as a scholar, in the ordinary sense, although in his school-boy days he wrote some poetry remarkable for his years, and read a great many books. He read in bed, read when no one else read, read while eating, read all sorts of books, and was capable of great sudden exertions, but not of continuous drudgeries, which he always abhorred. In the year 1803, when a youth of fifteen, he formed a strong attachment for a Miss Chaworth, two years his senior, who, looking upon him as a mere school-boy, treated him cavalierly, and made some slighting allusion to "that lame boy." This treatment both saddened and embittered him. When he left school for college he had the reputation of being an idle and a wilful boy, with a very imperfect knowledge of Latin and Greek.

Young Byron entered Trinity College in 1805, poorly prepared, and was never distinguished there for those attainments which win the respect of tutors and professors. He wasted his time, and gave himself up to pleasures, — riding, boating, bathing, and social hilarities, — yet reading more than anybody imagined, and writing poetry, for which he had an extraordinary facility, yet not contending for college prizes. His

intimate friends were few, but to his chosen circle he was faithful and affectionate. No one at this time would have predicted his future eminence. A more unpromising youth did not exist within the walls of his college. He had a most unfortunate temper, which would have made him unhappy under any circumstances in which he could be placed. This temper, which he inherited from his mother — passionate, fitful, defiant, restless, wayward, melancholy — inclined him naturally to solitude, and often isolated him even from his friends and companions. He brooded upon supposed wrongs, and created in his soul strong likes and dislikes. What is worse, he took no pains to control this temperament; and at last it mastered him, drove him into every kind of folly and rashness, and made him appear worse than he really was.

This inborn tendency to moodiness, pride, and recklessness should be considered in our estimate of Byron, and should modify any harshness of judgment in regard to his character, which, in some other respects, was interesting and noble. He was not at all envious, but frank, warm-hearted, and true to those he loved, who were, however, very few. If he had learned self-control, and had not been spoiled by his mother, his career might have been far different from what it was, and would have sustained the

admiration which his brilliant genius called out from both high and low.

As it was, Byron left college with dangerous habits, with no reputation for scholarship, with but few friends, and an uncertain future. His bright and witty bursts of poetry, wonderful as the youthful effusions of Dryden and Pope, had made him known to a small circle, but had not brought fame, for which his soul passionately thirsted from first to last. For a nobleman he was poor and embarrassed, and his youthful extravagances had tied up his inherited estate. He was cast upon the world like a ship without a rudder and without ballast. He was aspiring indeed, but without a plan, tired out and disgusted before he was twenty-one, having prematurely exhausted the ordinary pleasures of life, and being already inclined to that downward path which leadeth to destruction. This was especially marked in his relations with women, whom generally he flattered, despised, and deserted, as the amusements of an idle hour, and yet whose society he could not do without in the ardor of his impulsive and ungoverned affections. In that early career of unbridled desire for excitement and pleasure, nowhere do we see a sense of duty, a respect for the opinions of the good, a reverence for religious institutions, or self-restraint of any kind; but these defects were partly covered over by his many virtues and his exalted rank.

Thus far Byron was comparatively unknown. Not yet was he even a favorite in society, beautiful and brilliant as he was; for he had few friends, not much money, and many enemies, whom he made by his scorn and defiance, — a born aristocrat, without having penetrated those exclusive circles to which his birth entitled him. He was always quarrelling with his mother, and was treated with indifference by his guardian. He was shunned by those who adhered to the conventionalities of life, and was pursued by bailiffs and creditors, — since his ancestral estates, small for his rank, were encumbered and mortgaged, and Newstead Abbey itself was in a state of dilapidation.

Within a year from leaving Cambridge, in 1807, Byron published a volume of his juvenile poems; and although they were remarkable for a young man of twenty, they were not of sufficient merit to attract the attention of the public. At this time he was abstemious in eating, wishing to reduce a tendency to corpulence. He could practise self-denial if it were to make his person attractive, especially to ladies. Nor was he idle. His reading, if desultory, was vast; and from the list of books which his biographer has noted it would seem that Macaulay never read more than Byron in a given time, — all the noted historians of England, Germany, Rome, and

Greece, with innumerable biographies, miscellanies, and even divinity, the raw material which he afterwards worked into his poems. How he found time to devour so many solid books is to me a mystery. These were not merely European works, but Asiatic also. He was not a critical scholar, but he certainly had a passing familiarity with almost everything in literature worth knowing, which he subsequently utilized, as seen in his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." A college reputation was nothing to him, any more than it was to Swift, Goldsmith, Churchill, Gibbon, and many other famous men of letters, who left on record their dislike of the English system of education. Among these were even such men as Addison, Cowper, Milton, and Dryden, who were scholars, but who alike felt that college honors and native genius did not go hand in hand, — which might almost be regarded as the rule but for a few remarkable exceptions, like Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone. And yet it would be unwise to decry college honors, since not one in a hundred of those who obtain them by their industry, aptness, and force of will can lay claim to what is called genius, — the rarest of all gifts. Moreover, how impossible it is for college professors to detect in students, with whom they are imperfectly acquainted, extraordinary faculties, more especially if the young men are apparently

idle and negligent, and contemptuous of the college curriculum.

It was a bitter pill for Lord Byron when his juvenile poems, called "Hours of Idleness," were so severely attacked by the Edinburgh Review. They might have escaped the searching eyes of the critics had the author not been a lord. At that time the great Reviews had just been started; and it was the especial object of the Edinburgh Review to handle authors roughly, — to condemn and not to praise. Criticism was not then a science as it became fifty years later, in the hands of Sainte Beuve, who endeavored to review every production fairly and justly. There was nothing like justice entering into the head of Jeffrey or Sidney Smith or Brougham, or later on of Macaulay, whose articles were often written for political party effect. Critics, from the time of Swift down to the middle of this century, aimed to demolish enemies, and to make party capital; hence, as a general thing, their articles were not criticisms at all, but attacks. And as even an Achilles was vulnerable in his heel, so most intellectual giants have some weak point for the shafts of malice to penetrate. Yet it is the weaknesses of great men that people like to quote.

If Byron was humiliated, enraged, and embittered by the severity of the Edinburgh Review, he was not

crushed. He rallied, collected his unsuspected strength, and shattered his opponents by one of the wittiest, most brilliant, and most unscrupulous satires in our literature, which he called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." At the height of his fame he regretted and suppressed this youthful production of malice and bitterness. Yet it was the beginning of his great career, both as to a consciousness of his own powers and in attracting the public attention. It was doubtless unwise, since he attacked many who were afterwards his friends, and since he sowed the seeds of hatred among those who might otherwise have been his admirers or apologists. He had to learn the truth that "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." The creators of public opinion in reference to Byron have not been women of fashion, or men of the world, but literary lions themselves, — like Thackeray, who detested him, and the whole school of pharisaic ecclesiastical dignitaries, who abhorred in him sentiments which they condoned in Fielding, in Burns, in Rousseau, and in Voltaire.

Before his bitter satire was published, however, Byron took his seat in the House of Lords, not knowing any peer sufficiently to be introduced by him. His guardian, Lord Carlisle, treated him very shabbily, refusing to furnish to the Lord Chancellor some important information, of a technical kind,

which refusal delayed the ceremony for several weeks, until the necessary papers could be procured from Cornwall relating to the marriage of one of his ancestors. Unfriended and alone, Byron sat on the scarlet benches of the House of Lords until he was formally admitted as a peer. But when the Lord Chancellor left the woolsack to congratulate him, and with a smiling face extended his hand, the embittered young peer bowed coldly and stiffly, and simply held out two or three of his fingers,—an act of impudence for which there was no excuse.

It is difficult to understand why Lord Byron should have had so few friends or even acquaintances at that time among people of his rank. At twenty-one he was a lonely and solitary man, mortified by the attack of the Edinburgh Review, exasperated by injustice, morose even to misanthropy, and decidedly sceptical in his religious opinions. Newstead Abbey was a burden to him, since he could not keep it up. He owed £10,000. He had no domestic ties, except to a mother with whom he could not live. His poetry had not brought him fame, for which of all things he most ardently thirsted. His love affairs were unfortunate, and tinged his soul with sadness and melancholy. Nor had fashion as yet marked him for her own. He craved excitement, and society to him was dull and conventional.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances Byron made up his mind to travel: he did not much care whither, provided he had new experiences. "The grand tour" which educated young men of leisure and fortune took in that day had no charm for him, since he wished to avoid rather than to seek society in those cities which the English frequented. He did not care to see the literary lions of France or Germany or Italy, for though a nobleman, he was too young and unimportant to be much noticed, and he was too shy and too proud to make advances which might be rebuffed, wounding his *amour propre.*

He set out on his pilgrimage the latter part of June, 1809, in a ship bound for Lisbon, with a small suite of servants. Going to a land where Nature was most enchanting, he was sufficiently enthusiastic over the hills and vales and villages of Portugal. As for comfort, he expected little, and found less; but to this he was indifferent so long as he could swim in the Tagus, and ride on a mule, and procure eggs and wine. He was delighted with Cadiz, to him a Cythera, with its beautiful but uneducated women, where the wives of peasants were on a par with the wives of dukes in cultivation, and where the minds of both had but one idea, — that of intrigue. He hastily travelled through Spain on horseback, in August,

reaching Gibraltar, from which he embarked for Malta and the East.

It was Greece and Turkey that Byron most wished to see and know; and, favored by introductions, he was cordially received by governors and pashas. At Athens, and other classical spots, he lingered enchanted, yet suppressing his enthusiasm in the contempt he had for the affected raptures of ordinary travellers. It was not the country alone, with its classical associations, which interested him, but also its maidens with their dark hair and eyes, whom he idealized almost into goddesses. Everything he saw was picturesque, unique, and fascinating. The days and weeks flew rapidly away in dreamy enchantment.

After nearly three months at Athens, Byron embarked for Smyrna, and explored the ruins of the old Ionian cities, thence proceeding to Constantinople, with a view of visiting Persia and the farther East. In a letter to Mr. Henry Drury, he says: —

"I have left my home, and seen part of Africa and Asia, and a tolerable portion of Europe. I have been with generals and admirals, princes and pashas, governors and ungovernables. Albania, indeed, I have seen more than any Englishman, except Mr. Leake, — a country rarely visited, from the savage character of the natives, but abounding more in natural beauties than the classical regions of Greece."

A glimpse of Byron's inner life at this time is caught in the following extract from a letter to another friend:

"I have now been nearly a year abroad, and hope you will find me an altered personage, — I do not mean in body, but in manners; for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this d—d world. I am tolerably sick of vice, which I have tried in its agreeable varieties, and mean on my return to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off wine and carnal company, and betake myself to politics and decorum."

One thing we notice in most of the familiar letters of Byron, — that he makes frequent use of a vulgar expletive. But when I remember that the Prince of Wales, the Lord Chancellor, the judges, the lawyers, the ministers of the Crown, and many other distinguished people were accustomed to use the same expression, I would fain hope that it was not meant for profanity, but was a sort of fashionable slang intended only to be emphatic. Fifty years have seen a great improvement in the use of language, and the vulgarism which then appeared to be of slight importance is now regarded, almost universally with gentlemen, to be at least in very bad taste. How far Byron transgressed beyond the frequent use of this expletive, does not appear either in his letters or in his biography; yet from his irreverent nature, and the society with which he was associated, it is

more than probable that in him profanity was added to the other vices of his times.

Especially did he indulge in drinking to excess in all convivial gatherings. It was seldom that gentlemen sat down to a banquet without each despatching two or three bottles of wine in the course of an evening. No wonder that gout was the pervading disease among county squires, and even among authors and statesman. Morality was not one of the features of English society one hundred years ago, except as it consisted in a scrupulous regard for domesticity, truth, and honor, and abhorrence of meanness and hypocrisy.

It would be difficult to point out any defects and excesses of which Byron was guilty at this period beyond what were common to other fashionable young men of rank and leisure, except a spirit of religious scepticism and impiety, and a wanton and inexcusable recklessness in regard to women, which made him a slave to his passions. The first alienated him, so far as he was known, from the higher respectable classes, who generally were punctilious in the outward observances of religion; and the second made him abhorred by the virtuous middle class, who never condoned his transgressions in this respect. But at this time his character was not generally known. It was not until he was seated on the pinnacle of

fame that public curiosity penetrated the scandals of his private life. He was known only as a young nobleman in quest of the excitements of foreign travel, and his letters of introduction procured him all the society he craved. Not yet had he expressed bitterness and wrath against the country which gave him birth; he simply found England dull, and craved adventures in foreign lands as unlike England as he could find. The East stimulated his imagination, and revived his classical associations. He saw the Orient only as an enthusiastic poet would see it, and as Lamartine saw Jerusalem. But Byron was more curious about the pagan cities of antiquity than concerning the places consecrated by the sufferings of our Lord. He cared more to swim across the Hellespont with Leander than to wander over the sacred hills of Judæa; to idealize a beautiful peasant girl among the ruins of Greece, than converse with the monks of Palestine in their gloomy retreats.

The result of Byron's travels was seen in the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," showing alike the fertility of his mind and the aspirations of a lofty genius. These were published in 1812, soon after his return to England, at the age of twenty-four. They took England by storm, creating both surprise and admiration. Public curiosity and enthusiasm for the young poet, who had mounted to the front ranks

of literature at a single leap, was unbounded and universal. As he himself wrote: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Young Byron was now sought, courted, and adored, especially by ladies of the highest rank. Everybody was desirous to catch even a glimpse of the greatest poet that had appeared since Pope and Dryden; any palace or drawing-room he desired to enter was open to him. He was surfeited with roses and praises and incense. He alone took precedence over Scott and Coleridge and Moore and Campbell. For a time his pre-eminence in literature was generally conceded. He was the foremost man of letters of his day, and the greatest popular idol. His rank added to his éclat, since not many noblemen were distinguished for genius or literary excellence. His singular beauty of face and person, despite his slight lameness, attracted the admiring gaze of women. What Abélard was in the schools of philosophy, Byron was in the drawing-rooms of London. People forgot his antecedents, so far as they were known, in the intoxication of universal admiration and unbounded worship of genius. No poet in English history was ever seated on a prouder throne, and no heathen deity was ever more indifferent than he to the incense of idolaters.

Far be it from me to attempt an analysis of the merits of the poem with which the fame of Byron

will be forever identified. Its great merits are universally conceded; and while it has defects, — great inequalities in both style and matter; some stanzas supernal in beauty, and others only mediocre, — on the whole, the poem is extraordinary. Byron adopted the Spenserian measure, — perhaps the most difficult of all measures, hard even to read aloud, — in which blank verse seems to blend with rhyme. It might be either to the ear, though to the eye it is elaborate rhyme, — such as would severely task a made poet, but which this born poet seems to have thrown off without labor. The leading peculiarity of the poem is description, — of men and places; of the sea, the mountain, and the river; of Nature in her loveliness and mysteries; of cities and battle-fields consecrated by the heroism of brave and gifted men, in Greece, in Rome, in mediæval Europe, — with swift passing glances at salient points in history, showing extensive reading and deep meditation.

As to the spirit of "Childe Harold," it is not satirical; it is more pensive than bitter, and reveals the loneliness and sorrows of an unsatisfied soul, — the unrest of a pilgrim in search for something new. It seeks to penetrate the secrets of struggling humanity, at war often with those certitudes which are the consolation of our inner life. It everywhere recognizes the soul as that which gives greatest dignity to man. It invokes love

as the noblest joy of life. The poem is one of the most ideal of human productions, soaring beyond what is material and transient. It is not religious, not reverential, not Christian, like the "Divine Comedy" and the "Paradise Lost;" and yet it is lofty, aspiring, exulting in what is greatest in deed or song, destined to immortality of fame and admiration. It is a confession, indirectly, of the follies and short-comings of the author, and of their retribution, but complains not of the Nemesis that avenges everything. It is sensitive of wrongs and injustices and misrepresentations, but does not hurl anathemas, — speaking in sorrow rather than in anger, except in regard to hypocrisies and shams and lies, when its scorn is intense and terrible.

The whole poem is brilliant and original, but does not flash like fire in a dark night. It was written with the heart's blood, and is as earnest as it is penetrating. It does not ascend to the higher mysteries forever veiled from mortal eye, nor descend to the deepest depths of hatred and despair, but confines itself to those passions which have marked gifted mortals, and those questionings in which all thoughtful minds have ever delighted. It does not make revelations like "Hamlet" or "Macbeth;" it does not explore secrets hidden forever from ordinary minds, like "Faust;" but it muses and meditates on what Fate and Time have brought to pass, — such events as have

been revealed in history. It invokes the neglected but impressive monuments of antiquity to tell the tales of glory and of shame. In moral wisdom it is vastly inferior to Shakespeare, and it is not rich in those wise and striking lines which pass into the proverbs of the world; but it has the glow of a poetic soul, longing for fame, craving love, and not unmindful of immortality. Its most beautiful stanzas are full of tenderness and sadness for lost or unrequited affections; of reproachless sorrow for broken friendships, in which the soul would fain have lived but for inconsistencies and contradictions which made true and permanent love impossible. The poem paints a paradise lost, rather than a paradise regained. I wonder at its popularity, for it seems to me too deep and learned for popular appreciation, except in those stanzas where pathos or enthusiasm, expressed in matchless language, appeal to the heart and soul.

Of all modern poets Byron is the most human and outspoken, daring to say what many would fear or blush to meditate upon. He fearlessly reveals the infirmities and audacities of a double and mysterious nature, made up of dust and deity, now grovelling in the mire, then borne aloft to the skies, — the football of the eternal powers of good and evil, enslaved and yet to be emancipated, as we may hope, in the

last and final struggle, when the soul is rescued by Omnipotence.

I have alluded to the triumphs of Byron on the publication of "Childe Harold," — but his joys were more than balanced by his sorrows. His mother died suddenly without seeing him. His dearest friend Mathews was drowned. He was hampered by creditors. He made no mark in the House of Lords, and was sick of what he called "parliamentary mummeries." His habits became more and more dissipated among the boon companions who courted his society. His reputation after a while began to wane, for people became ashamed of their enthusiasm. Some critics disparaged his poetry, and conventional circles were shocked by his morals. Three years of London life told on his constitution, and he was completely disenchanted. He sought retirement and solitude, for not even the most brilliant society satisfied him. He wearied of such a woman and admirer as Madame de Staël. He went to Holland House — that resort of all the eminent ones of the time — as seldom as he could. He buried himself with a few intimate friends, chiefly poets, among whom were Moore and Rogers. He saw and liked Sir Walter Scott, but did not push his acquaintance to intimacy. The larger part of his letters were written to Murray the publisher, who treated him generously; but Byron gave away his

literary gains to personal friends in need. He seemed to scorn copyrights for support. He would write only for fame.

At the age of twenty-seven, in January, 1815, Byron married Miss Millbanke, — a lady whom he did not love, but to whom he was attracted by her supposed wealth, which would patch up his own fortunes. He had great respect for this lady and some friendship; but with all her virtues and attainments she was cold, conventional, and exacting. A mystery shrouds this unfortunate affair, which has never been fully revealed. The upshot was that, to Byron's inexpressible humiliation, in less than a year she left him, never to return. No reasons were given. It was enough that both parties were unhappy, and had cause to be; and both kept silence.

But the voice of rumor and scandal was not silent. All the failings of Byron were now exaggerated and dwelt upon by those who envied him, and by those who hated him, — for his enemies were more numerous than his friends. Those whom he had snubbed or ridiculed or insulted now openly turned against him. The conventional public had a rare subject for their abuse or indignation. Proper people, religious people, and commonplace people joined in the cry against a man with whom a virtuous woman could not live. Indeed, no woman could have lived

happily with Byron; and very few were the women with whom he could have lived happily, by reason of that irritability and unrest which is so common with genius. The habits of abstraction and contemplation which absorbed much of his time at home were not easily understood by an ordinary woman, to whom social life is necessary.

Byron lived much in his library, which was his solitary luxury. In the revelry of the imagination his heart became cold. "To follow poetry," says Pope, "one must leave father and mother, and cleave to it alone," — as Dante and Petrarch and Milton did. Not even Byron's intense craving for affection could be satisfied when he was dwelling on the ideals which his imagination created, and which scarcely friendship could satisfy. Even so good a man as Carlyle lived among his books rather than in the society of his wife, whom he really loved, and whose virtues and attainments he appreciated and admired. An affectionate woman runs a great risk in marrying an absorbed and preoccupied man of genius, even if his character be reproachless. Unfortunately, the character of Byron was anything but reproachless, and no one knew this better than his wife, which knowledge doubtless alienated what little affection she had for him. He seems to have sought low company even after his marriage, and Lady Byron

has intimated that she did not think him altogether sane. Living with him as his wife was insupportable; but though she separated from him, she did not seek a divorce.

Byron would not have married at all if he had consulted his happiness, and still more his fame. "In reviewing the great names of philosophy and science, we shall find that those who have most distinguished themselves have virtually admitted their own unfitness for the marriage tie by remaining in celibacy, — Newton, Gassendi, Galileo, Des Cartes, Bayle, Locke, Leibnitz, Boyle, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, and a host of others."

The scandal which Byron's separation from his wife created, and his known and open profligacy, at last shut him out from the society of which he had been so bright an ornament. It is a peculiarity of the English people, which redounds to their honor, to exclude from public approbation any man, however gifted or famous, who has outraged the moral sense by open and ill-disguised violation of the laws of morality. The cases of Dilke and Parnell in our own day are illustrations known to all. What in France or Italy is condoned, is never pardoned or forgotten in England. Not even a Voltaire, a Rousseau, or a Mirabeau, had they lived in England, could have been accepted by English society, — much less a man who

scorned and ridiculed it. Even Byron — for a few years the pet, the idol, and the glory of the country — was not too high to fall. To quote one of his own stanzas, —

> "He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
> The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
> He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below.
> Though high above the sun of glory glow,
> And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
> Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
> Contending tempests on his naked head."

Embarrassed in his circumstances; filled with disgust, mortification, and shame; excluded from the proudest circles, — Byron now resolved to leave England forever, and bury himself in such foreign lands as were most congenial to his tastes and habits. But for his immorality he might still have shined at an exalted height; for he had not yet written anything which shocked the practical English mind. The worst he had written was bitter satire, yet not more bitter than that of Swift or Pope. No defiance, no blasphemous sentiments, or what seemed to many to be such, had yet escaped him. His "Corsair" and his "Bride of Abydos" appeared soon after the "Childe Harold," and added to his fame by their exquisite melody of rhyme and sentimental admiration for Oriental life, — though even these were tinged with

that *abandon* which afterwards made his latter poems a scandal and reproach. "The disappointment of youthful passion, the lassitude and remorse of premature excess, the lone friendlessness of his life," and, I may add, the reproaches of society, induced him to fly from the scene of his brilliant successes, filled with blended sentiments of scorn, hatred, defiance, and despair.

In the Spring of 1816, at the age of twenty-eight, Byron left England forever, — a voluntary exile on the face of the earth, saddened, embittered, and disappointed. It was to Italy that he turned his steps, passing through Brussels and Flanders, lingering on the Rhine, enamored with its ruined castles, still more with Nature, and making a long stay in Switzerland. Here he visited the Castle of Chillon, all the spots made memorable by the abodes of Rousseau, Gibbon, and Madame de Staël, and all the most interesting scenery of the Bernese Alps, — Lake Leman, Interlaken, Thun, the Jungfrau, the glaciers, Brientz, Chamouni, Berne, and on to Geneva, where he made the acquaintance of Shelley and his wife. The Shelleys he found most congenial, and stayed with them some time. While in the neighborhood of Geneva he produced the third canto of "Childe Harold," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "A Dream," and other things. In October he passed on to Milan, Verona,

and Venice; and in this latter city he took up his residence.

Oh that we could blot out Byron's life in Venice, made up of love adventures and dissipation and utter abandonment to those pleasures that appealed to his lower nature, as if he were possessed by a demon, utterly reckless of his health, his character, and his fame! Venice was then the most immoral city in Italy, given over to idleness and pleasure. It was here that Byron's contempt for woman became fixed, seeing only her weaknesses and follies; and it was this contempt of woman which intensified the abhorrence in which his character was generally held, in the most respectable circles in England. Even in distant Venice his baleful light was not under a bushel, and the scandals of his life extended far and wide, — especially that in reference to Margherita Cogni, an illiterate virago who could neither read nor write, and whom he was finally compelled to discard on account of the violence of her temper, after living with her in the most open manner.

And yet, in all this degradation, he was not idle. How could so prolific a writer be idle! Byron did not ordinarily rise till two o'clock in the afternoon, and spent the interval between his breakfast and dinner in riding on the Lido, — one of those long narrow islands which lie between the Adriatic and

the Lagoon, in the midst of which Venice is built, on the islets arising from its shallow waters. Yet he found time to begin his "Don Juan," besides writing the "Lament of Tasso," the tragedy of "Manfred," and an Armenian grammar, all which appeared in 1817; in 1818, "Beppo," and in 1819, "Mazeppa." He also made a flying trip to Florence and Rome, and some of the finest stanzas of "Childe Harold" are descriptions of the classic ruins and the masterpieces of Grecian and mediæval art, — the beauties and the associations of Italy's great cities.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand!
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

Byron's correspondence was small, being chiefly confined to his publisher, to Moore, and to a few intimate friends. These letters are interesting because of their frankness and wit, although they are not models of fine writing. Indeed, I do not know where to find any specimens of masterly prose in all his compositions. He was simply a poet, facile in every form of measure from Spenser to Campbell. No remarkable prose writings appeared in England at all, at that

time, until Sir Walter Scott's novels were written, and until Macaulay, Carlyle, and Lamb wrote their inimitable essays. Nothing is more heavy and unartistic than Moore's "Life of Byron;" there is hardly a brilliant paragraph in it, — and yet Moore is one of the most musical and melodious of all the English poets. Milton, indeed, was equally great in prose and verse, but very few men have been distinguished as prose writers and poets at the same time. Sir Walter Scott and Southey are the most remarkable exceptions. I think that Macaulay could have been distinguished as a poet, if he had so pleased; but he would have been a literary poet like Wordsworth or Tennyson or Coleridge, — not a man who sings out of his soul because he cannot help it, like Byron or Burns, or like Whittier among our American poets.

It was not until 1819, when Byron had been three years in Venice, that he fell in love with the Countess Guiccioli, the wife of one of the richest nobles of Italy, — young, beautiful, and interesting. This love seems to have been disinterested and lasting; and while it was a violation of all the rules of morality, and would not have been allowed in any other country than Italy, it did not further degrade him. It was pretty much such a love as Voltaire had for Madame de Châtelet; and with it he was at last content. There is no evidence that Byron ever after-

ward loved any other woman; and what is very singular about the affair is that it was condoned by the husband, until it became a scandal even in Italy.

The countess was taken ill on her way to Ravenna, and thither Byron followed her, and lived in the same palace with her, — the palace of her husband, who courted the poet's society, and who afterward left his young countess to free intercourse with Byron at Bologna, — not without a compensation in revenue, which was more disgraceful than the amour itself. About this time Byron would probably have returned to England but for the enchantment which enslaved him. He could not part from the countess, nor she from him.

The Pope pronounced the separation of the count from his wife, and she returned to her father's house on a pittance of £200 a year. She sacrificed everything for the young English poet, — her splendid home, her relatives, her honor, and her pride. Never was there a sadder episode in the life of a man of letters. If Byron had married such a woman in his early life, how different might have been his history! With such a love as she inspired, had he been faithful to it, he might have lived in radiant happiness, the idol and the pride of all admirers of genius wherever the English language is spoken,

seated on a throne which kings might envy. So much have circumstances to do with human destinies! Since Abélard, never was there a man more capable of a genuine fervid love than Byron; and yet he threw himself away. He was his own worst enemy, and all from an ill-regulated nature which he inherited both from his father and his mother, with no Mentor to whom he would listen. And thus his star sunk down in the eternal shades, — a fallen Lucifer expelled from bliss.

I would not condone the waywardness and vices of Byron, or weaken the eternal distinctions between right and wrong. The impression I wish to convey is that there were two very distinctly marked sides to his character; that his conduct was not without palliations, in view of his surroundings, the force of his temptations, and his wayward nature, uncurbed by parental care or early training, indeed rather goaded on by the unfortunate conditions of his youth to find consolation in doing as he liked, without regard to duty or the opinions of society. Born with the keenest sensibilities, with emotive powers of tremendous sweep and force; neglected, crossed, mortified, with no wise guidance, — he was driven in upon himself, and developed an intense self-will, which would endure no control. Unhappy will be the future of that man, however amiable, affectionate, and generous, who, whether from

neglect in youth, like Byron, or from sheer wilfulness in manhood, determines to act as the mood takes him because he has freedom of will, without regard to the social restraints imposed upon conscience by the unwritten law, which pursues him wherever he goes, even should he fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. No one can escape from moral accountability, whether in a seductive paradise, or in a dungeon, or in a desert. The only stability for society must be in the character of its individual members. Before pleasure comes duty, — to family, to friends, to country, to self, and to the Maker.

This sense of moral accountability Byron seems never to have had, in regard to anybody or any thing, his self-indulgence culminating in an egotism melancholy to behold. He would go where he pleased, say what he pleased, write as he pleased, do what he pleased, without any constraint, whether in opposition or not to the customs and rules of society, his own welfare, or the laws of God. It was moral madness pursuing him to destruction, — the logical and necessary sequence of unrestrained self-will, sometimes assuming the form of angelic loveliness and inspiration in the eyes of his idolaters. No counsellor guided him wiser than Moore or Shelley. Even the worldly advice of Rogers and Madame de Staël was thrown away, whenever they presumed to counsel him. No-

body could influence him. His abandonment to fitful labors or pleasures was alike his glory and his shame. After a day of frivolity he would consume the midnight hours in the intensest studies, stimulated by gin, to awake in the morning in lassitude or pain, — for work he must, as well as play. The consequence of this burning the candle at both ends was failing health and diminished energies, until his short race was run. He had produced more poetry at thirty-four years of age than any other English poet at the age of fifty, — some of almost transcendent merit, but more of questionable worth, though not of questionable power. Aside from the "Childe Harold," the "Hebrew Melodies," the "Prisoner of Chillon," and perhaps the "Corsair," the "Bride of Abydos," "Lara," and the "Siege of Corinth," the rest, excepting minor poems, however beautiful in measure and grand in thought, give a shock to the religious or to the moral sentiments. "Cain" and "Manfred" are regarded as almost blasphemous, though probably not so meant to be by the poet, in view of the stirring questions of Grecian tragedy; while the longest of his poems, "Don Juan," is an insult to womanhood and a disgrace to genius; for although containing some of the most exquisite touches of description and finest flights of poetic feeling, its theme is along the lowest level of human passion.

Whatever Byron wrote was unhesitatingly published and read, whether good or evil, whatever were those follies and defiances which excluded him from the best society; and it is a matter of surprise to me that any noted and wealthy publisher could be found, in respectable and conventional England, venal enough to publish perhaps the most corrupting poem in our language, — worse than anything which Boccaccio wrote for his Italian readers, or anything which plain-spoken Fielding and the dramatists of the reign of Charles II. ever allowed to go into print; for though they were coarser in their language, they were not so seductive in their spirit, and did not poison the soul like "Don Juan," the very name of which has become a synonym for extreme depravity. That abominable poem was read because Lord Byron wrote it, and because its immorality was slightly veiled by the beauty of the language, even when a copy could not be found on the table of any respectable drawing-room, and the name of the author was seldom mentioned except with stern and honest censure. It is perhaps fair to quote Murray's own words, throwing the responsibility on the public: "They talked of his immoral writings; but there is a whole row of sermons glued to my shelf. I hate the sight of them. Why don't they buy those?" A fair enough retort; and yet, like the newspaper purveyors of the records of

vice in our own day, the publisher was responsible for making the vile stuff accessible, and thus debasing the public taste.

How different was Byron's painting of Spanish life from that of the immortal Cervantes, whom Lowell places among the five master geniuses of the world! In "Don Quixote" there is not a sentence which does not exalt woman, or which degrades man. A lofty ideal of purity and chivalrous honor permeates every page, even in the most ludicrous scenes. The whole work blazes with wit, and with the wisdom of a proverbial philosophy, uttered by the ignorant squire of a fanatical and bewildered knight; but amidst the practical jokes and follies of all the characters in that marvellous work of fiction, we see also a moral beauty, idealized of course, such as was rivalled only in Spanish art in the Madonnas of Murillo. I believe that in the imaginary sketches of Spanish life as portrayed by Byron, slanders and lies deface the poem from beginning to end. Who is the best authority for truthfulness in the description of Spanish people, Cervantes or Byron? The spiritual loftiness portrayed in the lives of Spanish heroes and heroines, mixed up as it was with the most ludicrous pictures of common life, has made the Spaniard's work of fiction one of the most treasured and enduring monuments of human fame; whereas the insulting innuendoes of the English poet

have gone far to rob him of the glory which he had justly won in his earlier productions, and to make his name a doubt. If, in the course of generations yet to come, the evil which Byron did by that one poem alone shall be forgotten in the services he rendered to our literature by other works, which cannot die, then he may some day be received into the Pantheon of the benefactors of mind.

I would speak with less vehemence in reference to those poems which are generally supposed to be permeated with defiance, scorn, and misanthropy. In "Manfred" and "Cain," it was with Byron a work of art to describe the utterances of impious spirits against the sovereign rule of God. Had he not fallen from high estate as an interpreter of the soul, the critics might have seen here nothing more to condemn than in some of the Grecian tragedies, many passages in the "Paradise Lost," and in the general spirit of "Faust." It is no proof that he was a blasphemer in his heart because he painted blasphemy. To describe a wanderer on the face of the earth, driven hither and thither by pursuing vengeance as the first recorded murderer, the poet was obliged by all the rules of art to put such sentiments into his mouth as accorded with his unrepented crime and his dreadful agonies of mind and soul. Where is the proof that they were *his own* agonies, remorse, despair? Surely, we may pardon

in Byron what we excuse in Goethe in the delineation of unique characters, — the great creations which belong to the realm of the imagination alone. The imputation that the sayings of his fallen fiends were the cherished sentiments of the poet himself, may have been one cause of his contempt for the average intelligence of his countrymen, and for their inveterate and incurable prejudices. Nothing in Dante is more intense and concentrated in language than the malediction of Eve upon her fratricidal son: —

> "May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods
> Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
> A grave! the Sun his light! and Heaven her God!"

Yet the reader feels the naturalness of this bitter cursing of her own son by the frenzied mother. How could a great artist like Byron put sentiments into the mouth of Cain such as would be harmless in the essays of a country parson? If he painted Lucifer, he must make him speak like Lucifer, not like a theological professor. Nothing could be more ungenerous and narrow than to abuse Byron for a dramatic poem in which some of his characters were fiends rather than men. We have no more right to say that he was an infidel because Cain or Lucifer blasphemed, than to say that Goethe was an atheist because Mephistopheles denied God.

If Byron had avowed atheistical opinions in letters or conversations, that would be another thing; but there is no evidence that he did, and much to the contrary. A few months before he died he was visited by a pious crank, who out of curiosity or Christian zeal sought to know his theological views. Byron treated him with the greatest courtesy, and freely communicated his opinions on religious subjects, — from which it would appear that he differed from church people generally only on the matter of eternal punishment, which he did not believe was consistent with infinite love or infinite justice. Perhaps it would have been wiser if he had not written "Cain" at all, considering how many readers there are without brains, and how large was the class predisposed to judge him harshly in everything. No doubt he was irreligious and sceptical, but it does not follow from this that he was atheistical or blasphemous.

There is doubtless a misanthropic vein in all Byron's later poetry which is not wholesome for many people to read, — especially in "Manfred," one of the bitterest of his productions by reason of sorrows and disappointments and misrepresentations. It was Byron's misfortune to appear worse than he really was, owing to his unconcealed contempt for the opinions of mankind. Yet he could not complain that he reaped what he had not sown. Some of his biographers thought him

to be at this time even morbidly desirous of a bad reputation, — going so far as to write paragraphs against himself in foreign journals, and being filled with glee at the joke, when they were republished in English newspapers. He despised and defied all conventionalities, and conventional England dropped him from her list of favorites.

The life of Byron, strange to say, was less exposed to scandal after he made the acquaintance of the countess who enslaved him, and who was also enslaved in turn. His heart now opened to many noble sentiments. He returned, in a degree, to society, and gave dinners and suppers. He associated with many distinguished patriots and men of genius. He had a strong sympathy with the Italians in their struggle for freedom. One quarter of his income he devoted to charities. He was regular in his athletic exercises, and could swim four hours at a time; he was always proud of swimming across the Hellespont. He was devoted to his natural daughter, and educated her in a Catholic school. He studied more severely all works of art, though his admiration for art was never so great as it was for Nature. The glories and wonders of Nature inspired him with perpetual joys. There is nothing finer in all his poetry than the following stanza: —

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate

Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star."

There never was a time when Byron did not seek out beautiful retreats in Nature as the source of his highest happiness. Hence, solitude was nothing to him when he could commune with the works of God. His biographer declares that in 1821 "he was greatly improved in every respect, — in genius, in temper, in moral views, in health and happiness. He has had mischievous passions, but these he seems to have subdued." He was always temperate in his diet, living chiefly on fish and vegetables; and if he drank more wine and spirits than was good for him, it was to rally his exhausted energies. His powers of production were never greater than at this period, but his literary labors were slowly wearing him out. He could not live without work, while pleasure palled upon him. In a letter to a stranger who sought to convert him, he showed anything but anger or contempt. "Do me," says he, "the justice to suppose, that *Video meliora proboque,* however the *deteriora sequor* may have been applied to my conduct." Writing to Murray in 1822, he says: "It is not impossible that I may

have three or four cantos of 'Don Juan' ready by autumn, as I obtained a permission from my dictatress [the Countess Guiccioli] to continue it, — provided always it was to be more guarded and decorous in the continuation than in the commencement." Alas, he could not undo the mischief he had done!

About this time Byron received a visit from Lord Clare, his earliest friend at Cambridge, to whom through life he was devotedly attached, — a friendship which afforded exceeding delight. He never forgot his few friends, although he railed at his enemies. He was ungenerously treated by Leigh Hunt, to whom he rendered every kindness. He says, —

"I have done all I could for him since he came here [Genoa], but it is all most useless. His wife is ill, his six children far from tractable, and in worldly affairs he himself is a child. The death of Shelley left them totally aground; and I could not see them in such a state without using the common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power, to set them afloat again. . . . As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion between him and me there is little or none; but I think him a good-principled man, and must do as I would be done by."

Toward Shelley, Byron entertained the greatest respect and affection for his suavity, gentleness, and good breeding; and Shelley's accidental death was a

great shock to him. Among his other intimate acquaintances in Italy were Lord and Lady Blessington, with whom he kept up a pleasant correspondence. The most plaintive, sad, and generous of all his letters was the one he wrote to Lady Byron from Pisa, in 1821, in acknowledgment of the receipt of a tress of his daughter Ada's hair: —

"The time which has elapsed since our separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union and of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrecoverably so. . . . But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve more easily than nearer connections. . . . I assure you I bear you now no resentment whatever. Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things, — that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again."

At this period, about a year before Byron's death, Moore thus writes: —

"To the world, and more especially England, he presented himself in no other aspect than that of a stern, haughty misanthrope, self-banished from the society of men, and most of all from that of English-

men. The more beautiful and genial inspirations of his muse were looked upon but as lucid intervals between the paroxysms of an inherent malignancy of nature. But how totally all this differed from the Byron of the social hour, they who lived in familiar intercourse with him may be safely left to tell. As it was, no English gentleman ever approached him with the common forms of introduction, that did not come away at once surprised and charmed by the kind courtesy of his manners, the unpretending play of his conversation, and on nearer intercourse the frank, youthful spirits, to the flow of which he gave way with such zest as to produce the impression that gayety was after all the true bent of his disposition."

Scott, writing of him after his death, says, —

"In talents he was unequalled; and his faults were those rather of a bizarre temper, arising from an eager and irritable nervous habit, than any depravity of disposition. He was devoid of selfishness, which I take to be the basest ingredient in the human composition. He was generous, humane, and noble-minded, when passion did not blind him."

About this time, 1823, the great struggle of the Greeks to shake off the Ottoman yoke was in progress. I have already in another volume[1] attempted to give the facts in relation to that memorable movement. Christendom sympathized with the gallant

[1] Beacon Lights of History (Vol. VI.): "European Statesmen."

but apparently hopeless struggle of a weak nation to secure its independence, both from a sentiment of admiration for the freedom of ancient Greece in the period of its highest glories, and from the love of liberty which animated the liberal classes amid the political convulsions of the day. But the governments of Europe were loath to complicate the difficulties which existed between nations in that stormy period, and dared not extend any open aid to struggling Greece, beyond giving their moral aid to the Greek cause, lest it should embroil Europe in war, of which she was weary. Less than ten years had elapsed since Europe had combined to dethrone Napoleon, and some of her leading powers, like Austria and Russia, had a detestation of popular insurrections.

In this complicated state of political affairs, when any indiscretion on the part of friendly governments might kindle anew the flames of war, Lord Byron was living in Genoa, taking such an interest in the Greek struggle that he abandoned poetry for politics. He had always sympathized with enslaved nations struggling for independence, and was driven from Ravenna on account of his alliance with the revolutionary Society of the Carbonari. A new passion now seized him. He entered heart and soul into the struggles of the Greeks. Their cause absorbed him. He would aid them to the full extent of his means,

with money and arms, as a private individual. He would be a political or military hero, — a man of action, not of literary leisure.

Every lover of liberty must respect Byron's noble aspirations to assist the Greeks. It was a new field for him, but one in which he might retrieve his reputation, — for it must be borne in mind that his ruling passion was fame, and that he had gained all he could expect by his literary productions. Whether loved or hated, admired or censured, his poetry had placed him in the front rank of literary geniuses throughout the world. As a poet his immortality was secured. In literary efforts he had also probably exhausted himself; he could write nothing more which would add to his fame, unless he took a long rest and recreation. He was wearied of making poetry; but by plunging into a sea of fresh adventures, and by giving a new direction to his powers, he might be sufficiently renovated, in the course of time, to write something grander and nobler than even "Childe Harold" or "Cain."

Lord Byron at this time was only thirty-five years old, a period when most men begin their best work. His constitution, it is true, was impaired, but he was still full of life and enterprise. He could ride or swim as well as he ever could. The call of a gallant people summoned him to arms, and of all

nations he most loved the Greeks. He was an enthusiast in their cause; he believed that the day of their deliverance was at hand. So he made up his mind to consecrate his remaining energies to effect their independence. He opened a correspondence with the Greek committee in London. He selected a party, including a physician, to sail with him from Geneva. He raised a sum of about £10,000, and on the 13th of July, 1823, embarked with his small party and eight servants, on board the "Hercules" for Greece.

After a short delay at Leghorn the poet reached Cephalonia on the 24th of July. He was enthusiastically received by the Greeks of Argostoli, the principal port, but deemed it prudent to remain there until he could get further intelligence from Corfu and Missolonghi, — visiting, in the interval, some of the neighboring islands consecrated by the muse of Homer.

The dissensions among the Greek leaders greatly embarrassed Byron, but did not destroy his ardor. He saw that the people were degenerate, faithless, and stained with atrocities as disgraceful as those of the Turks themselves. He dared not commit himself to any one of the struggling, envious parties which rallied round their respective chieftains. He lingered for six weeks in Cephalonia without the ordinary comforts of life, yet, against all his habits,

rising at an early hour and attending to business, negotiating bills, and corresponding with the government, so far as there was a recognized central power.

At last, after the fall of Corinth, taken from the Turks, and the arrival at Missolonghi of Prince Mavrocordato, the only leader of the Greeks worthy of the name of statesman, Byron sailed for that city, then invested by a Turkish fleet, and narrowly escaped capture. Here he did all he could to produce union among the chieftains, and took into his pay five hundred Suliotes, acting as their leader. He meditated an attack on Lepanto, which commanded the navigation of the Gulf of Corinth, and received from the government a commission for that enterprise; but dissensions among his men, and intrigues between rival generals, prevented the execution of his project.

It was in Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824, that, with the memorandum, "On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year," Byron wrote his latest verses, most pathetically regretting his youth and his unfortunate life, but arousing himself to find in a noble cause a glorious death: —

> "The fire that in my bosom preys
> Is like to some volcanic isle;
> No torch is kindled at its blaze, —
> A funeral pile.
>
> . . . . . .

"Awake! — not Greece: she is awake! —
Awake, my spirit! think through whom
Thy life-blood tastes its parent lake,
And then strike home!

. . . . . .

"Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest!"

Vexations, disappointments, and exposure to the rains of February so wrought upon Byron's eager spirit and weakened body that he was attacked by convulsive fits. The physicians, in accordance with the custom of that time, bled their patient several times, against the protest of Byron himself, which reduced him to extreme weakness. He rallied from the attack for a time, and devoted himself to the affairs of Greece, hoping for the restoration of his health when spring should come. He spent in three months thirty thousand dollars for the cause into which he had so cordially entered. In April he took another cold from severe exposure, and fever set in, — to relieve which bleeding was again resorted to, and often repeated. He was now confined to his room, which he never afterwards left. He at last realized that he was dying, and sent incoherent messages to his sister, to his daughter, and to a few intimate friends. The end came on the 19th of April. The Greek govern-

ment rendered all the honor possible to the illustrious dead. His remains were transferred to England. He was not buried in Westminster Abbey, however, but in the church of Hucknal, near Newstead, where a tablet was erected to his memory by his sister, the Hon. Augusta Maria Leigh.

> "So Harold ends in Greece, his pilgrimage
> There fitly ending, — in that land renowned,
> Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,
> He on the Muses' consecrated ground
> Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
> With their unfading wreath! To bands of mirth
> No more in Tempe let the pipe resound!
> Harold, I follow to thy place of birth
> The slow hearse, — and thy last sad pilgrimage on earth."

I can add but little to what I have already said in reference to Byron, either as to his character or his poetry. The Edinburgh Review, which in Brougham's article on his early poems had stung him into satire and aroused him to a sense of his own powers, in later years by Jeffrey's hand gave a most appreciative account of his poems, while mourning over his morbid gloom: "'Words that breathe and thoughts that burn' are not merely the ornaments but the common staple of his poetry; and he is not inspired or impressive only in some happy passages, but through the whole body and tissue of his composition." The keen insight and excep-

tional intellect of the philosopher-poet Goethe recognized in him "the greatest talent of our century." His marvellous poetic genius was universally acknowledged in his own day; and more than that, so human was it that it attracted the sympathies of all civilized nations, and, as Lamartine said, "made English literature known throughout Europe." Byron's poetry was politically influential also, by reason of its liberty-loving spirit, — arousing Italy, inspiring the young revolutionists of Germany, and awaking a generous sympathy for Greece. Without the consciousness of any "mission" beyond the expression of his own ebullient nature, this poet contributed no mean impulse to the general emancipation of spirit which has signalized the nineteenth century.

Two generations have passed away since Byron's mortal remains were committed to the dust, and the verdict of his country has not since materially changed, — admiration for his genius *alone*. The light of lesser stars than he shines with brighter radiance. What the enlightened verdict of mankind may be two generations hence, no living mortal can tell. The worshippers of intellect may attempt to reverse or modify the judgment already passed; but the impressive truth remains that no man, however great his genius, will be permanently judged aside from character. When Lord Bacon left his name and

memory to men's charitable judgments and the next age, he probably had in view his invaluable legacy to mankind of earnest searchings after truth, which made him one of the greatest of human benefactors. How far the poetry of Byron has proved a blessing to the world must be left to an abler critic than I lay claim to be. In him the good and evil went hand in hand in the eternal warfare which ancient Persian sages saw between the powers of light and darkness in every human soul, — a consciousness of which warfare made Byron himself in his saddest hours wish he had never lived at all.

If we could, in his life and in his works, separate the evil from the good, and let only the good remain, — then his services to literature could hardly be exaggerated, and he would be honored as the greatest English poet, so far as native genius goes, after Shakespeare and Milton.

LXXXV.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY.

1795–1881.

LXXXV.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE now famous biography of Thomas Carlyle, by Mr. Froude, shed a new light on the eccentric Scotch essayist, and in some respects changed the impressions produced by his own "Reminiscences" and the Letters of his wife. It is with the aid of those two brilliant and interesting volumes on Carlyle's "Earlier Life" and "Life in London," issued about two years after the death of their distinguished subject, that I have rewritten my own view of one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century.

Of the men of genius who have produced a great effect on their own time, there is no one concerning whom such fluctuating opinions have prevailed within forty years as in regard to Carlyle. His old admirers became his detractors, and those who first disliked him became his friends. When his earlier works appeared they attracted but little general notice,

though there were many who saw in him a new light, or a new power to brush away cobwebs and shams, and to exalt the spiritual and eternal in man over all materialistic theories and worldly conventionalities.

Carlyle's "Miscellanies" — essays published first in the leading Reviews, when he lived in his moorland retreat — created enthusiasm among young students and genuine thinkers of every creed. Lord Jeffrey detected the new genius and gave him a lift. Carlyle's "French Revolution" took the world by surprise, and established his fame. His "Oliver Cromwell" modified and perhaps changed the opinions of English and American people respecting the Great Protector. It was then that his popularity was greatest, and that the eccentric genius of Cheyne Row, so long struggling with poverty, was assured of a competence, and was received in some of the proudest families of the kingdom as a teacher and a sage. Thus far he was an optimist, taking cheerful views of human life, and encouraging those who had noble aspirations.

But for some unaccountable reason, whether from discontent or dyspepsia or disappointment, or disgust with this world, Carlyle gradually became a pessimist, and attacked all forms of philanthropy, thus alienating those who had been his warmest supporters. He grew more bitter and morose, until

at last he howled almost like a madman, and was steeped in cynicism and gloom. He put forth the doctrine that might was right, and that thrones belong to the strongest. He saw no reliance in governments save upon physical force, and expressed the most boundless contempt for all institutions established by the people. Then he wrote his "Frederick the Great," — his most ambitious and elaborate production, received as an authority from its marvellous historical accuracy, but not so generally read as his "French Revolution," and not, like his "Cromwell," changing the opinions of mankind.

Soon after this the death of his wife plunged him into renewed gloom, from which he never emerged; and he virtually retired from the world, and was lost sight of by the younger generation, until his "Reminiscences" appeared, injudiciously published at his request by his friend and pupil Froude, in which his scorn and contempt for everybody and everything turned the current of public opinion strongly against him. This was still further increased when the Letters of his wife appeared.

Carlyle's bitterest assailants were now agnostics of every shade and degree, especially of the humanitarian school, — that to which Mill and George Eliot belonged. It was seen that this reviler of hypocrisy and shams, this disbeliever in miracles and in mech-

anisms to save society, was after all a believer in God Almighty and in immortality; a stern advocate of justice and duty, appealing to the conscience of mankind; a man who detested Comte the positivist as much as he despised Mill the agnostic, and who exalted the old religion of his fathers, stripped of supernaturalism, as the only hope of the world. The biography by Froude, while it does not conceal the atrabilious temperament of Carlyle, his bad temper, his intense egotism, his irritability, his overweening pride, his scorn, his profound loneliness and sorrow, and the deep gloom into which he finally settled, made clear at the same time his honest and tender nature, his noble independence, his heroic struggles with poverty of which he never complained, his generous charities, his conscientiousness and allegiance to duty, his constant labors amid disease and excessive nervousness, and his profound and unvarying love for his wife, although he was deficient in those small attentions and demonstrations of affection which are so much prized by women. If it be asked whether he was happy in his domestic relations, I would say that he was as much so as such a man could be. But it was a physical and moral impossibility that with his ailments and temper he *could* be happy. He was not sent into this world to be happy, but to do a work which only such a man as he could do.

So displeasing, however, were the personal peculiarities of Carlyle that the man can never be popular. This hyperborean literary giant, speaking a Babylonian dialect, smiting remorselessly all pretenders and quacks, and even honest fools, was himself personally a bundle of contradictions, fierce and sad by turns. He was a compound of Diogenes, Jeremiah, and Dr. Johnson: like the Grecian cynic in his contempt and scorn, like the Jewish prophet in his melancholy lamentations, like the English moralist in his grim humor and overbearing dogmatism.

It is unfortunate that we know so much of the man. Better would it be for his fame if we knew nothing at all of his habits and peculiarities. In our blended admiration and contempt our minds are diverted from the lasting literary legacy he has left, which, after all, is the chief thing that concerns us. The mortal man is dead, but his works live. The biography of a great man is interesting, but his thoughts go coursing round the world, penetrating even the distant ages, modifying systems and institutions. What a mighty power is law! Yet how little do we know or care, comparatively, for lawgivers!

Thomas Carlyle was born in the year 1795, of humble parentage, in an obscure Scotch village. His father was a stone-mason, much respected for doing

good work, and for his virtue and intelligence, — a rough, rugged man who appreciated the value of education. Although kind-hearted and religious, it would seem that he was as hard and undemonstrative as an old-fashioned Puritan farmer, — one of those men who never kiss their children, or even their wives, before people. His mother also was sagacious and religious, and marked by great individuality of character. For these stern parents Carlyle ever cherished the profoundest respect and affection, regularly visiting them once a year wherever he might be, writing to them frequently, and yielding as much to their influence as to that of anybody.

At the age of fourteen the boy was sent to the University of Edinburgh, with but little money in his pocket, and forced to practise the most rigid economy. He did not make a distinguished mark at college, nor did he cultivate many friendships. He was reserved, shy, awkward, and proud. After leaving college he became a school-teacher, with no aptness and much disdain for his calling. It was then that he formed the acquaintance of Edward Irving, which ripened into the warmest friendship of his life. He was much indebted to this celebrated preacher for the intellectual impulse received from him. Irving was at the head of a school at Kircaldy, and Carlyle became his assistant. Both these young men were

ambitious, and aspired to pre-eminence. Like Napoleon at the military school of Brienne, they would not have been contented with anything less, because they were conscious of their gifts; and both attained their end. Irving became the greatest preacher of his day, and Carlyle the greatest writer; but Carlyle had the most self-sustained greatness. Irving was led by the demon of popularity into extravagances of utterance which destroyed his influence. Carlyle, on the other hand, never courted popularity; but becoming bitter and cynical in the rugged road he climbed to fame, he too lost many of his admirers.

In ceasing to be a country schoolmaster, Carlyle did not abandon teaching. He removed to Edinburgh for the study of divinity, and supported himself by giving lessons. He had been destined by his parents to be a minister of the Kirk of Scotland; but at the age of twenty-three he entered upon a severe self-examination to decide whether he honestly believed and could preach its doctrines. Weeks of intense struggle freed him from the intellectual bonds of the kirk, but fastened upon him the chronic disorder of the stomach which embittered his life, and in later years distorted his vision of the world about him. At the recommendation of his friend Irving, then preacher at Hatton Gardens, Carlyle now became private tutor to the son of Mr. Charles Buller.

an Anglo-Indian merchant, on a salary of £200; and the tutor had the satisfaction of seeing his pupil's political advancement as a member of the House of Commons and one of the most promising men in England.

About this time Carlyle, who had been industriously studying German and French, published a translation of Legendre's "Elements of Geometry;" and in 1824 brought out a "Life of Schiller," a work that he never thought much of, but which was a very respectable performance. In fact, he never thought much of any of his works: they were always behind his ideal. He wrote slowly, and took great pains to be accurate; and in this respect he reminds us of George Eliot. Carlyle had no faith in rapid writing of any sort, any more than Daniel Webster had in extempore speaking. After he had become a master of composition, it took him thirteen years of steady work to write "Frederick the Great," — about the same length of time it took Macaulay to write the history of fifteen years of England's life, whereas Gibbon wrote the whole of his voluminous and exhaustive History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire in twenty years.

"Schiller" being finished, Carlyle was now launched upon his life-work as "a writer of books." He translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," for which

he received £180. I do not see the transcendent excellence of this novel, except in its original and forcible criticism, and its undercurrent of philosophy; but it is nevertheless famous. These two works gave Carlyle some literary reputation among scholars, but not much fame.

Although Carlyle was thus fairly embarked on a literary career, the "trade" of literature he always regarded as a poor one, and never encouraged a young man to pursue it as a profession unless forced into it by his own irresistible impulses. Its nobility he ranked very high, but not its remunerativeness. He regarded it as a luxury for the rich and leisurely, but a very thorny and discouraging path for a poor man. How few have ever got a living by it, unless allied with other callings, — as a managing clerk, or professor, or lecturer, or editor! The finest productions of Emerson were originally delivered as lectures. Novelists and dramatists, I think, are the only class, who, without doing anything else, have earned a comfortable support by their writings. Historians have, with very few exceptions, been independent in their circumstances.

In the year 1826, at the age of thirty-one, Carlyle married Jane Welsh, the only child of a deceased physician of Haddington, who had some little property in expectancy from the profits of a farm in the moor-

lands of Scotland. She was beautiful, intellectual, and nervously intense. She had been a pupil of Edward Irving, who had introduced his friend Carlyle to her. On the whole, it was a fortunate marriage for Carlyle, although it would have been impossible for him to have or to give happiness in constant and intimate companionship with any woman. He was very fond of his wife, but in an undemonstrative sort of way, — except in his letters to her, which are genuine love-letters, tender and considerate. As in the case of most superior women, clouds at times gathered over her, which her husband did not or could not dissipate. But she was very proud of him, and faithful to him, and careful of his interest and fame. Nor is there evidence from her letters, or from the late biography which Froude has written, that she was, on the whole, unhappy. She was very frank, very sharp with her tongue, and sometimes did not spare her husband. She had a good deal to put up with from his irritable temper; but she also was irritable, nervous, and sickly, although in her loyalty she rarely complained, while she had many privations to endure, — for Carlyle until he was nearly fifty was a poor man. During the first two years of their residence in London they were obliged to live on £100 a year. He was never in even moderately easy circumstances until after his "Oliver Cromwell" was published.

After his marriage, Carlyle lived eighteen months near Edinburgh; but there was no opening for him in the exclusive society there. His merits were not then recognized as a man of genius in that cultivated capital, as it pre-eminently was at that time; but he made the acquaintance of Jeffrey, who acknowledged his merit, admired his wife, and continued to be as good a friend as that worldly but accomplished man could be to one so far beneath him in social rank.

The next seven years of Carlyle's life were spent at the Scotch moorland farm of Craigenputtock, belonging to his wife's mother, which must have contributed to his support. How any brilliant woman, fond of society as Mrs. Carlyle was, could have lived contentedly in that dreary solitude, fifteen miles from any visiting neighbor or town, is a mystery. She had been delicately reared, and the hard life wore upon her health. Yet it was here that the young couple established themselves, and here that some of the young author's best works were written, — as the "Miscellanies" and "Sartor Resartus." From here it was that he sent forth those magnificent articles on Heyne, Goethe, Novalis, Voltaire, Burns, and Johnson, which, published in the Edinburgh and other Reviews, attracted the attention of the reading world, and excited boundless admiration among students.

The earlier of these remarkable productions, like

those on Burns and Jean Paul Richter, were free from those eccentricities of style which Carlyle persisted in retaining with amazing pertinacity as he advanced in life, — except, again, in his letters to his wife, which are models of clear writing.

The essay on "German Literature" appeared in the same year, 1827, — a longer and more valuable article, a blended defence and eulogium of a *terra incognita*, somewhat similar in spirit to that of Madame de Staël's revelations twenty years before, and in which the writer shows great admiration of German poetry and criticism. Perhaps no Englishman, with the possible exceptions of Julius Hare and Coleridge, — the latter then a broken-down old man, — had at that time so profound an acquaintance as Carlyle with German literature, which was his food and life during the seven years' retirement on his moorland farm. This essay also was comparatively free from the involved, grotesque, but vivid style of his later works; and it was religious in its tone. "It is mournful," writes he, "to see so many noble, tender, and aspiring minds deserted of that light which once guided all such; mourning in the darkness because there is no home for the soul; or, what is worse, pitching tents among the ashes, and kindling weak, earthly lamps which we are to take for stars. But this darkness is very transitory. These ashes are the soil of future herbage and

richer harvests. Religion dwells in the soul of man, and is as eternal as the being of man."

In this extract we see the optimism which runs through Carlyle's earlier writings, — the faith in creation which is to succeed destruction, the immortal hopes which sustain the soul. He believed in the God of Abraham, and was as far from being a scoffer as the heavens are higher than the earth. He had renounced historical Christianity, but he adhered to its essential spirit.

The next article which Carlyle published seems to have been on Werner, followed the same year, 1828, by one on Goethe's "Helena," — a continuation of his "Faust." This transcendent work of German art, which should be studied rather than read, is commented on by the reviewer with boundless admiration. If there was one human being whom Carlyle worshipped it was the dictator of German literature, who reigned at Weimar as Voltaire had reigned at Ferney. If he was not the first to introduce the writings of Goethe into England, he was the great German's warmest admirer. If Goethe had faults, they were to Carlyle the faults of a god, and he exalted him as the greatest light of modern times, — a new force in the world, a new fire in the soul, who inaugurated a new era in literature which went to the heart of cultivated Europe, weary of the doubts and denials that Vol-

taire had made fashionable. It seemed to Carlyle that Goethe entered into the sorrows, the solemn questionings and affirmations of the soul, seeking emancipation from dogmas and denials alike, and, in the spirit of Plato, resting on the certitudes of a higher life, — calm, self-poised, many-sided, having subdued passion as he had outgrown cant; full of benignity, free from sarcasm; a man of mighty and deep experiences, with knowledge of himself, of the world, and the whole realm of literature; a great artist as well as a great genius, seated on the throne of letters, not to scatter thunderbolts, but to instruct the present and future generations.

The next great essay which Carlyle published, this time in the Edinburgh Review, was on Burns, — a hackneyed subject, yet treated with masterly ability. This article, in some respects his best, entirely free from mannerisms and affectation of style, is just in its criticism, glowing with eloquence, and full of sympathy with the infirmities of a great poet, showing a remarkable insight into what is noblest and truest. This essay is likely to live for style alone, aside from its various other merits. It is complete, exhaustive, brilliant, such as only a Scotchman could have written who was familiar with the laborious lives of the peasantry, living in the realm of art and truth, careless of outward circumstances and trappings, and exalting

only what is immortal and lofty. While Carlyle sees in Goethe the impersonation of human wisdom, — in every aspect a success, outwardly and inwardly, serene and potent as an Olympian deity, — he sees in Burns a highly gifted genius also, but yet a wreck and a failure; a man broken down by the force of that degrading habit which unfortunately and peculiarly and even mysteriously robs a man of all dignity, all honor, and all sense of shame. Amid the misfortunes, the mistakes, and the degradations of the born poet, whom he alike admires and pities and mildly blames, he sees also the noble elements of the poet's gifted soul, and loves him, especially for his sincerity, which next to labor he uniformly praises. It was the truthfulness he saw in Burns which constrained Carlyle's affection, — the poet's sympathy and humanity, speaking out of his heart in unconscious earnestness and plaintive melody; sad and sorrowful of course, since his life was an unsuccessful battle with himself, but free from egotism, and full of a love which no misery could crush, — so unlike that other greatest poet of our century, "whose exemplar was Satan, the hero of his poetry and the model of his life." In this most beautiful and finished essay Carlyle paints the man in his true colors, — sinning and sinned against, courageous while yielding, poor but proud, scornful yet affectionate; singing in matchless lyrics the senti-

ments of the people from whom he sprung and among whom he died, which lyrics, though but fragments indeed, are precious and imperishable.

In the same year appeared the Life of Heyne, — the great German scholar, pushing his way from the depths of poverty and obscurity, by force of patient industry and genius, to a proud position and a national fame. "Let no unfriended son of genius despair," exclaims Carlyle. "If he have the will, the power will not be denied him. Like the acorn, carelessly cast abroad in the wilderness, yet it rises to be an oak; on the wild soil it nourishes itself; it defies the tempest, and lives for a thousand years." The whole outward life of Carlyle himself, like that of Heyne, was an example of heroism amid difficulties, and hope amid the storms.

The next noticeable article which Carlyle published was on Voltaire, and appeared in the Quarterly Review in 1829. It would appear that he hoped to find in this great oracle and guide of the eighteenth century something to admire and praise commensurate with his great fame. But vainly. Voltaire, though fortunate beyond example in literary history, versatile, laborious, brilliant in style, — poet, satirist, historian, and essayist, — seemed to Carlyle to be superficial, irreligious, and egotistical. The critic ascribes his power to ridicule, — a Lucian, who destroyed but did not

reconstruct; worldly, material, sceptical, defiant, utterly lacking that earnestness without which nothing permanently great can be effected. Carlyle says: —

"Voltaire read history, not with the eye of a devout seer, or even critic, but through a pair of mere anti-Catholic spectacles. It is not a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of infinitude, with suns for lamps and eternity as a background, whose author is God and whose purport leads to the throne of God, but a poor, wearisome debating-club dispute, spun through ten centuries, between the Encyclopédie and the Sorbonne."

Carlyle's essays for the next two years, chiefly on German literature, which he admired and sought to introduce to his countrymen, were published in various Reviews. I can only allude to one on Richter, whose whimsicality of style he unconsciously copied, and whose original ideas he made his own. In this essay Carlyle introduced to the English people a great German, but a grotesque, whose writings will probably never be read much out of Germany, excellent as they are, on account of the "jarring combination of parentheses, dashes, hyphens, figures without limit, one tissue of metaphors and similes, interlaced with epigrammatic bursts and sardonic turns, — a heterogeneous, unparalleled imbroglio of perplexity and extravagance." There was another, on Schiller, not an idol to Carlyle as Goethe was, yet a great poet

and a true man, with deep insight and intense earnestness. "His works," said Carlyle, "and the memory of what he was, will arise afar off, like a towering landmark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people that once encompassed him, and hid them forever from the near beholder."

Thus far Carlyle had confined himself to biography and essays on German literature, in which his extraordinary insight is seen; but now he enters another field, and writes a strictly original essay, called "Characteristics," published in the Edinburgh Review in the prolific year of 1831, in which essay we see the germs of his philosophy. The article is hard to read, and is disfigured by obscurities which leave a doubt on the mind of the reader as to whether the author understood the subject about which he was writing, — for Carlyle was not a philosopher, but a painter and prose poet. There is no stream of logic running consistently through his writings. In "Characteristics" he seems to have had merely glimpses of great truths which he could not clearly express, and which won him the reputation of being a German transcendentalist. Its leading idea is the commonplace one of the progress of society, which no sane and Christian man has ever seriously questioned, — not an uninterrupted progress, but a general

advance, brought about by Christian ideas. Any other view of progress is dreary and discouraging; nor is this inconsistent with great catastrophes and national back-slidings, with the fall of empires, and French Revolutions.

We note at this time in Carlyle's writings, on the whole, a cheerful view of human life in spite of sorrows, hardships, and disappointments, which are made by Divine Providence to act as healthy discipline. We see nothing of the angry pessimism of his later writings. Those years at Craigenputtuck were healthy and wholesome; he labored in hope, and had great intellectual and artistic enjoyment, which reconciled him to solitude, — the chief evil with which he had to contend, after dyspepsia. His habits were frugal, but poverty did not stare him in the face, since he had the income of the farm. It does not appear that the deep gloom which subsequently came over his soul oppressed him in his moorland retreat. He did not sympathize with any religion of denials, but felt that out of the jargon of false and pretentious philosophies would come at last a positive belief which would once more enthrone God in the world.

After writing another characteristic article, on Biography, he furnished for Frazer's Magazine one of the finest biographical portraits ever painted, — that of

Dr. Johnson, in which that cyclopean worker stands out, with even more distinctness than in Boswell's "Life," as one of the most honest, earnest, patient laborers in the whole field of literature. Carlyle makes us almost love this man, in spite of his awkwardness, dogmatism, and petulance. Johnson in his day was an acknowledged dictator on all literary questions, surrounded by admirers of the highest gifts, who did homage to his learning, — a man of more striking individuality than any other celebrity in England, and a man of intense religious convictions in an age of religious indifference. We now wonder why this struggling, poorly paid, and disagreeable man of letters should have had such an ascendency over men superior to himself in learning, genius, and culture, as Burke and Gibbon doubtless were. Even Goldsmith, whom he snubbed and loved, is now more popular than he. It was the heroism of his character which Carlyle so much admired and so vividly described, — contending with so many difficulties, yet surmounting them all by his persistent industry and noble aspirations; never losing faith in himself or his Maker, never servilely bowing down to rank and wealth, as others did, and maintaining his self-respect in whatever condition he was placed. In this delightful biography we are made to see the superiority of character to genius, and the dignity

of labor when idleness was the coveted desire of most fortunate men, as well as the almost universal vice of the magnates of the land. Labor, to the mind of Johnson as well as to that of Carlyle, is not only honorable, but is a necessity which Nature imposes as the condition of happiness and usefulness. Nor does Carlyle sneer at the wedded life of Johnson, made up of "drizzle and dry weather," but reverences his fidelity to his best friend, uninteresting as she was to the world, and his plaintive and touching grief when she passed away.

Carlyle in this essay exalts a life of letters, however poorly paid (which Pope in his "Dunciad" did so much to depreciate), showing how it contributes to the elevation of a nation, and to those lofty pleasures which no wealth can purchase. But it is the moral dignity of Johnson which the essay makes to shine most conspicuously in his character, supported as he was by the truths of religion, in which under all circumstances he proudly glories, and without which he must have made shipwreck of himself amid so many discouragements, maladies, and embarrassments, — for his greatest labors were made with poverty, distress, and obscurity for his companions, — until at last, victorious over every external evil and vile temptation, he emerged into the realm of peace and light, and became an oracle and a sage wherever he chose to go.

Johnson was the greatest master of conversation in his day, whose detached sayings are still quoted more often than his most elaborate periods. I apprehend that there was a great contrast between Johnson's writings and his conversation. While the former are Ciceronian, his talk was epigrammatic, terse, and direct; and its charm and power were in his pointed and vehement Saxon style. Had he talked as he wrote, he would have been wearisome and pedantic. Still, like Coleridge and Robert Hall, he preached rather than conversed, thinking what he himself should say rather than paying attention to what others said, except to combat and rebuke them, — a discourser, as Macaulay was; not one to suggest interchange of ideas, as Addison did. But neither power of conversation nor learning would have made Johnson a literary dictator. His power was in the force of his character, his earnestness, and sincerity, even more than in his genius.

I will not dwell on the other Review articles which Carlyle wrote in his isolated retreat, since published as "Miscellanies," on which his fame in no small degree rests, — even as the essays of Macaulay may be read when his more elaborate History will lie neglected on the shelves of libraries. Carlyle put his soul into these miscellanies, and the labor and enjoyment of writing made him partially forget his

ailments. I look upon those years at Craigenputtock as the brightest and healthiest of his life, removed as he was from the sight of levities and follies which tormented his soul and irritated his temper.

Carlyle contrived to save about £200 from his literary earnings, so frugal was his life and so free from temptations. His recreation was in wandering on foot or horseback over the silent moors and unending hills, watered by nameless rills and shadowed by mists and vapors. His life was solitary, but not more so than that of Moses amid the deserts of Midian, — isolation, indeed, but in which the highest wisdom is matured. Into this retreat Emerson penetrated, a young man, with boundless enthusiasm for his teacher, — for Carlyle was a teacher to him as to hundreds of others in this country. Carlyle never had a truer and better friend than Emerson, who opened to him the great reward of recognition in distant America while yet his own land refused to take knowledge of him; and this friendship continued to the end, an honor to both, — for Carlyle never saw in Emerson's writings the genius and wisdom which his American friend admired in the Scottish sage. Nor were their opinions so harmonious as some suppose. Emerson despised Calvinism, and had no definite opinions on any theological subject; Carlyle was a Calvinist without the the-

ology of Calvinism, if that be possible. He did not, indeed, believe in historical Christianity, but he had the profoundest convictions of an overruling God, reigning in justice, and making the wrath of man to praise Him. Carlyle, too, despised everything visionary and indefinite, and had more respect for what is brought about by revolution than by evolution. But of all things he held in profoundest abhorrence the dreary theories of materialists and political economists. It was the spirit and not the body which stood out in his eyes as of most importance; it was the manly virtues which he reverenced in man, not his clothes and surroundings. And it was on this lofty spiritual plane that Carlyle and Emerson stood in complete harmony together.

I cannot quit this part of Carlyle's life without mention of what I conceive to be his most original and remarkable production, — "Sartor Resartus," — The Stitcher Restitched: or, The Tailor Done Over, — the title of an old Scotch song. It is a quaintly conceived reproduction of the work of an imaginary German professor on "The Philosophy of Clothes," — under which external figure he includes all institutions, customs, beliefs, in which humanity has draped itself, as distinguished from the inner reality of man himself. "The beginning of all Wisdom," he says, "is to look fixedly on Clothes, or even with armed

eyesight, till they become *transparent.*" And thus, in grotesque fashion, with amazing vigor he ranges the universe in search of the Real. In one of his letters to Emerson, Carlyle, discussing a project of lecturing in America, takes on his sartorial professor's name, and writes: "Could any one but appoint me Lecturing Professor of Teufelsdröckh's Science, — 'Things in General'!" This work was written in his remote solitude, yet not published for years after it was finished, — and for the best of reasons, because with all his literary repute Carlyle could not find a publisher. The "Sartor" was not appreciated; and Carlyle, knowing its value, locked it up in his drawer, and waited for his time.

The "Sartor Resartus" is a sort of prose poem, written with the heart's blood, vivid as fire in a dark night; a Dantean production; a revelation probably of the author's own struggles and experiences from the dark gulf of the "Everlasting Nay" to the clear and serene heights of the "Everlasting Yea." To me the book is full of consolation and encouragement, — a battle of the spirit with infernal doubts, a victory over despair, over all external evils and all spiritual foes. It is also a bold and grotesque but scorching sarcasm of the conventionalities and hypocrisies of society, and a savage thrust at those quackeries which seem to reign in this world in

spite of their falsity and shallowness. It is not, I grant, easy to read. It is full of conceits and affectations of style, — a puzzle to some, a rebuke to others. "Every page of this unique collection of confessions and meditations, of passionate invective and solemn reflection," is stamped with the seal of genius, and yet was the last of Carlyle's writings to be appreciated. I believe that this is the ordinary fate of truly original works, those that are destined to live the longest, especially if they burn no incense to the idols of prevailing worship, and be characterized by a style which, to say the least, is extraordinary. Flashy, brilliant, witty, yet superficial pictures of external life which everybody has seen and knows, are the soonest to find admirers; but a revelation of what is not seen, this is the work of seers and prophets whose ordinary destiny has been anything other than to wear soft raiment and sit in king's palaces. The "Sartor" was at last, in 1833–1834, printed in Fraser's Magazine, meeting no appreciation in England, but very enthusiastically received by Emerson, Channing, Ripley, and a group of advanced thinkers in New England, through whose efforts it was published here in book form. And so, in spite of timid London publishers, it drifted back to London and a slow-growing fame. In our time, sixty years later, it sells by scores of thousands annually, in cheap and in

luxurious editions, throughout the English-speaking world.

In respect of early recognition and popularity, Carlyle differs from his great contemporary Macaulay, who was so immediately and so magnificently rewarded, and yet received no more than his due as the finest prose writer of his day. Macaulay's Essays are generally word-pictures of remarkable men and remarkable events, but of men of action rather than of quiet meditation. His heroes are such men as Clive and Hastings and Pitt, not such men as Pascal or Augustine or Leibnitz or Goethe. But Carlyle in his heroes paints the struggling soul in its deepest aspirations, and the truths evolved by profound meditations. These are not such as gain instant popular acceptance; yet they are the longer-lived.

The time came at last for Carlyle to leave his retirement among moors and hills, and in 1831 he directed his steps to London, spending the winter with his wife in the great centre of English life and thought, and being well received; so that in 1834 he removed permanently to the metropolis. But he was scarcely less buried at his modest house in Chelsea than he had been on his farm, for he came to London with only £200, and was obliged to practise the most rigid economy. For two years he

labored in his London workshop without earning a shilling, and with a limited acquaintance. Not yet was his society sought by the great world which he mocked and despised. He fortunately had the genial and agreeable Leigh Hunt for a neighbor, and Edward Irving for his friend. He was known to the critics by his writings, but his circle of personal friends was small. He was more or less intimate with John Stuart Mill, Charles Austin, Sir William Molesworth, and the advanced section of the philosophical radicals, — the very class of men from whom he afterwards was most estranged. None of these men forwarded his fortunes; but they lent him books, and helped him at the libraries, for no carpenter can work without tools.

The work to which Carlyle now devoted himself was a history of the French Revolution, the principal characters of which he had already studied and written about. It was a subject adapted to his genius for dramatic writing, and for the presentation of his views as to retribution. His whole theology, according to Froude, was underlaid by the belief in punishment for sin, which was impressed upon his mind by his God-fearing parents, and was one of his firmest convictions. The French were to his mind the greatest sinners among Christian nations, and therefore were to reap a fearful penalty. To paint in a new and

impressive form the inevitable calamities attendant on violated law and justice, was the aspiration of Carlyle. He had money enough to last him with economy for two years. In this time he hoped to complete his work. The possibility was due to the intelligent thrift of his wife. Commenting on one of her letters describing their snug little house, he writes: —

"From birth upwards she had lived in opulence; and now, for my sake, had become poor, — so nobly poor. Truly, her pretty little brag [in this letter] was well founded. No such house, for beautiful thrift, quiet, spontaneous, nay, as it were, unconscious — minimun of money reconciled to human comfort and human dignity — have I anywhere looked upon."

He devoted himself to his task with intense interest, and was completely preoccupied.

In the winter of 1835, after a year of general study, collection of material and writing, and at last "by dint of continual endeavor for many weary weeks," the first volume was completed and submitted to his friend Mill. The valuable manuscript was accidentally and ignorantly destroyed by a servant, and Mill was in despair. Carlyle bore the loss like a hero. He did not chide or repine. If his spirit sunk within him, it was when he was alone in his library or in the society of his sympathizing wife. He generously writes to Emerson, —

"I could not complain, or the poor man would have shot himself: we had to gather ourselves together, and show a smooth front to it, — which happily, though difficult, was not impossible to do. I began again at the beginning, to such a wretched, paralyzing torpedo of a task as my hand never found to do."

Mill made all the reparation possible. He gave his friend £200, but Carlyle would accept only £100. Few men could have rewritten with any heart that first volume: it would be almost impossible to revive sufficient interest; the precious inspiration would have been wanting. Yet Carlyle manfully accomplished his task, and I am inclined to think that the second writing was better than the first; that he probably left out what was unessential, and made a more condensed narrative, — a more complete picture, for his memory was singularly retentive. I do not believe that any man can do his best at the first heat. See how the great poets revise and rewrite. Brougham rewrote his celebrated peroration on the trial of Queen Caroline seventeen times. Carlyle had to rewrite his book, but his materials remained; his great pictures were all in his mind. In this second writing there may have been less emotion, — less fire in his descriptions; but there was fire enough, for his vivacity was excessive. Even *his* work could be pruned, not by others, but by himself. "The household at Chelsea was never closer drawn together than in those times

of trial." Carlyle lost time and spirits, but he could afford the loss. The entire work was delayed, but was done at last. The final sentence of Vol. III. was written at ten o'clock on a damp evening, January 14, 1837.

This great work, the most ambitious and famous of all Carlyle's writings, and in many respects his best, was not received by the public with the enthusiam it ought to have awakened. It was not appreciated by the people at large. "Ordinary readers were not enraptured by the Iliad swiftness and vividness of the narrative, its sustained passion, the flow of poetry, the touches of grandeur and tenderness, and the masterly touches by which he made the great actors stand out in their individuality." It seemed to many to be extravagant, exaggerated, at war with all the "feudalities of literature." Partisans of all kinds were offended. The style was startlingly broken, almost savage in strength, vivid and distinct as lightning. Doubtless the man himself had grown away from the quieter moods of his earlier essays. Froude quotes this from Carlyle's journal: "The poor people seem to think a style can be put off or on, not like a skin but like a coat. Is not a skin verily a product and close kinsfellow of all that lies under it, exact type of the nature of the beast, not to be plucked off without flaying and death? The Public is an old woman. Let her maunder and mumble."

But the extraordinary merits of the book made a great impression on the cultivated intellects of England, — such men as Jeffrey, Macaulay, Southey, Hallam, Brougham, Thackeray, Dickens, — who saw and admitted that a great genius had arisen, whether they agreed with his views or not. In America, we may be proud to say, the work created general enthusiasm, and its republication through Emerson's efforts brought some money as well as larger fame to its author. Of the first moneys that Emerson sent Carlyle as fruits of this adventure, the dyspeptic Scotchman wrote that he was "half-resolved to buy myself a sharp little nag with twenty of these trans-Atlantic pounds, and ride him till the other thirty be eaten. I will call the creature 'Yankee.' . . . My kind friends!" And *Yankee* was duly bought and ridden.

Carlyle still remained in straitened circumstances, although his reputation was now established. In order to assist him in his great necessities his friends got up lectures for him, which were attended by the *élite* of London. He gave several courses in successive years during the London season, which brought him more money than his writings at that time, gave him personal *éclat*, and added largely to his circle of admirers. His second course of twelve lectures brought him £300, — a year's harvest, and a

large sum for lectures in England, where the literary institutions rarely paid over £5 for a single lecture. Even in later times the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, which commanded the finest talent, paid only £10 to such men as Froude and the archbishop of York.

But lecturing, to many men an agreeable excitement, seems to have been very unpleasant to Carlyle, — even repulsive. Though the lectures brought both money and fame, he abominated the delivery of them. They broke his rest, destroyed his peace of mind, and depressed his spirits. Nothing but direst necessity reconciled him to the disagreeable task. He never took any satisfaction or pride in his success in this field; nor was his success probably legitimate. People went to see him as a new literary lion, — to hear him roar, not to be edified. He had no peculiar qualification for public speaking, and he affected to despise it. Very few English men of letters have had this gift. Indeed, popular eloquence is at a discount among the cultivated classes in England. They prefer to read at their leisure. Popular eloquence best thrives in democracies, as in that of ancient Athens; aristocrats disdain it, and fear it. In their contempt for it they even affect hesitation and stammering, not only when called upon to speak in public, but also in social converse, until the halting style has come to

be known among Americans as "very English." In absolute monarchies eloquence is rare except in the pulpit or at the bar. Cicero would have had no field, and would not probably have been endured, in the reign of Nero; yet Bossuet and Bourdaloue were the delight of Louis XIV. What would that monarch have said to the speeches of Mirabeau?

After the publication in 1837 of the "French Revolution," — that "roaring conflagration of anarchies," that series of graphic pictures rather than a history or even a criticism, — it was some time before Carlyle could settle down upon another great work. He delivered lectures, wrote tracts and essays, gave vent to his humors, and nursed his ailments. He was now famous, — a man whom everybody wished to see and know, especially Americans when they came to London, but whom he generally snubbed (as he did me[1]) and pronounced them bores. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton, who invited him to breakfast, where he met other notabilities, — among them Bunsen the Prussian Ambassador at London; Lord Mahon the historian; and Mr. Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, the warmest and the truest of his friends, who extended to him the most generous hospitalities.

[1] Dr. Lord's experience with Carlyle is related in the biographical portion of this volume, page 144.

Carlyle was now in what is called "high society," and was "taking life easy," — writing but little, yet reading much, especially about Oliver Cromwell, whose Life he thought of writing. His lectures at this period were more successful than ever, attended by great and fashionable people; and from them his chief income was derived.

While collecting materials for his Life of Cromwell, Carlyle became deeply interested in the movements of the Chartists, composed chiefly of workingmen with socialistic tendencies. He was called a "radical," — and he did believe in a radical reform of men's lives, especially of the upper classes who showed but little sympathy for the poor. He was not satisfied with the Whigs, who believed that the Reform Bill would usher in a political millennium. He had more sympathy with the "conservative" Tories than the "liberal" Whigs; but his opinions were not acceptable to either of the great political parties. They alike distrusted him. Even Mill had a year before declined an article on the working classes for his Review, the Westminster. Carlyle took it to Lockhart of the Quarterly, but Lockhart was afraid to publish it. Mill, then about to leave the Westminster, wished to insert it as a final shout; but Carlyle declined, and in 1839 expanded his article into a book called "Chartism," which was rapidly sold and

loudly noticed. It gave but little satisfaction, however. It offended the conservatives by exposing sores that could not be healed, while on the other hand the radicals did not wish to be told that men were far from being equal, — that in fact they were very unequal; and that society could not be advanced by debating clubs or economical theories, but only by gifted individuals as instruments of Divine Providence, guiding mankind by their superior wisdom.

These views were expanded in a new course of lectures, on "Heroes and Hero Worship," and subsequently printed, — the most able and suggestive of all Carlyle's lectures, delivered in the spring of 1840 with great *éclat*. He never appeared on the platform again. Lecturing, as we have said, was not to his taste; he preferred to earn his living by his pen, and his writings had now begun to yield a comfortable support. He received on account of them £400 from America alone, thanks to the influence of his friend Emerson.

Carlyle now began to weary of the distraction of London life, and pined for the country. But his wife would not hear a word about it; she had had enough of the country, at Craigenputtock. Meanwhile preparations for the Life of Cromwell went on slowly, varied by visits to his relatives in Scotland, travels on the Continent, and interviews with distinguished men.

His mind at this period (1842) was most occupied with the sad condition of the English people, — everywhere riots, disturbances, physical suffering and abject poverty among the masses, for the Corn Laws had not then been repealed; and to Carlyle's vision there was a most melancholy prospect ahead, — not revolution, but universal degradation, and the reign of injustice. This sad condition of the people was contrasted in his mind with what it had been centuries before, as it appeared from an old book which he happened to read, Jocelyn's Chronicles, which painted English life in the twelfth century. He fancied that the world was going on from bad to worse; and in this gloomy state of mind he wrote his "Past and Present," which appeared in 1843, and created a storm of anger as well as admiration. It was a sort of protest against the political systems of economy then so popular. Lockhart said of it that he could accept none of his friend's inferences except one, — "that we were all wrong, and were all like to be damned."

Gloomy and satirical as the book was, it made a great impression on the thinkers of the day, while it did not add to the author's popularity. It seemed as if he were a prophet of wrath, — an Ishmaelite whose hand was against everybody. He offended all political parties, — "the Tories by his radicalism, and the Radicals by his scorn of their formulas; the High Church-

man by his Protestantism, and the Low Churchman by evident unorthodoxy." Yet all parties and sects admitted that much that he said was true, while at the same time they had no sympathy with his fierce ravings.

For ten years after the publication of the "French Revolution" Carlyle assumed the functions of a prophet, hurling anathemas and pronouncing woes. To his mind everything was alike disjointed or false or pretentious, in view of which he uttered groans and hisses and maledictions. The very name of a society designed to ameliorate evils seemed to put him into a passion. Every reformer appeared to him to be a blind teacher of the blind. Exeter Hall, then the scene of every variety of social and religious and political discussion, was to him a veritable pandemonium. Everybody at that period of agitation and reform was giving lectures, and everybody went to hear them; and Carlyle ridiculed them all alike as pedlers of nostrums to heal diseases which were incurable. He lived in an atmosphere of disdain. "The English people," said he, "number some thirty millions, — mostly fools." His friends expostulated with him for giving utterance to such bitter expressions, and for holding such gloomy views. John Mill was mortally offended, and walked no more with him. De Quincey said, "You have made a new hole in your society kettle: how do you propose to mend it?"

Yet all this while Carlyle had not lost faith in Providence, as it might seem, but felt that God would inflict calamities on peoples for their sins. He resembled Savonarola more than he did Voltaire. What seemed to some to be mockeries were really the earnest protests of his soul against universal corruption, to be followed by downward courses and retribution. His mind was morbid from intense reflection on certain evils, and from his physical ailments. He doubtless grieved and alienated his best friends by his diatribes against popular education and free institutions. He even appeared to lean to despotism and the rule of tyrants, provided only they were strong.

Thus Carlyle destroyed his influence, even while he moved the mind to reflection. It was seen and felt that he had no sympathy with many movements designed to benefit society, and that he cherished utter scorn for many active philanthropists. In his bitterness, wrath, and disdain he became himself intolerant. In some of his wild utterances he brought upon himself almost universal reproach, as when he said, "I never thought the rights of negroes worth much discussing, nor the rights of man in any form," — a sentiment which militated against his whole philosophy. In this strange and unhappy mood of mind, the "Latter Day Pamphlets," "Past and Present," and other essays were written, which undermined the

reverence in which he had been held. These were the blots on his great career, which may be traced to sickness and a disordered mind.

In fact, Carlyle cannot be called a sound writer at any period. He contradicts himself. He is a great painter, a prose poet, a satirist, — not a philosopher; perhaps the most suggestive writer of the nineteenth century, often giving utterance to the grandest thoughts, yet not a safe guide at all times, since he is inconsistent and full of exaggerations.

The morbid and unhealthy tone of Carlyle's mind at this period may be seen by an extract from one of his letters to Sterling: —

"I see almost nobody. I avoid sight, rather, and study to consume my own smoke. I wish you would build me, among your buildings, some small Prophet Chamber, fifteen feet square, with a flue for smoking, sacred from all noises of dogs, cocks, and piano-fortes, engaging some dumb old woman to light a fire for me daily, and boil some kind of a kettle."

Thus quaintly he expressed his desire for uninterrupted solitude, where he could work to advantage.

He was then engaged on Cromwell, and the few persons with whom he exchanged letters show how retired was his life. His friends were also few, although he could have met as many persons as pleased him. He was too much absorbed with work

to be what is called a society man; but what society he did see was of the best.

At last Carlyle's task on the "Life of Oliver Cromwell" was finished in August, 1845, when he was fifty years of age. It was the greatest contribution to English history, Mr. Froude thinks, which has been made in the present century. "Carlyle was the first to make Cromwell and his age intelligible to mankind." Indeed, he reversed the opinions of mankind respecting that remarkable man, which was a great accomplishment. No one doubts the genuineness of the portrait. Cromwell was almost universally supposed, fifty years ago, to be a hypocrite as well as a usurper. In Carlyle's hands he stands out visionary, perhaps, but yet practical, sincere, earnest, God-fearing, — a patriot devoted to the good of his country. Carlyle rescued a great historical personage from the accumulated slanders of two centuries, and did his work so well that no hostile criticisms have modified his verdict. He has painted a picture which is immortal. The insight, the sagacity, the ability, and the statesmanship of Cromwell are impressed upon the minds of all readers. That England never had a greater or more enlightened ruler, everybody is now forced to admit, — and not merely a patriotic but a Christian ruler, who regarded himself simply as the instrument of Providence.

People still differ as to the cause in which Cromwell embarked, and few defend the means he used to accomplish his ends. He does not stand out as a perfect man; he made mistakes, and committed political crimes which can be defended only on grounds of expediency. But his private life was above reproach, and he died in the triumph of Christian faith, after having raised his country to a higher pitch of glory than had been seen since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

The faults of the biographer centre in confounding right with might; and this conspicuously false doctrine is the leading defect of the philosophy of Carlyle, runs through all his writings, and makes him an unsound teacher. If this doctrine be true, then all the usurpers of the world from Cæsar to Napoleon can be justified. If this be true, then an irresistible imperialism becomes the best government for mankind. It is but fair to say that Carlyle himself denied this inference. Writing of Lecky's having charged him with believing in the divine right of strength, he says: —

"With respect to that poor heresy of might being the symbol of right 'to a certain great and venerable author,' I shall have to tell Lecky one day that quite the converse or *re*verse is the great and venerable author's real opinion, — namely, that right is the eternal

symbol of might; . . . in fact he probably never met with a son of Adam more contemptuous of might except when it rests on the above origin."

Yet the impression of all his strongest work is the other way.

Certain other kindred doctrines may be inferentially drawn from Carlyle's defence of Cromwell; namely, that a popular assembly is incapable of guiding successfully the destinies of a nation; that behind all constitutions lies an ultimate law of force; that majorities, as such, have no more right to rule than kings and nobles; that the strongest are the best, and the best are the strongest; that the right to rule lies with those who are right in mind and heart, as he supposed Cromwell to be, and who can execute their convictions. Such teachings, it need not be shown, are at war with the whole progress of modern society and the enlightened opinion of mankind.

The great merit of Carlyle's History is in the clearness and vividness with which he paints his hero, and the exposure of the injustice with which he has been treated by historians. It is an able vindication of Cromwell's character. But the deductions drawn from his philosophy lead to absurdity, and are an insult to the understanding of the world.

It was about this time, on the conclusion of the "Cromwell," when he was on the summit of his lite-

rary fame, and the world began to shower its favors upon him, that Carlyle's days were saddened by a domestic trouble which gave him inexpressible solicitude and grief. His wife, with whom he had lived happily for so many years, was exceedingly disturbed on account of his intimate friendship with Lady Ashburton. Nothing can be more plaintive and sadly beautiful than the letters he wrote to her on the occasion of her starting off in a fit of spleen, after a stormy scene, to visit friends at a distance; and what is singular is that we do not find in those letters, when his soul was moved to its very depths, any of his peculiarities of style. They are remarkably simple as well as serious.

Carlyle's friendship for one of the most brilliant and cultivated women of England, which the breath of scandal never for a moment assailed, was reasonable and natural, and was a great comfort to him. He persisted in enjoying it, knowing that his wife disliked it. In this matter, which was a cloud upon his married life, and saddened the family hearth for years, Mrs. Carlyle was doubtless exacting and unreasonable; though some men would have yielded the point for the sake of a faithful wife, — or even for peace. There are those who think that Carlyle was selfish in keeping up an intercourse which was hateful to his wife; but the Ashburtons were the

best friends that Carlyle ever had, after he became famous, — and in their various country seats he enjoyed a hospitality rarely extended to poor literary men. There he met in enjoyable and helpful intercourse, when he could not have seen them in his own house, some of the most distinguished men of the day, — men of rank and influence as well as those of literary fame.

Until this intimacy with the Ashburtons, no domestic disturbances of note had taken place in the Carlyle household. The wife may occasionally have been sad and lonely when her husband was preoccupied with his studies; but this she ought to have anticipated in marrying a literary man whose only support was from his pen. Carlyle, too, was an inveterate smoker, and she detested tobacco, so that he did not spend as much time in the parlor as he did in his library, where he could smoke to his heart's content. On the whole, however, their letters show genuine mutual affection, and as much connubial happiness as is common to most men and women, with far more of intimate intellectual and spiritual congeniality. Carlyle, certainly, in all his letters, ever speaks of his wife with admiration and gratitude. He regarded her as not only the most talented woman that he had ever known, but as the one without whom he was miserable. They were the best of

comrades and companions from first to last, when at home together.

For a considerable period after the publication of the Life of Cromwell, Carlyle was apparently idle. He wrote for several years nothing of note except his "Latter Day Pamphlets" (1850), and a Life of his friend John Sterling (1851), to whom he was tenderly attached. It would seem that he was now in easy circumstances, although he retained to the end his economical habits. He amused himself with travelling, and with frequent visits to distinguished people in the country. If not a society man, he was much sought; he dined often at the tables of the great, and personally knew almost every man of note in London. He sturdily took his place among distinguished men, — the intellectual peer of the greatest. He often met Macaulay, but was not intimate with him. I doubt if they even exchanged visits. The reason for this may have been that they were not congenial to each other in anything, and that the social position of Macaulay was immeasurably higher than Carlyle's. It would be hard to say which was the greater man.

It was not until 1852 or 1853, when Carlyle was fifty-eight, that he seriously set himself to write his Life of Frederick II., his last great work, on which

he perseveringly labored for thirteen years. It is an exhaustive history of the Prussian hero, and is regarded in Germany as the standard work on that great monarch and general. The first volume came out in 1858, and the last in 1865. It is a marvel of industry and accuracy, — the most elaborate of all his works, but probably the least read because of its enormous length and scholastic pedantries. It might be said to bear the same relation to his "French Revolution" that "Romola" does to "Adam Bede." In this book Carlyle made no new revelations as he did in his Life of Cromwell. He did not change essentially the opinion of mankind. Frederick the Great, in his hands, still stands out as an unscrupulous public enemy, — a robber and a tyrant. His crimes are only partially redeemed by his heroism, especially when Europe was in arms against him. There is the same defect in this great work that there is in the Life of Cromwell, — the inculcation of the doctrine that might makes right; that we may do evil that good may come, — thus putting expediency above eternal justice, and palliating crimes because of their success. It is difficult to account for Carlyle's decline in moral perceptions, when we consider that his personal life was so far above reproach.

Although the Life of Frederick is a work of transcendent industry, it did not add to Carlyle's popu-

larity, which had been undermined by his bitter attacks on society in his various pamphlets. At this period he was still looked up to with reverence as a great intellectual giant; but that love for him which had been felt by those who were aroused to honest thinking by his earlier writings had passed away. A new generation looked upon him as an embittered and surly old man. His services were not forgotten, but he was no longer a favorite, — no longer an inspiring guide. His writings continued to stimulate thought, but were no longer regarded as sound. Commonplace people never did like him, probably because they never understood him. His admirers were among the young, the enthusiastic, the hopeful, the inquiring; and when their veneration passed away, there were few left to uphold his real greatness and noble character. One might suppose that Carlyle would have been unhappy to alienate so many persons, especially old admirers. In fact, I apprehend that he cared little for anybody's admiration or flattery. He lived in an atmosphere so infinitely above small and envious and detracting people that he was practically independent of human sympathies. Had he been doomed to live with commonplace persons, he might have sought to conciliate them; but he really lived in another sphere, — not perhaps higher than theirs, but eternally distinct, — in the sphere of abstract

truth. To him most people were either babblers or bores. What did he care for their envious shafts, or even for their honest disapprobation!

Hence, the last days of this great man were not his best days, although he was not without honor. He was made Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, and delivered a fine address on the occasion; and later, Disraeli, when prime minister, offered him knighthood, with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and a pension, which he declined. The author of the "Sartor Resartus" did not care for titles. He preferred to remain simply Thomas Carlyle.

While Carlyle was in the midst of honors in Edinburgh, his wife, who had long been in poor health, suddenly died, April 21, 1866. This affliction was a terrible blow to Carlyle, from which he never recovered. It filled out his measure of sorrow, deep and sad, and hard to be borne. His letters after this are full of pathos and plaintive sadness. He could not get resigned to his loss, for his wife had been more and more his staff and companion as years had advanced. The Queen sent her sympathy, but nothing could console him. He was then seventy-one years old, and his work was done. His remaining years were those of loneliness and sorrow and suffering. He visited friends, but they amused him not. He wrote reminiscences, but his isolation remained. He sought out

charities when he himself was the object of compassion, — a sad old man who could not sleep. He tried to interest himself in politics, but time hung heavy on his hands. He read much and thought more, but assumed no fresh literary work. He had enough to do to correct proof-sheets of new editions of his works. His fiercest protests were now against atheism in its varied forms. In 1870, Mr. Erskine, his last Scotch friend, died. In 1873 he writes: "More and more dreary, barren, base, and ugly seem to me all the aspects of this poor, diminishing quack-world, — fallen openly anarchic, doomed to a death which one can wish to be speedy."

Poor old man! He has survived his friends, his pleasures, his labors, almost his fame; he is sick, and weary of life, which to him has become a blank. Pity it is, he could not have died when "Cromwell" was completed. He drags on his forlorn life, without wife or children, and with only a few friends, in disease and ennui and discontent, almost alone, until he is eighty-five.

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps on this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

> And then is heard no more. It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

The relief came at last. It was on a cold day in February, 1881, that Lecky, Froude, and Tyndall, alone of his London friends, accompanied his mortal remains to Ecclefechan, where he was buried by the graves of his father and mother. He might have rested in the vaults of Westminster; but he chose to lie in a humble churchyard, near where he was born.

"In future years," says his able and interesting biographer, "Scotland will have raised a monument over his remains; but no monument is needed for one who has made an eternal memorial for himself in the hearts of all to whom truth is the dearest possession.

"'For, giving his soul to the common cause, he won for himself a wreath which will not fade, and a tomb the most honorable, — not where his dust is decaying, but where his glory lives in everlasting remembrance. For of illustrious men all the earth is the sepulchre; and it is not the inscribed column in their own land which is the record of their virtues, but the unwritten memories of them in the hearts and minds of all mankind.'"[1]

[1] Quoted by Froude from the Funeral Oration of Pericles in honor of the Athenians slain during the first summer of the Peloponnesian War, as given by Thucydides, — "their," "they," etc., being changed to "his," "he," etc.

Thomas Carlyle will always have an honorable place among the great men of his time. He was pre-eminently a profound thinker, a severe critic, a great word-painter, — a man of uncommon original gifts, who aroused and instructed his generation. In the literal sense, he was neither philosopher nor poet nor statesman, but a man of genius, who cast his searching and fearless glance into all creeds, systems, and public movements, denouncing hypocrisies, shams, and lies with such power that he lost friends almost as fast as he made them, — without, however, losing the respect and admiration of his literary rivals, or of the ablest and best men both in England and America. Although no believer in the scientific philosophies of our time, he was a great breaker of ground for them, having been a pioneer in the cause of honest thinking and plain speaking. His passion for truth, and courage in declaring his own vision of it, were potent for spiritual liberty. He stands as one of the earliest and stoutest champions of that revolt against authority in religious, intellectual, and social matters which has chiefly marked the Nineteenth Century.

LXXXVI.

LORD MACAULAY.

ARTISTIC HISTORICAL WRITING

1800–1859.

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AMONG the eminent men of letters of the present century, Thomas Babington Macaulay takes a very high position. In original genius he was inferior to Carlyle, but was greater in learning, in judgment, and especially in felicity of style. He was an historical artist of the foremost rank, the like of whom has not appeared since Voltaire; and he was, moreover, no mean poet, and might have been distinguished as such, had poetry been his highest pleasure and ambition. The same may be said of him as a political orator. Very few men in the House of Commons ever surpassed him in the power of making an eloquent speech. He was too impetuous and dogmatic to be a great debater, like Fox or Pitt or Peel or Gladstone; but he might have reached a more exalted and influential position as a statesman, had he confined his remarkable talents to politics.

But letters were the passion of Macaulay, from his youth up; and his remarkably tenacious memory — abnormal, as it seems to me — enabled him to bring his vast store of facts to support plausibly any position he chose to take. At fifty years of age, he had probably read more books than any man in Europe since Gibbon and Niebuhr; he literally devoured everything he could put his hands upon, without cramming for a special object, — especially the Greek and Latin Classics, which he read over and over again, not so much for knowledge as for the pleasure it gave him as a literary critic and a student of artistic excellence.

Macaulay was of Scotch descent, like so many eminent historians, poets, critics, and statesmen who adorned the early and middle part of this nineteenth century, — Scott, Burns, Carlyle, Jeffrey, Dundas, Playfair, Wilson, Napier, Mackintosh, Robertson, Allison; a group of geniuses that lived in Edinburgh, and made its society famous, — to say nothing of great divines and philosophers like Chalmers and Stewart and Hamilton. Macaulay belonged to a good family, the most distinguished members of which were clergymen, — with the exception of his uncle, General Macaulay, who made a fortune in India; and his father, the celebrated merchant and philanthropist, Zachary Macaulay, who did more than any other man, Wilberforce excepted,

to do away with the slave-trade, and to abolish slavery in the West India Islands.

Zachary Macaulay was the most modest and religious of men, and after an eventful life in Africa as governor of the colony of Sierra Leone, settled in Clapham, near London, with a handsome fortune. He belonged to that famous evangelical set who made Clapham famous, and whose extraordinary piety and philanthropy are commemorated by Sir James Stephen in one of his most interesting essays. They resembled in peculiarities the early Quakers and primitive Methodists, and though very narrow were much respected for their unostentatious benevolence, blended with public spirit.

Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800, but it was at Clapham that his boyhood was chiefly spent. His precocity startled every one who visited his father's hospitable home. At the age of three he would lie at full length on the carpet eagerly reading. He was never seen without an open book in his hands, even during his walks. He cared nothing for the sports of his companions. He could neither ride, nor drive, nor swim, nor row a boat, nor play a game of tennis or foot-ball. He cared only for books of all sorts, which he seized upon with inextinguishable curiosity, and stored their contents in his memory. When a boy, he had learned the

"Paradise Lost" by heart. He did not care to go to school, because it interrupted his reading. Hannah More, a frequent visitor at Clapham and a warm friend of the family, gazed upon him with amazement, but was too wise and conscientious to spoil him by her commendations. At eight years of age he also had great facility in making verses, which were more than tolerable.

Zachary Macaulay objected to his son being educated in one of the great schools in England, like Westminster and Harrow, and he was therefore sent to a private school kept by an evangelical divine who had been a fellow at Cambridge, — a good scholar, but narrow in his theological views. Indeed, Macaulay got enough of Calvinism before he went to college, and was so unwisely crammed with it at home and at school, that through life he had a repugnance to the evangelical doctrines of the Low Church, with which, much to the grief of his father, he associated cant, always his especial abhorrence and disgust. While Macaulay venerated his father, he had little sympathy with his views, and never loved him as he did his own sisters. He did his filial duty, and that was all, — contributed largely to his father's support in later life, treated him with profound respect, but was never drawn to him in affectionate frankness and confidence.

It cannot be disguised that Macaulay was worldly in his turn of mind, intensely practical, and am-

bitious of distinction as soon as he became conscious of his great powers, although in his school-days he was very modest and retiring. He was not religiously inclined, nor at all spiritually minded. An omnivorous reader seldom is narrow, and seldom is profound. Macaulay was no exception. He admired Pascal, but only for his exquisite style and his trenchant irony. He saw little in Augustine except his vast acquaintance with Latin authors. He carefully avoided writing on the Schoolmen, or Calvin, or the great divines of the seventeenth century. Bunyan he admired for his genius and perspicuous style rather than for his sentiments. Even his famous article on Bacon is deficient in spiritual insight; it is a description of the man rather than a dissertation on his philosophy. Macaulay's greatness was intellectual rather than moral; and his mental power was that of the scholar and the rhetorical artist rather than the thinker. In his masterly way of arraying facts he has never been surpassed; and in this he was so skilful that it mattered little which side he took. Like Daniel Webster, he could make any side appear plausible. Doubtless in the law he might have become a great advocate, had he not preferred literary composition instead. Had he lived in the times of the Grecian Sophists, he might have baffled Socrates, — not by his logic, but by his learning and his aptness of illustration.

Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818, being a healthy, robust young man of eighteen, after five years' training in Greek and Latin, having the eldest son of Wilberforce for a school companion. Among his contemporaries and friends at Cambridge were Charles Austin, Praed, Derwent Coleridge, Hyde Villiers, and Romilly; but I infer from his Life by Trevelyan that his circle of intimate friends was not so large as it would have been had he been fitted for college at Westminster or Eton. Nor at this time were his pecuniary circumstances encouraging. After he had obtained his first degree he supported himself, while studying for a fellowship, by taking a couple of pupils for £100 a year. Eventually he gained a fellowship worth £300 a year, which was his main support for seven years, until he obtained a government office in London. He probably would have found it easier to get a fellowship at Oxford than at Cambridge, since mathematics were uncongenial to him, his forte being languages. He was most distinguished at college for English composition and Latin declamation. In 1819 he wrote a poem, "Pompeii," which gained him the chancellor's medal, — a distinction won again in 1821 by a poem on "Evening," while the same year gave him the Craven scholarship for his classical attainments. He took his bachelor's degree in 1822, and was made a fellow of Trinity College. He did not

obtain his fellowship, however, until his third trial, being no favorite with those who had prizes and honors to bestow, because of his neglect of science and mathematics.

As a profession, Macaulay made choice of the law, being called to the bar in 1826, and at Leeds joined the Northern Circuit, of which Brougham was the leading star. But the law was not his delight. He did not like its technicalities. He spent most of his time in his chambers in literary composition, or in the galleries of the House of Commons listening to the debates. He never applied himself seriously to anything which "went against the grain." At Court he got no briefs, but his fellowship enabled him to live by practising economy. He also wrote occasional essays — excellent but not remarkable — for Knight's Quarterly Magazine. It was in this periodical, too, that his early poems were published; but he did not devote much time to this field of letters, although, as we have said, he might undoubtedly have succeeded in it. His poetry, if he had never written anything else, would not be considered much inferior to that of Sir Walter Scott, being full of life and action, and, like most everything else he did, winning him applause. Years later he felt the risk of publishing his "Lays of Ancient Rome;" but as he knew what he could do and what he could not do, or rather what would be

popular, he was not disappointed. The poems were well received, for they were eminently picturesque and vital, as well as strong, masculine, and unadorned; the rhyme and metre were also felicitous. He had no obscurities, and the spirit of his Lays was patriotic and ardent, showing his love of liberty. I think his "Battle of Ivry" is equal to anything that Scott wrote. Yet Macaulay is not regarded by the critics as a true poet; that is, he did not write poetry because he must, like Burns and Byron. His poetry was not spontaneous; it was a manufactured article, — very good of its kind, but not such as to have given him the fame which his prose writings made for him.

It was not, however, until his article on Milton appeared in the Edinburgh Review in 1825, that Macaulay's great career began. Like Byron, he woke up one morning to find himself famous. Everybody read and admired an essay the style of which was new and striking. "Where did you pick up that style?" wrote Jeffrey to the briefless barrister. It transcended in brilliancy anything which had yet appeared in the Edinburgh or Quarterly. Brougham became envious, and treated the rising light with no magnanimity or admiration.

Of course, the author of such an uncommon article as that on Milton, the praise of which was in everybody's mouth, had invitations to dinner from distin-

guished people; and these were most eagerly accepted. Macaulay rapidly became a social favorite, sought for his brilliant conversation, which was as remarkable for a young man of twenty-six as were his writings in the foremost literary journal of the world. He was not handsome, and was carelessly dressed; but he had a massive head, and rugged yet benevolent features, which lighted up with peculiar animation when he was excited. One of the first persons of note to welcome him to her table was Lady Holland, an accomplished but eccentric and plain-spoken woman, who seems to have greatly admired him. He was a frequent guest at Holland House, where for nearly half a century the courtly and distinguished Lord Holland and his wife entertained the most eminent men and women of the time. This gratified young Macaulay's inordinate social ambition. He scarcely mentions in his letters at this time any but peers and peeresses.

And yet he did not court the society of those he did not respect. He was not a parasite or a flatterer even of the great, but met them apparently on equal terms, as a monarch of the mind. He was at home in any circle that was not ignorant or frivolous. He was more easy than genial, for his prejudices or intellectual pride made him unkind to persons of mediocrity. It was a bold thing to cross his path,

for he came down like an avalanche on those who opposed him, not so much in anger as in contempt. I do not find that his circle of literary friends was large or intimate. He seldom alludes to Carlyle or Bulwer or Thackeray or Dickens. He has more to say of Rogers and Lord Jeffrey, and other pets of aristocratic circles, — those who were conventionally favored, like Sidney Smith; or those who gave banquets to people of fashion, like Lord Lansdowne. These were the people he loved best to associate with, who listened to his rhetoric with rapt admiration, who did not pique his vanity, and who had something to give to him, — position and *éclat*.

Macaulay was not a vain man, nor even egotistical; but he had a tremendous self-consciousness, which annoyed his equals in literary fame, and repelled such a giant as Brougham, who had no idea of sharing his throne with any one, — being more overbearing even than Macaulay, but more human. This new rival in the Edinburgh Review, of which for a long time Brougham had been dictator, was, much to Jeffrey's annoyance, not convivial. He did not drink two bottles at a sitting, but guarded his health and preserved his simple habits. Though he speaks with gusto of Lord Holland's turtle and turbot and venison and grouse, he was content when alone with a mutton chop and a few glasses of sherry, or the October ale of Cam-

bridge, which was a part of his perquisites as Fellow. He was very exclusive, in view of the fact that he was a poor man, without aristocratic antecedents or many powerful friends. Outside the class of rank and fashion, his friends seem to have been leading politicians of the Liberal school, the stanch Whigs who passed the Reform Bill, to whom he was true. To his credit, his happiest hours were spent with his sisters in the quiet seclusion of his father's modest home. All his best letters were to them; and in these he detailed his intercourse with the great, and the splendor of their banquets and balls.

Macaulay's rise, after he had written his famous article on Milton, was rapid. The article itself, striking as it is, must be confessed to be disappointing in so far as it attempted to criticise the "Paradise Lost" and Milton's other poems. Macaulay's genius was historical, not critical; and the essay is notable rather for its review of the times of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud, of the Puritans and the Royalists, than for its literary flavor, except as a brilliant piece of composition. It was, however, the picturesque style of the new writer which was the chief attraction, and the fact that the essay came from so young a man. Macaulay followed the Milton essay with others on Macchiavelli, Dryden, Hallam's "Constitutional History," and on history in general, which displayed to

great advantage his unusual learning, his keen historic instinct, and his splendor of style. He became the most popular contributor to the Edinburgh Review, which was beginning to be dull and heavy; and this kept him before the eyes of politicians and professional men.

Macaulay's ambition was now divided between literature and politics. His first appearance as a public speaker was at an annual anti-slavery convention in London, in 1826, when he made a marked impression. He eagerly embraced the offer of a seat in the House of Commons, which was secured to him in 1830; and as soon as he entered Parliament he began to make speeches, which were carefully composed and probably committed to memory. At a single bound he became one of the leading orators of that renowned assembly. Some of his orations were masterpieces of argument and rhetoric in favor of reform, and of all liberal movements in philanthropy and education. In the opinion of eminent statesmen he was the most "rising" member of the House, and sure to become a leader among the Whigs. But he was poor, having only about £500 a year — the proceeds of his fellowship and his literary productions — to support his dignity as a legislator and meet the calls of society; so that in 1833 he was rewarded with an office in the Board of Control, which regulated the affairs of

India; this doubled his income, and made him independent. But he wanted an office in which he could lay up money for future contingencies. Therefore, in 1834, he gladly resigned his seat in Parliament and accepted the situation of a member of the Supreme Council of India, on a salary of £10,000 a year, £7000 of which he continued to save yearly; so that at the end of four years, when he returned to England, he had become a rich man, or at least independent, with leisure to do whatever he pleased.

In India, as chairman of the Board of Education, as legal adviser of the Council, and in drafting a code of penal laws for that part of the Empire, he was very useful, — although as a matter of fact the new code was too theoretically fine to be practical, and was never put in force. His personal good sense was equal to his industry and his talents, and he preserved his health by strict habits of temperance. Even in that tropical country he presented a strong contrast to the sallow, bilious officials with whom he was surrounded, and in due time returned to England in perfect health, one of the most robust of men, capable of indefinite work, which never seemed to weary him.

But in Calcutta, as in London, he employed his leisure hours in writing for the Edinburgh Review, and gave an immense impulse to its sale, for which

he was amply rewarded. Brougham complained to Jeffrey that his essays took up too much space in the Review, but the politic editor knew what was for its interest and popularity. Macaulay's long articles of sometimes over a hundred pages were received without a murmur; and every article he wrote added to his fame, since he always did his best. His essays in 1830 on Southey and Montgomery, and one in 1831 on Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, were fierce, scathing onslaughts, even cruel and crushing, — revealing Macaulay's tremendous powers of invective and remorseless criticism, but reflecting little credit on his disposition or his judgment. His Hampden (1831) and his Burleigh (1832) remain among his finest and most inspiring historical paintings. His first essay on Lord Chatham (1834) is a notable piece of characterization; the one on Sir James Mackintosh (1835) is a most acute and brilliant historical criticism; the one on Lord Bacon (1837) is striking and has become famous, but shows Macaulay's deficiency in philosophic thought, besides being sophistical in spirit; and the article on Sir William Temple (1837) — really a history of England during the reign of William III. — is thoroughly fine.

Macaulay's residence in India, so far as political ambition was concerned, may have been a mistake. It withdrew him from an arena in which he could

have risen to great distinction and influence as a parliamentary orator. He might have been a second Fox, whom he resembled in the impetuosity of his rhetoric, if he had also possessed Fox's talents as a debater. Yet he was not a born leader of men. As a parliamentary orator he was simply a speech-maker, like the Unitarian minister Fox, or that still abler man the Quaker Bright, both of whom were great rhetoricians. It is probable that he himself understood his true sphere, which was that of a literary man, — an historical critic, appealing to intelligent people rather than to learned pedants in the universities. His service in India enabled him to write for the remainder of his life with an untrammelled pen, and to live in comfort and ease, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, to which he attached supreme importance, — so different from Carlyle, who toiled in poverty at Chelsea to declare truth for truth's sake, grumbling, yet lofty in his meditations, the depth of which Macaulay was incapable of appreciating.

It is, then, as a man of letters rather than as a politician that our author merits his exalted fame. Respectable as a member of the House of Commons, or as a jurist in India in compiling a code of laws, yet neither as a statesman nor as a jurist was he in his right place. The leaders of his party may have admired and praised his oratory, but they wanted

something more practical than orations, — they wanted the control of men; and so, too, the government demanded a code which would exact the esteem of lawyers and meet the wants of India rather than a composition which would read well. But as an historical critic and a luminous writer, Macaulay had no superior, — a fact which no one knew better than himself.

In 1838, on his return from India, — where he had regarded himself as in honorable exile, — Macaulay had accumulated a fortune of £30,000, to him more than a competency. This, added to the legacy of £10,000 which he had received from his uncle, General Macaulay, secured to him independence and leisure to pursue his literary work, which was paramount to every other consideration. If both from pleasure and ambition there ever was a man devoted heart and soul and body to a literary career, it was Macaulay. Nor would he now accept any political office which seriously interfered with the passion of his life. Still less would he waste his time at the dinner parties of the great, no longer to him a novelty. He was eminently social by nature, and fond of talk and controversy, with a superb physique capable of digesting the richest dishes, and of enduring the fatigues and ceremonies of fashionable life; but even the pleasures of the banquet and of culti-

vated society, to many a mere relaxation, were sacrificed to his fondness for books, — to him the greatest and truest companionship, especially when they introduced him to the life and manners of by-gone ages, and to communion with the master-minds of the world.

For relaxation, Macaulay preferred to take long walks; lounge around the book-stalls; visit the sights of London with his nieces; invite his intimate friends to simple dinners at The Albany; amuse himself with trifles, especially in company with those he loved best, in the domestic circle of his relatives, whom he treated ever with the most familiar and affectionate sympathy, — so that while they loved and revered him, they had no idea that "Uncle Tom" was a great man. His most interesting letters were to his sisters and nieces, whose amusement and welfare he had constantly in view, and who were more to him than all the world besides. Indeed, he did not write many letters except to his relatives, his publishers, and his intimate friends, who were few, considering the number of persons he was obliged to meet. He was a thoroughly domestic man, although he never married or wished to marry.

It surprises me that Macaulay's intercourse with eminent authors was so constrained. He saw very little of them; but while he did not avoid talking

with them when thrown among them, and keeping up the courtesies of life even with those he thoroughly disliked, I cannot see any evidence that he sought the society of those who were regarded as his equals in genius. He liked Milman and Mackintosh and Napier and Jeffrey and Rogers, and a few others; but his intimate intercourse was confined chiefly to these and to his family.

Macaulay's fame, however, was substantially founded and built. Sidney Smith's witty characterization of him is worth recalling: —

"I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches.

"Yes, I agree, he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might have said before (though *I* never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, title, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country; and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests."

Macaulay now devoted several weeks of every year to travel, visiting different parts of England and the

Continent as the mood took him. In the autumn of 1838 he visited Italy, it would seem for the first time, aud was, of course, enchanted. He appreciated natural scenery, but was not enthusiastic over it; nor did it make a very deep impression on him except for the moment. He loved best to visit cities and places consecrated by classical associations.

While at Rome, Macaulay received from Lord Melbourne the offer of the office of Judge Advocate; but he unhesitatingly declined it. The salary of £2500 was nothing to a scholar who already had a comfortable independence; and the duties the situation imposed were not only uncongenial, but would interfere with his literary labors.

In February, 1839, he returned to London; and now the pressure on him by his political friends to reenter public life was greater than he could resist. He was elected to Parliament as one of the members from Edinburgh, and gave his usual support to his party. In September he became War Secretary, with a seat in the Whig Cabinet under Lord Melbourne. Consequently he suspended for a while his literary tasks, conducting the business of his department with commendable industry, but without enthusiasm. In the session of 1840 and 1841, during the angry discussions pertaining to the registration of votes in Ireland, he gave proof of having profited by the severe legal

training he had received from his labors in India. During these years he found time to write a few reviews, the one on Lord Clive being the most prominent.

The great subject of political agitation at this period was the repeal of the Corn Laws. The Whig leaders had lost the earnestness which had marked their grand efforts when they carried the Reform Bill of 1832, and were more indifferent to further reforms than suited their constituents; so that, at a dangerous financial crisis in 1841, the direction of public affairs fell into the hands of the Tories, under Sir Robert Peel. This great man not only rescued the nation from its fiscal embarrassments, but having been convinced by the arguments of Cobden of the necessity of repealing the Corn Laws, he carried through that great reform, to the disgust of his party and to his own undying fame. I have treated of this period more at large in another volume of this series.[1]

Macaulay was not much moved by the fall of the ministry to which he belonged, and gladly resumed his literary labors, — the first fruits of his leisure being an essay on Warren Hastings, a companion piece to the one on Clive.

These East Indian essays constitute the most picturesque and graphic account of British conquests in

[1] Beacon Lights of History: Modern European Statesmen.

that ancient land that has been given to the public. Macaulay's intimate knowledge of the ground, and his literary resources, enabled him to picture the dazzling successes of Clive and Hastings; so that the careers of those superb military chieftains and commercial robber-statesmen, in securing for their country the control of a distant province larger than France, and in enriching the British Empire and themselves beyond all precedent in conquest, stand splendidly portrayed forever.

Macaulay had now taken apartments in The Albany, on the second floor, to which he removed his large library, and in which he comfortably lived for fifteen years. His article on Warren Hastings was followed by that on Frederic the Great. His numerous articles in the Edinburgh Review had now become so popular that there was a great demand for them in a separate form. Curiously enough, as in the case of Carlyle, it was in America that the public appreciation of these essays first took the form of book publication; and Macaulay's "Miscellanies" were published in Boston in 1840, and in Philadelphia in 1842. As these volumes began to go to England, for Macaulay's own protection they were republished by Longman, revised by the author, in 1843, and obtained an immediate and immense sale, — reaching one hundred and twenty thousand copies in England, — which added to

the fame and income of Macaulay. But he was never satisfied with the finish of his own productions; the only thing which seemed to comfort him was that the last essays were better than the first. In addition to his labors for the Edinburgh, was the publication of a volume of his poems in 1842, which was also enthusiastically received by his admirers. His last notable essays were a chivalrous article on Madame D'Arblay (January, 1843); an entirely charming account of Addison and the wits of Queen Anne's reign (July, 1843); an interesting review of the Memoirs of Barère, the French revolutionist and writer (April, 1844); and finally a second article on Lord Chatham (October, 1844), which is considered finer than the first one written twenty years earlier. More and more, however, the project of writing a History of England had taken possession of him, and he began now to forego all other literary occupation, and to devote all his leisure time to that great work.

During much of the time that Macaulay had continued writing his reviews, at the rate of about two in a year, he was an active member of Parliament, frequently addressing the House of Commons, and earning the gratitude of the country by his liberal and enlightened views, — especially those in reference to the right of Unitarians to their chapels, to the enlarged money-grant given to the Irish Roman Catholic

Maynooth College, and to the extension of copyrights. He rarely spoke without careful preparation. His speeches were forcible and fine. In the higher field of debate, however, as we have already intimated, he was not successful. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel retired, the Whigs again coming into power; and in 1846 Macaulay accepted the office of Paymaster of the Forces, because its duties were comparatively light and would not much interfere with his literary labors, while it added £2000 a year to his income. During the session of 1846 and 1847, while still in Parliament, he spoke only five times, although the House was ever ready to listen to him.

In the year 1847 the disruption of the Scotch Church was effected, and in the bitterness engendered by that movement Macaulay lost his popularity with his Edinburgh constituents. He seemed indifferent to their affairs; he answered their letters irregularly and with almost contemptuous brevity. He had no sympathy with the radicals who at that time controlled a large number of votes, and he refused to contribute towards electioneering expenses. Above all, he was absorbed in his History, and had lost much of his interest in politics. In consequence he failed to be re-elected, and not unwillingly retired to private life.

Macaulay now concentrated all his energies on the

History, which occupied his thoughts, his studies, and his pen for the most part during the remainder of his life. The first two volumes were published in the latter part of 1848; and the sale was immense, surpassing that of any historical work in the history of literature, and coming near to the sale of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The popularity of the work was not confined to scholars and statesmen and critics, but it was equally admired by ordinary readers; and not in England and Scotland alone, but in the United States, in France, in Holland, in Germany, and other countries.

The labor expended on these books was prodigious. The author visited in person nearly all the localities in England and Ireland where the events he narrated took place. He ransacked the archives of most of the governments of Europe, and all the libraries to which he could gain access, public and private. He worked twelve hours a day, and yet produced on an average only two printed pages daily, — so careful was he in verifying his facts and in arranging his materials, writing and rewriting until no further improvement could be made.

This book was not merely the result of his researches for the last fifteen years of his life, but of his general reading for nearly fifty years, when everything he read he remembered. Says Thackeray, "He

reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels one hundred miles to make a line of description." The extent and exactness of his knowledge were not only marvellous, but almost incredible. Mr. Buckle declared that Macaulay was perfectly accurate in all the facts which Buckle had himself investigated to write his "History of Civilization;" and so particular was he in the selection of words that he never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it. "He thought little of reconstructing a paragraph," says his biographer, "for the sake of one happy illustration." He submitted to the most tiresome mechanical drudgery in the correction of his proof-sheets. The clearness of his thought amid the profusion of his knowledge was represented in his writing by a remarkable conciseness of expression. His short, vigorous sentences are compact with details of fact, yet rich with color. His terseness has been compared to that of Tacitus. His power of condensation, aptness of phrase and epithet, and indomitable industry made him a master of rhetorical effect, in the use of his multifarious learning for the illustration of his themes.

As soon as his last proof-sheet had been despatched to the printers, Macaulay at once fell to reading a series of historians from Herodotus downward, to measure his writings with theirs. Thucydides es

pecially utterly destroyed all the conceit which naturally would arise from his unbounded popularity, as expressed in every social and literary circle, as well as in the Reviews. Like Michael Angelo, this Englishman was never satisfied with his own productions; and the only comfort he took in the impossibility of realizing his ideal was in the comparison he made of his own works with similar ones by contemporary authors. Then he was content; and then only appeared in his letters and diary that good-natured, self-satisfied feeling which arose from the consciousness that he was one of the most fortunate authors who had ever lived. There was nothing cynical in his sense of superiority, but an amiable self-assertion and self-confidence that only made men smile, — as when Lord Palmerston remarked that "he wished he was as certain of any one thing as Tom Macaulay was of everything." This self-confidence rarely provoked opposition, except when he was positive as to things outside his sphere. He wrote and talked sensibly and luminously on financial and social questions, on art, on poetry and the drama, on philosophy and theology; but on these subjects he was not an authority with specialists. In other words, he did not, so to speak, know everything profoundly, but only superficially; yet in history, especially English history, he was profound in analysis as well as brilliant

in the narration of facts, even when there was disagreement between himself and others as to inductions he drew from those facts, — inductions colored by his strong prejudices and aristocratic surroundings.

Macaulay was not always consistent with his own theories, however. For instance, he was a firm believer in the progress of society and of civilization. He saw the enormous gulf between the ninth and the nineteenth centuries, and the unmistakable advance which, since the times of Hildebrand, the world had made in knowledge, in the arts, in liberty, and in the comforts of life, although the tide of progress had its ebb and flow in different ages and countries. Yet when he cast his eye on America, where perhaps the greatest progress had been made in the world's history within fifty years, he saw nothing but melancholy signs of anarchy and decay, — signs portending the collapse of liberty and the triumph of ignorance and crime. Thus he writes in 1857 to an American correspondent: —

"As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World; but the time will come when wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much, with you as with us. Then your institutions will fairly be brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity

that one man should have a million, while another cannot get a full meal. In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here, and sometimes a little rioting; but it matters little, for here the sufferers are not the rulers. The supreme power is in the hands of a class deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order; accordingly the malcontents are restrained. But with you the majority is the government, and has the rich, who are always in a minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when the multitude of people, none of whom has had more than a half a breakfast, or expects to have more than a half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of legislature will be chosen? On the one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of the public faith; and on the other a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries: which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a working-man who hears his children cry for more bread? There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress; the distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you; your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. Either civilization or liberty will perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth."

I do not deny that there is great force in Macaulay's reasoning and prophecy. History points to decline and ruin when public virtue has fled and government is in the hands of demagogues; for their reign has ever been succeeded by military usurpers who have preserved civilization indeed, but at the expense of liberty. Yet this reasoning applies not only to America but to England as well, — especially since, by the Reform Bill and subsequent enactments of Parliament, she has opened the gates to an increase of suffrage, which now threatens to become universal. The enfranchisement of the people — the enlarged powers of the individual under the protection and control of the commonwealth — is the Anglo-Saxon contribution to progress. It is dangerous. So is all power until its use is learned. But there is no backward step possible; the tremendous experiment must go forward, for England and America alike.

Macaulay himself was one of the most prominent of English statesmen and orators, in 1830, 1831, and 1832, to advocate the extension of the right of suffrage and the increase of popular liberties. All his writings are on the side of liberty in England; and all are in opposition to the Toryism which was so triumphant during the reign of George III. Why did he have faith in the English people of England, and yet show so little in the English people of America? He believed in politi-

cal and social progress for his own countrymen; why should he doubt the utility of the same in other countries? If vandalism is to be the fate of America, where education, the only truly conservative element, is more diffused than in England, why should it not equally triumph in that country when the masses have gained political power, as they surely will at some time, and even speedily, if the policy inaugurated by Gladstone is to triumph? For England Macaulay had unbounded hope, because he believed in progress, — in liberty, in education, in the civilizing influence of machinery, in the increasing comforts of life through the constant increase of wealth among the middle classes, and especially through the power of Christianity, in spite of the dissensions of sects, the attacks of crude philosophers, socialists, anarchists, scientists, and atheists, from one end of Christendom to the other. Why should he not have equal faith in American civilization, which, in spite of wars and strikes and commercial distresses and political corruption, has yet made a marked progress from the time of Jefferson, the apostle of equality, down to our day, — as seen especially in the multiplication of schools and colleges, in an untrammelled and watchful press, and in the active benevolence of the rich in the foundation of every kind of institution to relieve misery and want? The truth is that he, in common with most educated Eng-

lishmen of his day, — and of too many even of our own day, — cherished a silent contempt for Americans, for their literature and their institutions; and hence he was not only inconsistent in the principles which he advocated, but showed that he was not emancipated, with all his learning, from prejudices of which he ought to have been ashamed.

As time made inroads on Macaulay's strong constitution, he gave up both politics and society in the absorbing interest which he took in his History, confining himself to his library, and sometimes allowing months to pass without accepting any invitation whatever to a social gathering. No man was ever more disenchanted with society. He begrudged his time even when tempted by the calls of friendship. When visitors penetrated to his den, he bowed them out with ironical politeness. He had no favors to ask from friends or foes, for he declined political office, and was as independent as wealth or fame could make him. In 1849 he was made Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and the acclamations following his address were prodigious. Lord John Russell gave to Macaulay's brother John a living worth £1100. Macaulay himself was offered the professorship of History at Cambridge. In one year he received for the first edition of his third and fourth volumes of the History, published in 1855, £20,000 in a single check from Longman. At the age

of forty-nine, he writes in his diary: "I have no cause for complaint, — tolerable health, competence, liberty, leisure, dear relatives and friends, and a very great literary reputation."

With all this prosperity, Macaulay now naturally set up his carriage. He dined often with the Queen, and was a great man, according to English notions, more even from his wealth and social position than from his success in letters. Lord John Russell pressed him to accept a seat in his cabinet, but "I told him," Macaulay writes, "that I should be of no use, — that I was not a debater; that it was too late to become one; that my temper, taste, and literary habits alike prevented." He was, however, induced to become again a member of Parliament, and in 1852 was elected once more for Edinburgh, which had repented of its rejection of him in 1847. But he insisted on perfect independence to vote as he pleased. He regarded this re-entrance into public life as a great personal sacrifice, since it might postpone the appearance of his next two volumes of the History. His election, however, was received with great acclamation. Even Professor Wilson, the most conservative of Scotch Tories, voted for him. It was not a party victory, but purely a personal triumph.

A serious illness now follows, — a weakness of the heart, from the effects of which Macaulay died a few

years afterwards. He retires to Clifton, and gives himself up to getting well, visiting Barley Wood, and driving in his private carriage among the most interesting scenery in the west of England. But he was never perfectly well again, although he continued to work on his History. His intimate friends saw the change in him with sadness, but he himself was serene and uncomplaining. Although he suffered from an oppression of the chest, he still on great occasions addressed the House. His mind was clear, but his voice was faint. The last speech he made was in behalf of the independence of the Scottish Church. The strain of the House of Commons proved to be too great for his now enfeebled constitution. "Nor could he conceal from himself and his friends," says Trevelyan, "that it was a grievous waste, while the reign of Anne still remained unwritten, for him to consume his scanty stock of vigor in the tedious and exhaustive routine of political existence; waiting whole evenings for the vote, and then . . . trudging home at three in the morning through the slush of a February thaw." He therefore spared himself as a member of Parliament, and carefully husbanded his powers in order to work upon his book. He gave himself more time for his annual vacation, yet would write when he could on the subjects which engrossed his life. His labors were too severe for his strength, but he worked on and even harder and harder.

At length on the 25th of November, 1855, Macaulay sent to the printer the last twenty pages of his History, and an edition of twenty-five thousand was ordered. Within a generation one hundred and forty thousand copies of the work were sold in the United Kingdom alone. Six rival translators were engaged in turning it into German; and it was published in the Polish, the Danish, the Swedish, the Italian, the French, the Dutch, the Spanish, the Hungarian, the Russian, and the Bohemian languages, to say nothing of its immense circulation in the United States. Such extraordinary literary popularity was accompanied by great honors. In 1857 Macaulay was created a British Peer and elected Lord High Steward of the borough of Cambridge. The academies of Utrecht, Munich, and Turin elected him to honorary membership. The King of Prussia made him a member of the Order of Merit. Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and he was elected president of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. He could have little more in the way of academic and governmental honors.

The failing health of Macaulay now compelled him to resign his seat in the House of Commons. It was also thought desirable for him to vacate his apartments at The Albany, which he had occupied for fifteen years, that he might be more retired and perhaps

more comfortable. His friends, at the suggestion of Dean Milman, selected a house in Kensington, the rooms of which were small, except the library, which opened upon a beautiful lawn, adorned with flowers and shrubs; it was called Holly Lodge, and was very secluded and attractive. Here his latter days were spent, in the society of his nieces and a few devoted friends, and in dispensing simple hospitalities. His favorite form of entertainment was the breakfast, at which his guests would linger till twelve, enchanted by his conversation, for his mind showed no signs of decay.

From this charming retreat Lord Macaulay very seldom appeared in London society. Years passed without his even accepting invitations. An occasional night at a friend's house in the country, one or two nights at Windsor Castle, and one or two visits to Lord Stanhope's seat in Kent in order to consult his magnificent library, were the only visits which Macaulay made in the course of the year. He always had a dislike of visiting in private houses, much preferring hotels, where he could be free from conventional life.

Macaulay was always careful in his expenditures, wasting nothing that he might enjoy the pleasure of charity, — for he gave liberally, especially to needy and unfortunate men of letters. Once he gave £100 to a total stranger who implored his aid. In his

household he was revered, for he was the kindest and most considerate of masters, while his relatives absolutely worshipped him. At home he made no claim to the privileges of genius; he had few eccentricities; he never interfered with the pleasures of others; he never obtruded his advice, or demanded that his own views or tastes should be consulted; he was especially careful not to wound the feelings of those with whom he lived. Children were his delight and solace. Over them he seemed to have unbounded influence. He would spend the half of a busy day in playing with them, and in inventing new games for their diversion. One of his pleasures was to take them to see the sights of London. His sympathies were quick and generous; although apparently so cynical in his opinions of books, he was always affected at any touches of pathos, even to tears.

It was hard for Macaulay to realize that the time had come when he must leave untold that portion of English history with which he was more familiar than any other living man; but he submitted to the inevitable without repining. He had done what he could. Even when he was compelled to give up his daily task, his love of reading remained; a book was his solace to the last. He had no extensive acquaintance with the works of some of the best writers of his own generation, preferring the classic authors of antiquity, and

of England in the time of Anne. He did not relish Coleridge or Carlyle or Buckle or Ruskin, or indeed any writer who seemed to strain after originality of style, in defiance of the old and conservative canons. He preferred Miss Austen to Dickens. He felt that he owed a great debt to the master-minds of by-gone ages, who reached perfection of style, so far as it can be attained. Even the English writers of the reign of Anne, to his mind, have never been surpassed. His admiration for Addison was unbounded. Dryden and Pope to him were greater poets than any who have succeeded them. Such a poet as Tennyson or Wordsworth he pretended he did not understand. He wanted transparent clearness of expression. Browning would have been to him an abomination. He despised the poetry of his own age, with its involved sentences, its obscurity, and its strange metres. His own poetry was as direct as Homer, as simple as Chaucer, and as graphic as Scott.

In 1859, Macaulay contrived to visit once more the English lakes and the western highlands, where he was received with great veneration, being recognized everywhere on steamers and railway stations. But his cheerfulness had now departed, although he made an effort to be agreeable. In December of this year he ceased writing in his diary. The physicians pretended to think that he was better, but fainting fits

set in. On Christmas he said but little, and was constantly dropping to sleep. His relatives did not seem to think that he was in immediate danger, but the end was near. He died without pain, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 9th of January, 1860, having for pall-bearers the most illustrious men in England. He rests in the Poet's Corner, amid the tombs of Johnson and Garrick, Handel and Goldsmith, Gay and Addison, leaving behind him an immortal fame.

And what is this fame? It is not that of a philosophical historian like Guizot, for his History is not marked by profound generalizations, or even thoughtful reflections. He was not a judicial historian like Hallam, seeking to present the truth alone; for he was a partisan, full of party prejudices. Nor was he an historian like Ranke, raking out the hidden facts of a remote period, and unveiling the astute diplomacy of past ages. Macaulay was a great historical painter of the realistic school, whose pictures have never been surpassed, or even equalled, for vividness and interest. In this class of historians he stands out alone and peerless, the most exciting and the most interesting of all the historians who have depicted the manners, the events, and the characters of a former age, — never by any accident dull, but fatiguing, if at all, only by his wealth of illustration and the over-brilliancy of

his coloring. He is the Titian of word-painting, and as such will live like that immortal colorist. Critics may say what they please about his rhetoric, about his partial statements, about his want of insight into deep philosophical questions; but as a painter who made his figures stand out on the historical canvas with unique vividness, Macaulay cannot fail to be regarded, as long as the English language is spoken or written, as one of the great masters of literary composition. This was the verdict pronounced by the English nation at large; and its great political and literary leaders expressed and confirmed it, when they gave him fortune and fame, elevated him to the peerage, bestowed on him stars and titles, and buried him with august solemnity among those illustrious men who gave to England its power and glory.

INDEX.

A.

Abélard, 153, 167.
Abercorn, Lady, 124.
Addison, Joseph, 212, 266, 281, 282.
Adolphus, John Leycester, 123.
Alembert, Jean le Rond d', 29, 55.
Alison, Sir Archibald, 246.
America, in Macaulay's view, 271–2.
Anne, Queen, 266.
Arblay, Madame d', 266.
Ariosto, 94.
Ashburton, Lady, 234.
Ashburton, Lord, 224.
Athens, 223.
Augustine, Saint, 29, 67, 217, 249.
Austen, Jane, 281.
Austin, Charles, 218, 250.

B.

Bacon, Francis, Lord, 105, 186, 249, 258.
Baillie, Joanna, 88, 94, 123.
Ballantyne, James, 81, 83, 87, 92.
Ballantyne, John, 88, 92.
Balzac, Honoré, 100.
Barère, 266.
Baring. *See* Ashburton.
Barrie, James, 117.
Bayle, Pierre, 67.
Belches, Sir John, 79.
Belches, Margaret, 79.
Blessington, Lord and Lady, 178.
Boccaccio, 170.
Bossuet, Bishop, 224.
Boswell, James, 69, 258.
Bourdaloue, Louis, 224.
Brougham, Henry, Lord, 36, 185, 218, 222, 251, 252, 258.
Bright, John, 259.
Browning, Robert, 281.
Bruce, Professor, 73.
Buccleugh, Duke of, 123.
Buckle, Henry Thomas, 269.
Buller, Charles, 197.
Bulwer, Sir Edward George Lytton, 103, 254.
Bunsen, Christian Carl Josias, Baron, 224.
Bunyan, John, 249.
Bürger's Ballads, translated by Scott, 78.
Burke, Edmund, compared with Rousseau, 23, 24, 210.
Burns, Robert, 68, 75, 78, 81, 87, 105, 146, 201, 246, 252.
Burleigh, Lord, 258.
Bute, Earl of, 124.
Byron, Captain John, father of the poet, 137.
Byron, Lady, wife of the poet, 158, 178.
Byron, Mrs., mother of the poet, 137, 138, 139.

Byron, George Gordon, Lord, compared with Rousseau, 58; with Scott, 65, 87; with Burns, 68, 94, 96, 105, 109, 124; Lecture on, 133–187: general estimate of, 135–6; family, birth, youth, 137; education, 138; lameness and school life, 139; early attachment, enters college, 140; temperament, 141; publishes juvenile poems, 143; reads voluminously, 144; embittered by criticism, 145; issues English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 146; enters House of Lords, 146; travels: Portugal, Spain, 148, Greece, Turkey, the East, 149; personal traits, 150–152; Childe Harold, 152, its instant fame, 153; great social popularity of Byron, 153; personal griefs, 157; marries Miss Millbanke, their separation, 158; personal habits, 159; genius and marriage, 160; social exclusion decides Byron to leave England, 161; Germany, Switzerland, the Shelleys, poetic production, 162; life in Venice, 163; prolific writing, 164; falls in love with Countess Guiccioli, 165, her separation from her husband, 166; two sides to Byron's character, 167-8; poetic fertility, 169; immorality and untruthfulness of Byron's depictions of life, 170, 171; defence of his dramatic personifications in Cain and Manfred, 172, 173; religious views of Byron, 174; improvement in life when with Countess Guiccioli, 175; love of Nature, 176; generosity, 177; interested in Greek Revolution, 180, sails to its aid, 182, actively engaged in the work, 183; latest verses, 183; severe illness, 184; death and burial, 185; verdict of the world, 186, 187. Allusions, 252.

Byron's Works: Hours of Idleness, 143; English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 146; Childe Harold, Canto I., II., 152–157; Canto III., Prisoner of Chillon, A Dream, 162; Don Juan begun, Lament of Tasso, Manfred, Armenian Grammar, Beppo, Mazeppa, Childe Harold continued, 164; Hebrew Melodies, Corsair, Bride of Abydos, Lara, Siege of Corinth, 169; Cain, Manfred, 172; Latest verses, 183.

C.

Cadell, Robert, 129.
Campbell, Sir Archibald, 74.
Campbell, Thomas, 82, 87.
Canning, George, 94, 119.
Calvin, 248, 249.
Cambridge, 250.
Carleton House, 109.
Carlisle, Earl of, 138, 146.
Carlyle, Jane Welsh, Mrs., 199, 201, 219, 234, 239.
Carlyle, Thomas, 67; Lecture on, 189–242: Miscellanies, French Revolution, Oliver Cromwell, 192; Frederick the Great, Reminiscences, 193; general view, 194-5; birth, 195; parents and education, 196; teaches school, becomes private tutor, 197; publishes translation of Legendre's Geometry, Life of Schiller, 198; marries, 199; lives near Edinburgh, and at Craigenputtock, 201; publishes miscellaneous essays, 201–213; visited by Emerson, 213; Sartor Resartus, 214–216; Carlyle goes to London, 217; writes French Revolution, loses manuscript of first vol. by fire, 217; concludes the work, 221; lectures, 222; becomes famous, 224; writes "Oliver Crom-

well," 225, 231; interested in the Chartists, 225; distrusted by political parties, 226; travels, 226; becomes morbid and denunciatory, 227–229; his Cromwell a great success, 231; his erroneous doctrine of might and right, 232; Lady Ashburton, 234; Carlyle writes Life of Sterling, 236; Frederick the Great, 237; loses popularity, but receives honor, 239; his wife dies, he grows bitter and forlorn, 240; dies, 241; general estimate, 242. Allusions, 245, 246, 254, 259.

Carlyle's Works: Miscellanies, etc., general view, 192–194; Legendre's Elements of Geometry (trans.), Life of Schiller, Goethe's Wilhelm Meister (trans.), 198; essays — Heyne, 201, 206, Goethe, 201, 203, Novalis, 201, Voltaire, 201, 206, Burns, 201, 204, Johnson, 201, 210, German Literature, 202, Richter, Schiller, 207, Characteristics, 208; Sartor Resartus, 214–216; French Revolution, 219; Oliver Cromwell, 225, 229; Chartism, 225; Heroes and Hero-Worship, 226; Past and Present, 227; Latter-Day Pamphlets, 229; Life of John Sterling, 236; Frederick the Great, 237.

Carpenter, Charlotte Margaret, afterwards Lady Scott, 79.

Cervantes, Saavadra Miguel de, 112.

Chalmers, Thomas, 246.

Channing, William Ellery, 216.

Chartists, 225.

Chaworth, Miss, 140, 171.

Chatham, William Pitt, Earl of, 217, 245, 258, 266.

Chaucer, 97, 281.

Childhood training (Rousseau), 51.

Cicero, 224.

Clapham, 247.

Clare, Lord, 177.

Clive, Lord, 217.

Cobden, Richard, 264.

Cockburn, Lord, 119.

Coleridge, Derwent, 256.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 87, 119, 202, 212.

College education and genius, 144.

Constable, Archibald, publisher, 83, 92, 105, 111.

Crabbe, George, 123.

Cranstoun, Miss, 78.

Crockett, S. R., 117.

Croker, John Wilson, 119, 258.

Cromwell, Oliver, 50, 225, 231.

Christianity and Ecclesiasticism, 33, 49, 50.

D.

Dalhousie, Earl of, 74.

Dante, 138.

Davy, Sir Humphrey, 123.

De Quincey, Thomas, 228.

Dickens, Charles, 66, 100, 103, 222, 254, 281.

Diderot, Denis, 28, 55.

Dijon, Academy of, 29, 30.

Diogenes, 195.

Don Quixote, 112.

Drury, Dr., of Harrow, 139.

Dryden, John, 88, 97, 136, 140, 281.

Dudley, Earl of, 130.

Dundas, Henry, Viscount Melville, 246.

E.

Edgeworth, Maria, 105, 123.

Edinburgh Annual Register, 111.

Edinburgh Review, 85, 86, 89, 145, 185, 201, 252, 254.

Education (Rousseau's ideas), 51–57.

Edwards, Jonathan, 67.

Eliot, George, 66, 100, 103, 111, 193, 198.
Ellis, George, 82, 93, 94.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 213, 216, 222, 226.
Émile, 33, 51–57.
Épinay, Madame d', 31.
Erskine, William, 124, 240.
Exeter Hall, 228.

F.

Ferguson, Adam, 74, 78.
Fiction and Fashion, 100.
Fielding, Henry, 128, 146, 170.
Fox, Charles James, 245.
Fox, George, 259.
Frazer's Magazine, 209.
French Revolution, 23, 25, 43–51, 60.
Frere, Adam, 111.
Froebel, 57.
Froissart's Chronicles, 84.
Froude, John, 191, 218, 221, 231, 241.

G.

Garrick, David, 281.
George III. of England, 273.
George IV. of England, 123.
Gay, John, 282.
Genius and marriage, 160.
Gibbon, Edward, 198, 210, 246.
Gifford, William, 92.
Gladstone, Wm. Ewarts, 245, 274.
Glennie, Dr., 139.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 66, 282.
Goethe, von Johann Wolfgang, 173, 186, 198, 201, 210, 217.
Gray, Thomas, 66, 78.
Greek States, 47, 179–180, 185.
Grimm, Baron, 28.
Guiccioli, Countess, 165, 166, 175, 177.
Guizot, François P. G., 67, 282.
Gustavus Adolphus, 50.

H.

Hall, Robert, 212.
Hallam, Henry, 111, 119, 222, 282.
Hamilton, Sir William, 246.
Hampden, John, 258.
Handel, Georg Friedrich, 282.
Hardenberg Frederick von, known by pseudonym *Novalis*, 201.
Hare, Julius, 202.
Hastings, Warren, 217.
Heber, Bishop, 111.
Helvetius, Claude Adrien, 29.
Herodotus, 269.
Heyne, Christian Gottlob, 201, 206.
Hildebrand, 271.
Hogg, James, 81.
Holbach, Baron d', 29.
Holland House, 157.
Holland, Lord and Lady, 111, 252.
Homer, 97, 281.
Howitt, William, 130.
Houdetot, Comtesse d', 32.
Hughes, Mrs. John, 124.
Hughes, Thomas, 124.
Hugo, Victor, 100.
Hume, David, 29, 35, 67.
Hunt, Leigh, 177, 218.

I.

Irving, Edward, 196, 197, 200, 218.
Irving, John, 74.
Irving, Washington, 120.

J.

Jefferson, Thomas, 55, 61, 274.
Jeffrey, Lord Francis, 78, 85, 88, 105, 185, 192, 222, 246, 252, 254, 258, 262.
Jeremiah, 195.
Jocelyn's Chronicles, 227.
Johnson, Samuel, 66, 94, 195, 201, 258, 281.

K.

Knight's Quarterly Magazine, 251.
Knox, John, 76.

L.

Lamartine, 61, 136, 186.
Lamb, Charles, 111.
Lansdowne, Lord, 254.
Lecky, Wm. E. H., 232, 241.
Leibnitz, von, Gottfried Wilhelm, Baron, 217.
Leigh, Hon. Augusta Maria, 185.
Leyden, John, 81.
Lockhart, John Gibson, 69, 82, 111, 120, 124, 127, 225, 227.
Longman, Thomas, publisher, 83, 265, 275.
Louis XIV., 224.
Lucian, 206.
Luxembourg, Maréchal de, 33.

M.

Macaulay, General, 246, 260.
Macaulay, John, 275.
Macaulay, Thomas Babington, 67, 104, 119, 143, 145, 198, 212, 217, 222, 236; Lecture on, 243–283: compared to other great men, 245; descent, 246; birth and boyhood, 247; precocity and education, 248; worldly-minded, deficient in spiritual insight, 249; enters college, takes degree, fellowship, prizes, 250; selects profession of law, but devotes himself to writing, 251; his poetry, 251–2; essay on Milton gives him fame, 252; courted by society, 253; not intimate with literary contemporaries, 254; not convivial but exclusive, 255; rises rapidly, enters politics and parliament, 256; takes office, 256; Supreme Council of India, 257; writes fine series of essays, 258; man of letters rather than statesman, 259; returns from India, rich, 260; devotes himself to literature and his nieces, 261; Sidney Smith's portrait of him, 262; travels, returns to England and enters the Cabinet, 263; resumes his literary work — Clive and Warren Hastings, 264; essays republished in America, and by Longman in London, 265; essays, project of History of England, parliamentary career, 266; mutations of politics, 267; first volume of History, 268; style, 269; self-confidence, 270; inconsistency, 271–2; faith in English liberty and progress, 272–3; absorption in his History, public honors, 275; prosperity, Parliament again, 276; growing feebleness, 277; History concluded, further honors, 278; retires from public life to Kensington, 279; characteristics, 280; failing health, 280; death, 281; fame, 282.
Macaulay's Works: Essays in Knight's Quarterly, Poems, 251; Battle of Ivry, 252; Milton, in Edinburgh Quarterly, 252; Machiavelli, Dryden, Hallam, History in general, 255; Southey, Montgomery, Croker, Hampden, Burleigh, Chatham, Mackintosh, Bacon, Temple, 258; Clive, Warren Hastings, 264; Frederick the Great, 265; Madame D'Arblay, Addison, Barère, second article on Chatham, 266; History of England, first two vols., 268; last vol., 278.
Macaulay, Zachary, 246, 247.
Mackenzie, Henry, 123.
Mackintosh, Sir James, 119, 246, 258, 262.

Mahon, Lord, 224.
Melbourne, Lord, 263.
Michael Angelo, 270.
Mill, John Stuart, 193, 194, 218, 219, 225, 228.
Millbanke, Miss. *See* Lady Byron.
Milman, Henry Hart, 262, 279.
Milnes, Monckton, Lord Houghton, 224.
Milton, John, 185.
Mirabeau, Marquis de, 29, 224.
Mithridates, 131.
Molesworth, Sir William, 218.
Montagu, Lord, 123.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, 124.
Montgomery, Robert, 258.
Montmorenci, 31, 32.
Moore, Thomas, 119, 123, 136, 157, 165, 178.
More, Hannah, 247.
Moses, 213.
Murillo, 171.
Murray, John, 92, 111, 157, 170.

N.

Napoleon, 48.
Napier, 246, 262.
Nature (Rousseau), 24, 31, 37, 47, 52, 54, 56.
Niebuhr, Barthold Georg, 246.
Novalis. *See* Hardenburg.

P.

Paine, Thomas, 55.
Palmerston, Lord, 270.
Pascal, Blaise, 29, 60, 217, 249.
Peel, Sir Robert, 139, 245, 264, 267.
Pestalozzi, 57.
Pitt, William, Earl of Chatham. *See* Chatham.
Playfair, Sir Lyon, 246.
Poetry, fashion, and literary immortality, 93–98.
Pope, Alexander, 93, 97, 136, 211, 281.
Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, 250.
Prussia, King of, 278.
Ptolemy, Soter, 67.
Puritans, 49.

Q.

Quarterly Review, 87, 92, 206, 225.

R.

Ranke, Leopold, 282.
Reform Bill, 255, 264, 273.
Ripley, George, 216.
Robertson, William, 246.
Rogers, Samuel, 119, 157, 168, 254, 262.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, 250.
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, compared with Burke, 23; born 1712, 25; ran away, converted to Catholicism, footman, 26; secretary and lover of Mme. de Warens, taught music, studied, invented system of musical notation, Lyons, Paris, 27; secretary to legation in Venice, returned to Paris, met Thérèse, 28; known in infidel circles, first famous essay, 29; operetta, 30; second famous essay; abjured Catholicism, 30; retires to the Hermitage, 31; writes La Nouvelle Héloïse, 32; affair with Mme. d'Houdetot, 32; writes Émile and Social Contract, 33; flies to Switzerland, 34; writes Letters from the Mountains, 34; flies to England, writes his Confessions, 35; returns to France, 35; dies, 36; Rousseau's character, 36, methods, 37; value of his writings, 39; notices of his chief works, 39–60; his errors and sophistries, 44–46, 57, 58; general view, 60, 61; compared with Byron, 146.
Rousseau's Works: Corrupt Influence

of Science and Art, 29, 39; Inequality of Man, 30, 40; Émile, 34; The Social Contract, 33, 43; Letters from the Mountains, 34; New Héloïse, 34, 57, 58; Confessions, 35.
Russell, Maj.-Gen. Sir James, 83.
Russell, Lord John, 275, 276.

S.

Savonarola, 229.
Scott, Anne Rutherford, mother of Sir Walter, 71.
Scott, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, Lady, 79; death of, 129.
Scott, Robert, grandfather of Sir Walter, 70.
Scott, Walter, father of Sir Walter, 70.
Scott, Sir Walter, 32, and Byron, 65; transitory fame of, 66; great popularity, 67; ancestry, 70; birth, youth, lameness, 71; education, 72, 73; adopts the law, 73; characteristics, friends, pleasures, 74, 75, 77; professional career, 76; writes poetry, 77, 78; curator Advocates' Library, 78; publishes German ballads, 78; marries, 79; previous love affair, 79; travels, settles at Lasswade, 80; visits London, 80; sheriff of Selkirkshire, 80; publishes Goethe's Goetz, 81; first literary adventure, Scottish minstrelsy, 81, 82; first fame, "The Lay," 83–85; rents Ashestiel, 83; friendship with Jeffrey, 86; contributes to Edinburgh Review, 87; Wordsworth, 87; James and John Ballantyne, and the secret partnership, 88; Jeffrey criticises Marmion sharply, 88; Scott breaks with the Edinburgh, 89; quarrel with Constable, 92; Scott's poetry, 90–96; Scott becomes Clerk of Sessions, 98; buys Abbotsford, 98; accidentally begins Waverley, 100; fashion makes popularity, 100–103; anonymous publication of Waverley Novels, 106; Scott travels to Continent, 109; Scott's grouping of the Novels, 113; the Highlands and their heroes, debt of Scotland to Scott, 116; his prosperity, correspondence, modesty, 117, 118; characteristics, 119; table-habits, 120; Abbotsford, 120; lack of self-conceit, 121; social courtesies, visitors, 122; special friends, 123; correspondents, 124; industry, 125; novels published from 1820 to 1825, 126; failure of his publishers and partners, his great debt, 126; productiveness from 1826 to 1831, 127–129; death of his wife, own illness and death, 129; clearing of debt, 129; fecundity and popularity, 130, 131; Byron and, 157, 179; allusions to, 246, 268, 281.
Scott's Works: Trans. of Bürger's Ballads, 81; Trans. of Goethe's Goetz, 81; Scottish Minstrelsy, 81; Lay of the Last Minstrel, 53; Dryden's Life and Works, 88; Marmion, 88; Lady of the Lake, 92; Rokeby, 98; Lord of the Isles, 100; Swift's Works, 100; Waverley, 100; Guy Mannering, 107; Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, The Antiquary, 110; Old Mortality, 114; Rob Roy, 115; Monastery, Ivanhoe, 125; Kenilworth, Pirate, Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well, Redgauntlet, Bethrothed, Talisman, 126; Woodstock, 127; Life of Napoleon, Chronicles of the Canongate, Tales of a Grandfather, Fair Maid of Perth, Anne of Geierstein, History of Scotland, History of France.

Count Robert of Paris, Castle Dangerous, Novelist's Library (Fielding, Smollett, etc.), letters, pamphlets, dramas, 128; religious discourses, private correspondence, 129; pecuniary returns from, 129, 130.
Sand, George, 100.
Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustus, 86, 145.
Seward, Miss Anna, 97, 124.
Shakespeare, 96, 97, 136.
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 162, 177.
Silas Marner, 112.
Smith, Sidney, 119, 254, 262.
Smollett, Tobias George, 128.
Social Contract, The, 33.
Socrates, 249.
Southey, Robert, 123, 222, 258.
Spencer, Herbert, 57.
Spenser, Edmund, 197.
Staël, Madame de, 61, 157, 162, 168, 202.
Stanhope, Lord, 279.
Stewart, Dugald, 73, 78, 246.
Stephen, Sir James, 247.
Stuart, Lady Louisa, 113, 124.
Sue, Eugene, 100.
Swift, Dean, 100, 104.

T.

Tacitus, 269.
Tennyson, Alfred, 91, 281.
Temple, Sir William, 258.
Thackeray, Wm. M., 66, 100, 103, 146, 222, 252, 268.
Thérèse, mistress and wife of Rousseau, 28.
Thucydides, 269.
Titian, 283.
Trevelyan, Sir George Otto, 250.
Trollope, Anthony, 100.
Tyndall, John, 241.

U.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, 100.

V.

Varro, 67.
Villiers, Hyde, 250.
Virgil, 97.
Voltaire, 25, 31, 48, 67, 131, 146, 165, 201, 229, 245.

W.

Warens, Madame de, 27.
Westminster Abbey, 241, 282.
Westminster Review, 225.
Webster, Daniel, 198, 249.
Wilberforce, William, 246, 250.
Wilson, Professor John, 246, 276.
William III., reign of, 258.
Wollaston, Dr. Wm. Hyde, 123.
Woodhouselee, Lord, 73.
Wordsworth, William, 87, 94, 123, 281

JOHN LORD, AT FORTY-FIVE

From a Daguerreotype

THE

LIFE OF JOHN LORD,

AUTHOR OF

"BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY," AND OTHER HISTORICAL WORKS.

BY

ALEXANDER S. TWOMBLY.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER — PAGE

I. ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD 7–27

Birth (Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 27, 1810); earliest recollections; first school; church-going; traits of the community; removed with parents to South Berwick; the Academy, and instructors; boyish characteristics; conversion; failure as clerk; resumption of study and entry of college; imperfect early training.

II. COLLEGE LIFE 28–45

Literary tastes, fondness for history; the college instructors; Dr. Mussey the vegetarian; Squire Olcott; the American Education Society; classmates of note; views on extemporaneous speaking; country school-teaching in college vacations; Rutland, Vt., social interest, and first romance; appreciation of women; graduation.

III. ANDOVER, AND THE FIRST LECTURE TOUR . 46–74

Young Lord enters Theological Seminary; buys a Hebrew grammar and a new cloak; Professor Stuart; Hebrew neglected for History; Carlyle, Macaulay, Coleridge, Jeffrey, and other authors; school-teaching again; Professors Park and Woods; preparation for writing lectures on Dark Ages; first lecture tour, September, 1836; return to Andover, — the last year the best; graduation; visit to New York; extracts from diary.

IV. PEACE-AGENT AND PASTOR 75–94

Lord visits his uncle William Ladd, President American Peace Society; engaged as agent and lecturer; a wandering

CHAPTER PAGE

life, — lecturing, canvassing, preaching through New England and western New York; tires of the employment, and is recalled; delivers a warlike Fourth of July oration; preaches in New Marlboro as candidate; suspicions of his orthodoxy; examination by Council; remains on probation; invited to settle, but leaves for West Stockbridge, and finally Utica.

V. LECTURES IN THE UNITED STATES 95–118

Lord decides to become a historical lecturer, — his reasons; early experience; begins at Dartmouth College, autumn of 1840, continues in New England cities; experiences and friends; advised to go to England to study and lecture; decides to go; impressions of prominent men and women during this period.

VI. BEGINNINGS IN ENGLAND 119–131

Dick Whittington and John Lord; voyage to England, August, 1843; Liverpool; presentation of letters and invitation to lecture; Sir Arnold Knight, Dr. Raffles, and others; Manchester, — Cobden and John Bright; English friends and acquaintances give further letters of introduction; his tour handsomely begun.

VII. GREAT BRITAIN 132–139

Visit to Dublin; Archbishop Whately; Lord preaches, but does not lecture; returns to England for lecture engagement in Leeds; character of English lecture-audiences; kindness from the middle classes; York, and rural England; Birmingham and the Earl of Dartmouth; Dr. Wiseman; Manchester again.

VIII. LONDON. — LOVE. — GERMANY. — MARRIAGE 140–161

First visit to London, — impressions; Thomas Binney, Rev. "Satan" Montgomery, Sir Robert Peel, Russell, Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, Derby, Brougham; calls on Carlyle, — odd reception and entertainment; Edward Everett, — American minister; study in the British Museum; Rev. Henry Colman and Miss Mary Porter, — "the woman for me!" Successful courtship; more lectures in Birmingham, Liverpool, and vari-

CHAPTER PAGE

ous institutes in London; flying visit to Paris; further lectures in London; May, 1845, trip to Germany; visit to Switzerland with Miss Porter and her sister; return to England; lectures in London and Edinburgh; Dr. Chalmers, George Combe, Christopher North; Sheffield and Birmingham, — John Angell James, Henry Rogers; study and lecturing in London; Epsom Races; May 30, 1846, marriage, and honeymoon in Wales; description of Mrs. Lord.

IX. RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES 162–183

Mr. and Mrs. Lord sail in a packet ship, July, 1846; English luggage and clothing; visit in South Berwick; successful lecture-class for ladies in Boston; reading of two lectures weekly, and writing of twenty-eight lectures in twenty-four weeks; clerical history-club, with eminent members; ladies' lecture-class in Salem; appointment by President Edward Everett as assistant professor of History in Harvard College, — its cancellation and the reasons; relation of theological questions to historical study; summer in Lenox; several years of lyceum and parlor lectures in New England, New York, Philadelphia, Dartmouth and Princeton colleges, etc.; helpful friends; special success in Philadelphia and Washington; Daniel Webster, General Scott; Western trip; decision to return to Europe.

X. TWO YEARS IN EUROPE. — ROME 184–203

Sails July, 1852; London, Paris, London and lectures; birth of daughter; return to Paris and St. Germain; writing of lectures on the Bourbons and Fathers of the Church; French fêtes, — Napoleon III. and Eugénie; Bishop Dupanloup; England again; John Angell James, Dr. Stowe, Mrs. Stowe, George Dawson; Birmingham; Oxford; King's College and the Dean; Magdalen, Baliol; visit to Rome; impressions of the great monuments of antiquity; Florence; Genoa; Milan; apostrophe to Italy.

XI. AT HOME. — CONTEMPORARY LECTURERS. — PERSONAL PECULIARITIES 204–224

Return to America, 1854; Lord decides to settle in Stamford, Conn.; lecture outlook; John B. Gough, Wendell

CHAPTER PAGE

Phillips, R. W. Emerson, Edwin P. Whipple, O. W. Holmes, E. H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry N. Hudson, Puncheon, Everett, Professor Doremus, Professor O. M. Mitchell; Dr. Lord's lectures and friends; death of Mrs. Lord; "Famous Women;" methods of work, rapidity, moods, habits of writing at home and in travelling; appearance, platform habits; incidents; persistency; wide range of country and many cities visited; the Lowell Institute; Theodore Parker, Dr. E. S. Gannett, the Boston literary coterie; the Atlantic Monthly and James T. Fields.

XII. MIDDAY LECTURES. — SOUTHERN TRIP . . 225–242

Successful new departure in Boston, — matinée lectures; prosperous course in New York; President Hopkins's commendation; similar success in Philadelphia; the newspapers friendly; Lord's punctuality in engagements; Incidents, — the railway accident, the snow-storm, the wrong hall; Lord's attitude towards slavery and the Union; visit to Washington; Southern lecture tour; a friend in need; Charleston, Columbia; a Christian slaveholder; Chapel Hill, N. C., the University of Virginia, Washington; Dr. Lord's position regarding abolitionism and the Civil War; views on war in general; love of America; President Nathan Lord.

XIII. LITERARY HABITS 243–255

Cause of Lord's success, — candor, earnest delivery, social gifts; will power; idiomatic expressions and vigorous, varied style; pioneer in biographical method of studying history; Luther, Savonarola, Columbus, Chaucer, Dante, Mohammed, Hildebrand; Lord's humor and irony; historical comparisons; fine sentiment, and reverence for woman; religious beliefs; "Jewish Heroes and Prophets;" sagacity in selecting essentials and omitting collaterals; freedom from cant; in favor at Princeton, although not a Calvinist.

XIV. HOUSE-BUILDING AND HOME-LIFE. — DEATH 256–279

Selection of site in Stamford, Conn.; Lord's ideas of a home; his own architect; local popularity; hospitality; J. A. Froude; the larder, the equipage, the garden; Dr. Lord and the chickens; reminiscences from Dr. Charles E. West;

CHAPTER PAGE

bereavements: death of the first Mrs. Lord, in 1860; death of John Lord, Jr., — his character; Dr. Lord's immediate relatives; his second marriage, and early termination of Mrs. Lord's life; personal characteristics, — love of reading, impulsiveness, hospitality, chess-playing; fondness for travel, various trips; building a second house, — "The Cobbles;" address at South Berwick; summer (1894) at Ashfield, Mass., — congenial friends, the Ashfield Annual Dinner, Dr. Lord's speech; accidents; illness; last days; serene death; burial.

XV. AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS, AND CRITICS . . . 280–299

Dr. Lord's experience with American and English publishers of his first book, "Modern History;" Henry Dunn; "Old Roman World;" criticism and commendation; plagiarism, — Ewald and writers on the Bible; Jared Sparks and Dr. Peabody; Lord's modesty, and pleasure in gaining good opinion of auditors and readers; verse-writing; publishers for all his books and his lectures in final book form; "Beacon Lights of History," the title; relations and correspondence between Dr. Lord and his publishers; his published works; pecuniary return from his labors; completion of his career.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES BY MISS LORD 300–318

First recollections; method under Dr. Lord's carelessness; companionship with his children; the daughter takes charge of his house; his hospitality; indulgence to his children; house-keeping trials; Dr. Lord's taste for cooking; carriage-painting; gardening and farm work; unprofitable sales; imaginary house-planning, and travel on the map; love of travel; social facility; purchases; letters of introduction; general geniality; conversation, abroad and at home; illnesses and accidents; Ashfield, Mass., — his last summer, new and old friends, his last public address, says good-by to the world; failing strength; dying thoughts and words; his lovable character; the heritage of a beautiful memory.

INDEX 319–326

LIFE OF JOHN LORD.

I.

ANCESTRY AND BOYHOOD.

DR. LORD used to say that it was supreme arrogance in a man to write his autobiography and expect any one to read it, unless he was as brilliant as Goethe and as interesting as Rousseau. In spite of this, at the solicitation of friends and for his own amusement, he wrote Reminiscences covering a part of his career; and from these, as well as other sources, ample materials are provided for a record of his life.

There is a story of an ornithologist who criticised an owl in a shop window. "The man who stuffed that owl," he said, "knew nothing whatever of the 'genus strix.'" As he discoursed on the true anatomy of owls, enforcing his argument by the dreadful example in the window, the dreadful example blinked in the sunshine, thereby cutting short the discourse and saddening that wise man.

Whoever, then, doubts the "genus Lord" as represented in these pages, must be careful lest the Doctor's own inimitable uphill chirography wink him into silence, since some of this record not inclosed in quotation marks comes from his Reminiscences and letters.

These memoirs will record not only incidents in the life of the historian, but the process through many obstacles by which his success as an historical lecturer and author was attained. His peculiar gifts, special adaptations, and persistent will fitted him for the work which early in life was his favorite pursuit. Unity of purpose, delight in the work for its own sake, unwearied industry, a talent for the selection and graphic expression of essentials, and an optimistic spirit combined to produce in him one of the rare historical painters of his times.

If John Lord could have chosen the place of his birth, he would undoubtedly have selected the quaint old town of Portsmouth, N. H., where on the 27th day of December, 1810, he first saw the light. It was a birthplace with an horizon. There, all the lights and shadows of early colonial life were blended with the provincialisms of a shrewd and successful New England community. Aristocratic mansions, stately equipages, and lavish hospi-

talities reconciled the foreign visitor to the sight of warehouses and wharves, which stamped the mark of trade and mercantile activity upon the place.

The social life of the people, at least in its higher circles, was pronounced by Daniel Webster, then a young lawyer in the town, to be "very fine and exclusive." Everybody knew the pedigree of the leading families. People of any pretension to ancestral distinction were ready, at the approach of a stranger without proper introduction, "to climb into their genealogical tree" and look down with unaffected surprise if obliged to recognize the acquaintance.

Young Lord's ancestral tree, if not among the highest, was stately enough to command respect even from the grandees, who at that date were led by Jeremiah Mason, James Sheafe, and Governor Langdon, all of whom lived in large three-storied houses and rode in well-appointed coaches. Following them were Nathaniel Adams, a semi-literary man, and Jacob Sheafe, noted for his luxurious dinner-parties. John and Nathaniel Haven were rich merchants, and there were sundry other magnates "who cultivated all the inequality and exclusiveness supposed to belong to the higher classes in England."

John Perkins Lord, John Lord's father, had been educated at Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., and

had studied law in the office of the celebrated Jeremiah Mason. Daniel Webster was his fellow student; but Lord soon relinquished practice, being too impulsive and timid to plead at the bar. His knowledge was diffusive and general. He was not fond of books, and was never a systematic reader or thinker. He had no aptness or taste for technicalities, but he was acute and sagacious, and arrived at conclusions which were generally correct. His great talent was conversational. His society was always agreeable, and he had a natural discernment of character. He was bright, sarcastic, humorous, and somewhat careless in money matters, having acquired habits of extravagance in his youth.

His father was "General" John Lord, a brigadier-general of militia who rode a fine gray horse at muster. When he died in 1815, John Perkins and his brother Samuel took their father's vessels and became merchants. A "merchant" in those times was understood to be a man engaged in wholesale business in a seaport. The daughter of a man who owned ships was disposed to be disdainful if her father was spoken of as a trader, although he might have sold salt by the bushel, molasses by the gallon, and codfish by the pound. The merchant's place of business was an office, not a store. He called it his counting-house. In those days merchants did not

refuse cargoes of rum and molasses. Although their grandfather had a country store in Berwick, Maine, in connection with his ownership of vessels, the sons moved up a grade higher, and dealt only by wholesale.

There were many traditions and romantic stories in the Lord family. The oldest ancestor about whom anything was known was Nathaniel Lord, of Kittery, Maine, who was born in 1630 and died in 1690. His son, Elder Nathan Lord, who was born in 1655 and died in 1733, married Martha Tozer, whose father was killed by the Indians. One of her grandmothers defended the garrison-house while the men were absent; another was struck by a tomahawk, but was saved by a silver comb in her hair, which her lover had given her. The legend of the silver can was that a highwayman once came to the house, drank from the can, and, thanks to the courtesy of the little girl alone at home, left all the silver untouched upon the table.

Of Captain Samuel Lord, the son of Elder Nathan Lord, little is recorded except that he died in 1762; but his son Nathaniel, who was John Lord's great-grandfather, was a surveyor of lumber and "mine host" of Lord's Tavern in Berwick. Nathaniel's son was General John Lord, already spoken of, who had four sons and one daughter. John Perkins was his

eldest son. Samuel, the second son, became cashier of a bank in Portsmouth. The third, Augustus, was a merchant of the same town; and the fourth was Nathan, the famous President of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. Susan, the daughter, married Judge William A. Hayes, of Berwick.

It is related of General John Lord's brother Nathan, John Lord's great-uncle, that when a boy on board one of the privateers in the Revolutionary War, he was captured by a British frigate on which was the Duke of Clarence, then a midshipman in the service, and afterwards William IV., the "Sailor King." One day this young officer, in the presence of the prisoners who were having an airing on deck, spoke sneeringly of the American rebels. Nathan, being a lad of spirit, retorted: "If it were not for your rank, Sir, I would make you take back that insult." "No matter about my rank," said the gallant though arrogant young prince; "if you can whip me, you are welcome to do it." The challenge was eagerly accepted, and the two had a regular sailor's set-to. The Yankee was victorious; the Englishman acknowledged himself beaten, and shaking hands with his opponent said: "You are a brave fellow; give me your name, and I will not forget you." At the end of the voyage all the prisoners with the exception of Lord were sent to prison. The Admiral sent

for him, and informed him that the Duke of Clarence, a son of His Majesty George III., the young midshipman with whom he had fought, requested that he be set at large; that he was at liberty to go to any part of the kingdom, and that the duke had placed a five-pound note at his disposal.

This same Nathan Lord was once captured by Indians and carried to Canada; but a young Englishman, named Edwin Parkes, interfered to save his life, after recognizing him as a brother Mason. Out of gratitude, Nathan named a son Edwin Parkes, who was the grandfather of the Oriental painter and magazine writer, Edwin Lord Weeks. It was Nathan Lord who built the turnpike between South Berwick, Maine, and Dover, N. H.

John Lord's mother, Sophia Ladd of Portsmouth, the first wife of John Perkins Lord, was also of an excellent family. Her father was Colonel Eliphalet Ladd, a successful trader in Exeter, N. H., and an enterprising merchant in Portsmouth. He was not an educated man, and early in life learned the trade of a carpenter; but having talent, enterprise, and tact, he amassed a fortune of $100,000, — a very large sum at that time. When he died, his widow Abigail — daughter of Deacon John Hill, who lived on an inherited estate at Great Works — married the Rev. Dr. Joseph Buckminster, of Portsmouth, one of the

noted preachers of the day. Her daughter, Sophia Ladd, was brought up among people who had the air of grandees. Assemblies and balls were quite frequent; but the great social enjoyment of the rich was dinner parties, where they drank Madeira and displayed their elegant silver plate.

Sophia, however, did not neglect the cultivation of her mind and heart. She was a member of a club of young ladies who met at one another's houses for mutual improvement. Her brother, William Ladd, became quite celebrated as a lecturer on Peace, and his employment of his nephew John as an agent of the Peace Society played an important part in the young historian's life.

In the Lord families, if the husbands were not very devout, their wives were. Young John's mother was no exception to this rule. His father was a member of the church, although disliking all demonstration of religious fervor. His mother, on the contrary, was most religious and particular in all pious offices. Brought up in her father's elegant home, where the wines were expensive, the spoons and forks of silver (a great luxury in those days), with spermaceti candles in costly candelabra, she was nevertheless an earnest believer and worker in the revivals which gave, in 1820, such an amazing impulse to missions and philanthropic societies. One

of her son John's earliest recollections was the giving by her of a pair of leather overshoes to the eminent missionary Dr. Poor, when he was about to embark on his mission to India.

Mrs. Lord brought up her children in the old-fashioned orthodox way, to attend meeting three times on Sunday, besides going to Sunday-school, — which latter was an innovation, the first one held in Portsmouth being opened in Jefferson Hall in 1818. The young people were not even permitted to walk in the garden on the Sabbath; and as that day was supposed to begin on Saturday at sundown, no books could be read till Monday except such works as Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Taylor's "Holy Living," with the "Boston Recorder" for lighter reading. Novels were not allowed on any day, with the exception of the works of Walter Scott. Card-playing and dancing were discountenanced, and the theatre was the Devil's own place.

Young John's school-days were not very happy. "If I had been more promising," he says, "perhaps I should have been sent to Mr. Harris, a fine scholar with a violent temper, who had an admirable private school. But I went to the Lancastrian School, of about three hundred boys, the master of which was a Mr. Jackson, a stern, conscientious, and

pious tyrant. This school was established soon after the visit to this country of the celebrated Mr. Lancaster, to propagate his ideas. It was a school where most of the teaching was done by monitors, who reported progress to the master, presiding in awful dignity on a raised platform, from which he rarely descended except to punish the boys. His usual form of punishment was by inflicting blows, with a heavy oak instrument which resembled a pudding-stick, on the hands of the boys as they stood in a row. It was rarely that I escaped one whipping a day, and sometimes I got two, till my hand became as hard as a sailor's." (Once the boys carried John out of school on their shoulders, because of his pluck in receiving a savage flogging on both hands.)

"I do not remember to have learned anything during the three years at that school, except mischievous sports; and I never heard of any other boy who did. The main business of the master was to make the boys young tyrants, liars, and hypocrites. My love of mischief was hardly redeemed by my learning the Assembly's Shorter Catechism and twenty verses for the Sabbath-school.

"My mother, as I remember her at this time (she died in 1830), was a refined, pale, pensive, handsome woman about thirty-four years of age, — one of the most religious women I ever knew, with little tact

and not much toleration, yet abounding in charities and good works. She was a great friend to ministers.

"But my great pleasure as a boy in Portsmouth was in frequent visits to my grandmother, who had married Dr. Buckminster for her second husband, of whom she was very fond. She, too, was religious in her way: punctual at church, scrupulous in the discharge of all duties; frugal, yet very hospitable and generous, with a great respect for successful people, and as worldly wise as Dr. Franklin. I have seen as many as twenty or thirty poor persons receiving gratuities — a mince-pie, a pound of sugar, and perhaps a chicken — in her kitchen the day before Thanksgiving."

Young John's father attended the old North Church; and the little fellow could look over the high pews at Daniel Webster's massive head in a prominent pew on the south side of the meeting-house, — although he undoubtedly was more interested in the movements of Sexton Vaughan, who had a sharp eye for the boys, and often led them to the steps of the pulpit to keep them quiet. The preaching of Rev. Mr. Putnam, who succeeded Dr. Buckminster, was generally doctrinal and ultra-Calvinistic. The sounding-board above the minister's head, the double galleries, and the massive chandelier, with the preacher in gown and Geneva bands, were objects of unfailing interest.

After service, all remained in their square pews until the minister had passed down the broad aisle, bowing right and left to prominent people.

The music was execrable even to boyish ears, with nothing instrumental except the bass viol. Squire Farrar led the singing, and was a solemn Puritan who with some show of hospitality united the most rigid economy. He once gave the boys, among them John Lord, for getting in his hay, a treat of Boston crackers and maple sugar, with salt-fish for a relish.

Religious life in New England, after the War of 1812, was, in a spiritual sense, at a low ebb. People were profane; they drank rum and brandy. Religion was formal, technical, dogmatic. Everybody among the educated classes went to church; but there was a secret protest against Puritanical strictness, although no open rebellion except among the Unitarians. Universalists were regarded with great distrust and aversion. Prayer-meetings were infrequent, and church members few in number, especially among the men. Ministers, however, had a great prestige. They were poorly paid in money, but were socially treated with distinction, and when they travelled they had no expenses. Though stern in manner, they were kind-hearted and hospitable. They controlled popular education, and contrived to send their sons to college.

As for Art, in all its forms, it was regarded with

indifference. No one had pictures, except portraits. Equipages were clumsy but stately. Poetry was composed in ponderous rhyme in imitation of Pope. Social intercourse was formal, and children were afraid of their parents. Poor relations were generally neglected, and dependence was accompanied with exacting services, although servants in ordinary families sat at table with their masters. There were still living some old negroes who had been slaves, who were treated well by their former owners. Old Cuffee Whipple and Dinah had a cottage in the garden belonging to their former master, and subscribed to the Portsmouth newspaper.

Such was the old-fashioned style of the beautiful and interesting town in which John Lord spent the first ten years of his life, and from which he gained his earliest impressions of men and manners. It was not a place famous for literary culture; comparatively few young men went to college from it; but it was celebrated for its hospitalities, and on the whole gave the bright, observant boy a good idea of social amenities and self-satisfied morality.

In 1820, John Lord's father, John Perkins Lord, having failed in business, owing to the commercial depression following the War of 1812, removed to his native town, South Berwick, twelve miles from Portsmouth. It was a pretty village, with hills and groves,

on one of the branches of the Piscataqua River. The homestead was on the bank of the stream, a house which had grown ample in size through three generations of Lords. This dwelling, afterwards burned to the ground, had no architectural pretensions, but stood in the midst of large fields and pastures. It belonged to Madam Lord, the General's widow, John's grandmother, who was a woman of remarkable talents and virtues. Fifty of her descendants, to the fifth generation, have been educated at colleges, and about thirty have adopted the ecclesiastical profession.

The business of the town consisted mainly in lumber-trading. There were no families of distinction, except perhaps those of a few prosperous merchants and lawyers, among whom Judge William A. Hayes was prominent. But there was a good academy, which in 1891 celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. In the printed historical address delivered by Dr. John Lord on that occasion, are to be found his recollections of academic and village life. In this academy he prepared for college, and in South Berwick he lived till the fall of 1829.

Young Lord's first preceptor in the South Berwick Academy was Mr. H——. Everything about this teacher was indelibly stamped upon the boy's memory, —"his gaunt figure, his nervous gyrations, his morbid conscientiousness, his pedantry without learning, his fits

of piety marked by ludicrous exhibitions of weakness, his rigor without discipline, his singular punishments, more ingenious than effective; 'Old Cross-Patch,' as the boys called him. When a boy was hopelessly incorrigible, he was exiled to a neighboring grove, where he found sport in hunting squirrels." This master, however, took pains with the boys' declamations and compositions. For six years under his tuition young Lord made no acquisitions except the knowledge of mythology, learned from Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, which he read over and over again, instead of studying Greek and Latin, for which he unfortunately acquired a repugnance.

He learned more in six months under the next master, Mr. Ira Young, than during all the remaining time he was in the academy. Mr. Young was a born teacher, and his face became luminous with enthusiasm as he expounded mathematical problems and Cicero's Orations to his admiring pupils. He was soon made Professor of Mathematics at Dartmouth, but not until he had awakened a love of study in the minds of some, at least, of his scholars, among whom several were distinguished in after life. Daniel R. Goodwin became President of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and of the University of Pennsylvania, and finally Dean of the Faculty of the Theological Seminary at Philadelphia. John L. Hayes, who was

coached by his father in Greek and Latin, studied law in Judge Hayes's office and became clerk of the United States District Court in Portsmouth; he was afterwards chief clerk of the Patent Office in Washington, was distinguished as a political economist, and was chairman of the National Tariff Commission in 1882. Hon. Bion Bradbury and Thomas R. Lambert were also among the schoolmates of young Lord at this time, the latter of whom was a chaplain in the Navy, and finally Rector of St. John's Church in Charlestown, Mass., for forty years. There were younger boys who turned out well, among whom was Theodore H. Jewett, father of Sarah Orne Jewett the authoress, who reached the front rank among the physicians and surgeons of his day.

It is easy to imagine John Lord growing up into young manhood amid these surroundings. He was rather short in stature, but alert and sinewy. With a keen eye and a mischievous twinkle in it, ready for fun, with great quickness in repartee, he was a favorite in all circles. If some of the pious matrons of the town thought him frivolous, they could never charge him with wildness or dissipation. If his father chided him for thoughtlessness and inattention to study, he never had occasion to question his frankness and honesty. Doubtless, as he was the oldest of eleven children, eight boys and three girls, he did the chores

on the large farm, helped in haymaking and gathering apples for the cider-mill, but was more fond of swimming, fishing, and baseball ("four-old-cat," as it was called in those primitive days). About this time the academy was opened to girls, which added more zest to sewing-bees and singing-schools, if not to the regular studies of the school. The holidays were the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and General Muster. Homespun clothing was worn by the less wealthy, who had rag carpets on their floors, if they had any at all. Village tailors worked around in the families, and district school-teachers boarded among their patrons. Work was hard and amusements few. Fish was two cents a pound, and female "help" fifty cents a week. There were no daily newspapers, few books, and no lectures or concerts. The great social evil was intemperance, especially among the small farmers, whose farms in consequence were mortgaged.

There were, however, some veritable patricians in South Berwick, whose style of living and manners had their effect on the character of the young men like John Lord, who visited in their families and were the companions of their sons and daughters. Neither were there wanting peculiar characters, like old Judkins the schoolmaster, and Tempy Brewster, who "vibrated between the ecstasies and placidities of religious contemplation, like another Saint Theresa." There

was a regular traffic between South Berwick and Portsmouth; and with young Lord's vivacity and restless spirit of adventure, he must often have sailed down the Piscataqua in the lumber-laden barges with their lateen sails, or in the regular packet-boat, going to visit his aristocratic relatives in the large seaport. A visit to Boston at that date was a great affair, although stages ran between Portsmouth and Boston as early as 1761.

In the year 1825, an event occurred in the village which had a great effect upon the career of John Lord, and fixed the religious purpose of his life. Good old Parson John Thompson had been minister of the parish at South Berwick for more than fifty years. He was a most respectable and formal clergyman of the Arminian School, who rarely preached more than fifteen minutes, and whose sermons were generally moral essays rather than soul-awakening discourses. At last a colleague was settled with him, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, under whose ministrations a new meeting-house was built and a religious revival experienced. Very many people of the parish, young and old, "joined the church." A new religious interest had spread throughout New England, and was productive of most beneficial results. It gave a great stimulus to philanthropic movements, to education and moral reform. Several young men, when graduated from the

Berwick Academy, decided to go to college with a view of becoming ministers, and were aided by the American Education Society, which took its rise from the religious movement of the day. A new vitality animated the whole village. There were religious services nearly every day in the week, and social prayer-meetings took the place of "Dorcas" societies. Swearing and intemperance were now considered disgraceful, and gradually declined.

Such a state of things could not fail to make a deep impression on the susceptible nature of young Lord, although he did not unite with the church in Berwick until September 11, 1831, during his junior year in Dartmouth College. He was not sent to college at once, as his mother wished; because, as he says, he was "not thought to be a very promising scholar." After leaving the academy he went into a store, in Dover, N. H., where he "miserably failed," and was kindly discharged with a present of two volumes of Silliman's Journal. Among other careless acts during his apprenticeship, he had let the contents of a whole cask of molasses run over the cellar floor of the store. He then recommenced his studies at Berwick Academy under Mr. Ira Young, who assisted him faithfully in Greek and Latin, so that in the fall of 1829 he entered Dartmouth College, of which his uncle, Nathan Lord, was President.

Large space has thus far been given to the boyhood and young manhood of John Lord, in order to show the defective early mental training which handicapped him throughout his career. It may also be noted that the social and material conditions which surrounded his youth were not the most conducive to literary development. Yet, like many other young men brought up in rural homes, he maintained the healthy action of native gifts and kept his moral nature uncontaminated, until, after overcoming numerous obstacles, the direction given by his tastes and habits of reading led him to the rare attainment of a true historic spirit.

All his days he felt and regretted the lack of early, critical scholarship. He was frank to confess the absence of a love of profound inquiry. Notwithstanding these limitations, he became wise in discerning the unities of history, and was able to seize upon the fundamental truths, the vital elements, the prime factors in the world's progress. He grew to be a master of his art. For the necessity of painful scientific study he substituted an artistic faculty, by which the events and actors in the world's history are made, in marvellous perspective, to breathe and move like a new historic creation. Thus it sometimes happens that the mind of a pupil becomes a finer instrument than a pedagogue can fashion, and expands with the grandeur of the

subjects which it loves and studies. Add the skill of artistic finish, and the dry scholastic zeal of the few is supplemented by the distribution among the people of the acquisitions laboriously obtained by scientific research.

II.

COLLEGE LIFE.

THE principal influences under which John Lord passed the collegiate period came from the men whom he respected and to whom he looked up during his four years at Dartmouth College. Not that he received any great advantage from their instructions, or from the courses of study which they prescribed. He had little fondness for the ancient languages, the natural sciences, or mathematics. His pleasantest and most profitable days at Hanover were spent in reading history, when he was expected to be studying the allotted tasks. During his course he read all the great historians who had written in English, so far as he had access to their works. He also took extreme pains with his essays, and with such success that some of his classmates thought he must have stolen the best part of them.

The atmosphere of a seat of learning young Lord breathed with delight. The slender college library furnished food for his mental hunger, and some of the professors gave a spur to his ambition by their ex-

ample as men of noble aims and literary attainments. First of all stood Nathan Lord, the president, then in the height of his popularity and power. He had not yet broached his pro-slavery ideas, and was supreme in his influence. He commanded great reverence for his ability, wisdom, and piety; at the same time he was sympathetic, affectionate, and enjoyed a good joke when not thinking of his dignity as the head of a college.

The young collegian listened to the music of his uncle's tones in his interesting sermons, and felt the unction of his prayers. The president's insight into character was so penetrating that the student always accepted his strictures upon conduct as just, however severe they might have seemed. He was a disciplinarian rather than a teacher. He had a supreme contempt for what are called "instrumentalities," or organized methods for reforming the world. He was a rigid Calvinist, and accepted all the deductions to which that system logically led. In regard to slavery, he believed, in common with many religious leaders of the time, that the negro was the descendant of Ham and therefore accursed, fit only to be a slave; that as an inferior in race, his condition as a slave was preferable to that of freedom; in short, he was opposed to the action of the government during the Civil War of 1861–65, so that many of his old ad-

mirers and friends deserted and abused him. Firm in his own convictions and impatient of contradiction, he became unpopular. A Puritan of the Puritans except in his manners, which were polished, he grew cynical in his old age and pessimistic; and when he resigned the presidency of Dartmouth because of a vote of censure by the Trustees, he was presented by his friends with an annuity equal to his former salary. He had a very great influence over the mind of his nephew, John Lord, who, while revolting from many of his conclusions, was obliged to accept his reasonings.

Next to President Nathan Lord in intellect was Professor Roswell Shurtleff, whose department was that of philosophy and political economy. Already aged, he retained his dialectic skill, and delighted in driving his pupils into logical absurdities. He had great contempt for mediocrity, but was partial towards his favorites. Having much wit and humor, he told stories well; but unfortunately they were not always in good taste. He was a born punster, and hence was sometimes unwelcome to those who affect to despise puns. He was thrifty, took students to board for $1.75 a week, and was accustomed for years to wear an old blue broadcloth cloak, lined with velvet, — a full "circle," — the gift of a friend. He used large, round, green spectacles, like President Lord's, because of weak eyes. He was lazy, but a good logi-

cian, and in spite of his eccentricity impressed himself upon the students by the acuteness of his intellect. He took John Lord aside one day, and advised him to cultivate conversation in order to be able to express his opinions.

One of the most popular and marked men of the Faculty at that time was Professor Charles B. Haddock, afterwards *chargé d'affaires* at Lisbon, Portugal. He was regarded by the students as the beau-ideal of a gentleman. He was most gracious, dressed well, and was a good critic of rhetorical exercises, in which young Lord excelled. An accomplished man, yet not a deep thinker, he made polished sermons and beautiful speeches. Jeremiah Mason was once asked what he thought of a speech made by Haddock before the New Hampshire Legislature. "Well enough," said the great lawyer, with a grunt. "But do you not think it was equal to the occasion?" "Oh, yes, but [with an expletive] the occasion was nothing!" Professor Haddock was a nephew of Daniel Webster, who, when Secretary of State, sent him to Portugal; and it may be that in money matters — wherein he was proverbially careless — he copied his uncle's defects. However, he made a decided impression on the collegians, and gave them at least an idea of polite manners.

The college preacher was "a very dreary man by the name of Page, — almost ghostly." From his dull

sermons the students turned to the weekly meetings of Professor Benjamin Hale, the professor of chemistry, and a zealous Episcopalian who antagonized the rigid orthodoxy of the college chapel. The Faculty could not dismiss Professor Hale; but they abolished his professorship, one of the most impolitic acts under President Lord's administration. Similar to this was the dismissal of Professor Alpheus Crosby, the ablest Greek scholar of whom the college could boast, "because he did not believe in future infinite punishment, eternal misery for a finite sin, — a dogma based on what theologians then considered to be eternal justice." The professor in the Latin chair was Edwin D. Sanborn, of considerable linguistic attainments, very fluent, sometimes inconsequent in logic, but a fair thinker.

Under the teachings and discipline of these men, and those who came immediately after them, — Professors Putnam the great Greek professor, Chase the mathematician, Young the accomplished teacher of natural philosophy, and Brown the rhetorician, — the college reached a high plane of excellence and prosperity. Discipline was strict, religious life earnest, scholarship fair. Sunday was a *triste* day; students did not dare to take a walk, even to the cemetery. Card-playing at any time was a misdemeanor. Amusements were rough; football was almost brutal. There was

no gymnasium, and the chief diversion of the students was found in taking long walks. Many grew to be dyspeptic from eating hot bread, taking their meals hastily, and heeding the advice of Dr. Mussey, a surgeon of great repute, who inveighed against eating animal food because human teeth were not formed like those of dogs and lions.

Outside the Faculty, the only man of position in the town was Squire Olcott, a lawyer and capitalist. His home was attractive to students. His daughters were beautiful and accomplished. One of them married Rufus Choate; and another became the wife of Joseph Bell, a celebrated lawyer. The young lady who appeared to the Freshman eyes of John Lord as the incarnation of queenly attractions, a Juno and Minerva combined, was a Miss W——, who married Benjamin Curtis, the eminent jurist.

It was under all these academic and social influences that young Lord made good use of his collegiate days, learning to think for himself, and excelling in rhetoric and composition. His mind was also, during this period, turned to the ministry as a profession. As has been said, it was a time of extraordinary religious and moral excitement. Revivals had taken place in nearly all the towns of New England. The academies were crowded with young men who contemplated entering the ministry, but who had little or no means

of their own. The American Education Society and individual friends stood ready, however, to furnish aid to worthy candidates for the sacred profession. College life was not expensive. The extra expenses came by joining the so-called Literary Societies and travelling in vacation.

John Lord was sent to college, perhaps without definite views of a profession, and yet in accordance with his mother's strong desire that he might enter the ministry. His father could furnish him with little pecuniary aid; but a smart boy, more enterprising and self-denying than proud, could manage to get along by teaching district schools in vacations, leaving only a small debt at the end of the college course, which he would generally pay a few years after his graduation. The tailors and tradesmen were willing to wait patiently until they received the balance of their accounts, even if several years elapsed before the final settlement. They lost very little in the long run; for the students, pious and bent on knowledge, although sometimes thoughtless in money affairs, were mainly of a conscientious and honorable type.

With one or two exceptions, the classmates of young Lord who have won prominent positions in life were poor, and were aided either by benevolent societies or by friends. Of his thirty-three fellow-students, James Frederick Joy of Detroit, the valedictorian of his class,

became the eminent railway lawyer and president. John Worcester, of Burlington, and Joseph C. Bodwell, of Hartford, were able theologians and preachers. Edward Spalding, of Nashua, became one of the trustees of the college; Asa Fowler, of Concord, Judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; Frederick A. Adams, of Orange, N. J., one of the best teachers of the country and a great Greek scholar. Others might be mentioned who have been successful, if not famous.

In after years, Dr. John Lord, looking back over the record of those whom he knew in college and had followed throughout their career with interest, put on record his conclusion that "mere readiness in extempore speaking is a great snare."

"I believe," he writes, "that there is no such thing as extemporaneous speaking except the knack of uttering words. The great masters of pulpit power, as a general thing, either wrote their sermons — like Chalmers, Bushnell, Park, and Spring — or committed them in substance to memory, like Binney and Hall. Under any circumstances there must be laborious preparation, unless a man is a prodigy like Beecher or Phillips Brooks. But even such men are a sort of intellectual kaleidoscope; they have only to give their brain a twist, and out comes a beautiful picture, but with the same colors as all their other pictures. With such geniuses there is not apt to be a steady, intellectual

growth, culminating, by severe logical process, in grand, consistent, and permanent excellence; in masterpieces like Bossuet's and South's sermons, — the fruit of learning and study as well as a sort of inspiration.

"The famous speeches of Daniel Webster were all the result of previous, profound meditation, although apparently extempore; and so, probably, were the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, and Canning. I think even Mr. Gladstone would laugh at the idea of making speeches without severe preparation, except on very familiar topics which were mastered only by study at some time or other. I am told that even the after-dinner speeches of favorite orators are often sent to the newspapers before they are delivered. Wit and humor are not entirely spontaneous, and he who trusts to wine as a stimulus to the intellect leans on a broken reed. It is better to be a merely mechanical writer like Anthony Trollope, than to rely on spasmodic efforts when the physical system has been overtaxed. With rare exceptions, men who deliver political harangues say the same thing over and over again, with some modifications, like temperance lecturers. They earn fame very cheaply, as Wendell Phillips did with his lecture on The Lost Arts."

Mr. Lord himself never attempted to speak without preparation. He knew his limitations, and drew the

line at extempore speaking, — although occasionally he made happy hits in after-dinner speeches, or when asked beforehand to say a few words, with others, on anniversary or festive occasions. When, in later life, he preached for other clergymen, it was generally with the stipulation that they should officiate in all the devotional exercises. Once, when he preached at Edinburgh in the pulpit of a Mr. White, who was absent, he was informed that it was customary to pray for the Queen, and to give the long benediction at the end of the service. As a result, he forgot altogether the petition for Her Majesty, and ended with the shortest form of a benediction on record.

Like nearly all the undergraduates of his time, the young collegian was obliged to eke out his resources by keeping school during the long vacation in the winter, practically from Thanksgiving until March or April. The remuneration was ten or twelve dollars a month, and the teacher "boarded round," as the phrase was, in a dozen different houses in as many weeks. In the case of John Lord it was like putting a blooded colt into a dray, or setting a spirited hound on the trail of a chipmunk. It was a very exhausting business, and generally unfitted him for serious work in the spring term. "It was a very vulgar employment, subjecting one to association with ignorant people, and to great social and even physical privation and hardship. It

was also a most unsatisfactory way of spending time, — no study, no amusement, except in small gatherings to eat apples and nuts and to drink cider. There was no time even for reading; the drudgery of teaching lasted six hours each day, and there was no excitement but in making love to rude country girls who knew nothing outside the details of a very commonplace existence."

His first school was in a retired and forlorn district of the town of Plainfield, N. H., about twelve miles from Hanover, three miles from any church; as he boarded in twelve different families, staying three days at each place, he had considerable variety, if not much comfort. The houses were generally of one story and an attic, where the teacher slept. Cotton coverlets instead of blankets made him either too hot or too cold; the water froze in the dreary chamber, which was eight by ten feet in dimensions, so that he must wash either in the kitchen or at the pump with the other members of the family. The meals were absolutely execrable, — salt provisions with rye coffee, hot cakes, yellow with saleratus, and vegetables of the commonest sort, — except at Christmas-time, when hogs were killed and fresh pork attainable. Buckwheat cakes, not raised by yeast, were an occasional luxury. Once in a while an antediluvian goose or hen was killed, which lasted three days, being too tough to

be eaten easily. In the evenings, all were huddled around the kitchen fire, — the farmer, his wife, and three or four children, with plenty of perfume from the chicken-coop or barn-yard.

"I frequently had to walk two miles," he writes, "to the schoolhouse, with the thermometer down to zero. Every window and door let in cold draughts of air. Our faces were burned by the blazing logs in the vast chimney, and our backs were nearly frozen. In this atmosphere I performed my dreary and repulsive task of teaching those dirty children to read and spell. I generally took my dinner with me, as the recess was short, — doughnuts, pie (such as it was), and cheese. After the school-hours were over came the cold walk to a cottage more uncomfortable than the school-room, the only light being from tallow 'dips,' and the family uneducated, prejudiced, and vulgar. The hour of retiring was eight o'clock. Occasionally, after the ashes were raked over the embers, I would sit up talking till nine o'clock with the farmer's daughter. I well remember one of those red-faced girls who the next day at school, presuming on my courtesy the previous evening, behaved so disgracefully that I was compelled to punish her. I made a foolscap from an old newspaper and put it on her head, when she roared out, 'I say, master, if you try to disgrace me in this sort of way, I 'll put

you out of the window!' Thinking that she meant what she said, and that perhaps she might be able to do it, I let her go, and went that evening to another boarding-place."

Such was the unprofitable life of a college student trying to earn a little money. John Lord, however, never succeeded in bringing back to college more than ten dollars for a winter's work, the surplus having been spent in sleigh-rides and such amusements as came in his way. Some students were more fortunate, and perhaps more careful, finding more agreeable communities and saving more of their hard-earned money; but such a miserable experience disgusted young Lord with district school-teaching, and he spent the two following winter vacations profitably at home in Berwick.

In his senior year, however, he says, "I ventured on a private school for girls in Rutland, Vt., where the best families patronized me. I do not think I was very successful in teaching the girls, but I amused them by reading poetry and telling stories to them, and was quite popular with their parents, who were hospitable and kind. The money I received for tuition I spent in making presents to my favorite pupils, and in amusements which that interesting town afforded. I therefore returned to college as impecunious as when I left. It seemed to me that

every girl in the village was beautiful and bewitching; and as for the principal families, they were cultivated, intellectual, and wealthy. I was occasionally invited to elegant dinners at the homes of my richer pupils, and attended whist parties, then greatly in vogue. The Congregational minister was Mr. Walker, solemn and profound, — a relative of General F. A. Walker, now President of the Technological Institute in Boston. The fashionable people attended the Episcopal church. Everybody appeared to be in comfortable circumstances, and the town was beautiful in summer and in winter. Such a New England village is a thing of the past. It was in Rutland that I first felt the glow of lively and cultivated society, and had ambitious aspirations. The sleigh-rides, the oyster suppers, the social reunions, even the village prayer-meetings; the pompous manners of the rich, the independent positivism of the less favored; the fine horses, the brilliant girls who feared nobody and laughed at everybody, — all are indelibly impressed upon my memory. In Rutland I passed — to reduce Carlyle's expression from the spiritual to the social plane — out of the 'Everlasting Nay' into the 'Everlasting Yea.' I have visited the place several times since my college days, but its glory had fled."

Owing to this new experience, the student went back as a senior to college filled with dreams, and entered

upon a more expansive intellectual life, inspired by the noblest of all passions. He had seen life in some of its most attractive phases. The prizes of success had dazzled him, and he had found friends who esteemed him. He had also met one who assured him of her eternal love. Alas for the dreams of youth! The dreamer, full of imagination, ascribing to the idol of his worship qualities which no one woman under twenty years of age could possibly possess, soon saw the creations of his fancy dissolve into vapor. Her relatives also dissuaded the fair object of his affections from continuing the engagement with one whose prospects in life were far from hopeful; whose person was agreeable, conversation sparkling, and character above reproach, but whose improvidence in money matters, and independence in speech and manners, offered no great promise of happiness after the romantic stage was passed.

Turning afterwards to other objects of affection, as from time to time beautiful and accomplished young women crossed his path, a similar experience of ecstasy and enthusiasm was repeated, usually with a similar result. As with other gifted spirits whose fascinations attracted, while their own susceptible hearts became ensnared, these romantic episodes — and they were not infrequent in John Lord's young manhood — only served to enhance his reverence for

women, his belief in their mental capacity, his fondness for their society, and his desire for their approbation. After his marriage in more mature life, and even to old age, there was never in his heart the least disposition to disparage the womanly qualities which earlier had excited the yearnings that every noble young man feels in presence of the gentler sex.

In 1855, he wrote: "Oh, my friend, great are the women! my admiration for them perpetually increases, and thanks to an infinite God, he has given me many friends among the noble women of this land. Never had a man so many friends among women — all superior to himself." It was because of this honorable deference to the sex as a whole, and his devotion to the few who cast a spell upon him, that he was able to write of Paula, of Theresa, and even of Héloïse, in words beseeming a knight of chivalry, and yet in terms of sober truth. When he launched out in scathing invective against the follies of fashionable society, and flung his scornful periods at the proud and haughty dames who masqueraded in imperious selfishness, it was because these exceptions disturbed his ideal of all that was beautiful and good.

No wonder that so many of his auditors were women, and that they were among his firmest friends. It was fortunate that his earlier attentions to young women, honorable as they were to his heart, did not

lead to marriage and a settlement, which would have restrained his love of wandering and prevented him from gaining that wide acquaintance with men and foreign countries which has given tone and flavor to his writings. His vision of a humble parsonage and a loving wife, of which he often wrote in his diary, would, if fulfilled, have brought anything but happiness to his restless mind, and certainly would have turned aside the current of that enthusiasm for historical study which has made his life of great value to the world.

When he was graduated from Dartmouth in 1833, with no college honors and with not much more than a reputation for good fellowship and a knack at writing, he had but twenty dollars in his pocket; yet he determined that he would never call on his father, who was straitened in his circumstances, for another cent. His friends were somewhat disappointed with his college life, and his father even treated him with ironical disdain. His uncle, President Lord, however, called him "a child of Providence," and thought he would come out right at last.

Nothing disheartened, and able to laugh more loudly than any one else at the disparaging remarks made about him, he thought he would disarm his parents of their reproaches by walking home, one hundred miles, instead of paying five dollars for a ride on the lumber-

ing Concord stage. It turned out as he expected. Arriving miserably worn out by walking thirty miles a day on insufficient food, his condition excited so much compassion that he was most kindly received. He had proved that he had stamina and pluck, and his shortcomings were overlooked.

The youth was a favorite among the towns-people at Berwick, being able to entertain them with stories. He told them of Daniel Webster's visit at Hanover; of the enthusiasm among the students for that oracle and popular idol; also how he had gone into his uncle's parlor, where Webster and the president were conversing, and, receiving himself no notice whatever, had watched the great man's movements and listened to his words.

III.

ANDOVER, AND THE FIRST LECTURE TOUR.

THE young graduate soon grew weary of idleness at home, and having formed the purpose of becoming a minister, he went to Andover Theological Seminary before the term began, taking with him in his purse the twenty dollars which he had saved. The exact motives which led him to choose the clerical profession cannot be stated. He had been laughed at in college by some of the sceptical students as the man "with no doubts;" but he had maintained his religious feelings and convictions, and it was his mother's fervent wish that he might be a minister. At the Seminary very little money was needed to pay for board and tuition. The institution was on a charitable foundation, being a branch of Phillips Academy, — although at that time the branch was bigger than the tree, — and poor students could be launched into the ministry at small expense to themselves. The Education Society also assisted them with annual appropriations.

The first thing the young theologue did was to buy a Hebrew grammar, but the next thing, more charac-

teristic of him, was to order of a benignant tailor a cloak of blue broadcloth faced with velvet. Its price was fifty dollars. A Southern student with plenty of money and no brains wanted it, and bought it for forty-five dollars. With the proceeds of the sale young Lord felt as rich as a prince, and the next day ordered another cloak of the same pattern and cost. The tailor made a clear profit of twenty dollars on each garment, for he was paid six years afterwards both principal and interest. He never asked for the money, and said, when the bill was finally paid, that he had never lost a dollar by a student, who always paid sometime or other if he lived; and if he died, somebody else paid it for him.

"I was now lodged in a comfortable room," says Dr. Lord in his Reminiscences, written fifty years after, "with nothing to pay except for luxuries and a few comforts; for I unfortunately belonged to that class which could do without the comforts if the luxuries were provided. But the sixty-five dollars melted away by the end of the year; my postage cost me twenty-five dollars, as each letter was twenty-five cents. However, I borrowed no trouble and lived without a care, thanks to the founders of the Theological Seminary. I applied to be admitted as a beneficiary of the Education Society, but was rejected for the reason that I was supposed to be well enough off without aid; and,

moreover, I was not considered a very desirable candidate for the ministry, since my loud laughter and unbounded animal spirits gave scandal even in the Seminary. Those grave, dyspeptic, and wooden men who stood so high in the books of the Society, and who studied Hebrew as if they were fighting for their lives, had no high opinion of me, and whispered my delinquencies to the powers that ruled.

"My examination for admission as a student of theology was a miserable farce. The prescribed studies for the first or junior year were Greek and Hebrew. I had already nearly forgotten what little Greek I learned at college; and as for Hebrew, it was an abomination to me from first to last. It seemed to me to be useless unless one was a thorough master of it, or unless he intended to teach it; and finding it the greatest possible drudgery to attempt to learn even its rudiments, I gave it up with blended disgust and despair. Of course I brought upon myself the contempt and wrath of Professor Stuart, who taught this Oriental language with enthusiasm. He was the most laborious scholar I ever knew. He studied from breakfast till three o'clock, when he heard us recite. He gave literally no lectures, but heard lessons like a schoolmaster, saying at the same time many bright things. In his features he bore a striking resemblance to Cardinal Manning. He was ascetic, yet enthusiastic;

liberal in his judgments, but inclined to ride hobbies; a devourer of books, and a great German scholar. His exegetical talents and attainments were the admiration of ministers. He used to take long walks with students whom he liked. He never asked me to walk with him, or invited me to his house. He treated me in the class-room with ill-concealed disdain; I was seldom called upon to recite, and was asked the easiest questions, which I could not answer. At last his patience gave out, and he took me aside, when something like the following dialogue passed between us: 'Mr. Lord,' said he, 'you don't study Hebrew?' 'No, sir,' I replied, with a provoking grin which was anything but theological. 'How then do you manage to translate?' 'I interline my Hebrew Bible with the text of the English version.' That was too much. 'Young man,' said he, contemptuously and angrily, 'you would better leave the Seminary and content yourself with a very subordinate position in the ministry.' 'That is exactly what I would like,' I replied. 'I think that under the roof of a sensible minister, with the old-fashioned way of studying theology, I should stand a chance to learn something. Here, all is husks and dreariness. One is condemned to spend the best part of his time in boring through the shell without ever reaching the kernel.' 'Young man,' said he, interrupting me, 'you may be excused;

I have an engagement,' — and he strode away at the rate of five miles an hour.

"This was a man whose learning and genius I admired, and who could be most agreeable and interesting when it pleased him to be so. He had a natural contempt for dunces, and took me for one. His very success was based on the fault of overrating his special branch of instruction. He magnified his office, and was the best Hebrew scholar of his day. On the whole, in spite of the occasional sophistry with which he argued certain points, he was generous, magnanimous, religious, and devoted heart and soul to maintaining the Orthodox faith. He was an enthusiastic champion of the Church catholic, but looked upon Christmas as a Popish festival founded on a Pagan custom, and would give raisins and water instead of wine at the Lord's Table, because he dreaded even the taste of wine.

"So far as the prescribed course was concerned, my first year at Andover was wasted; but it was a fruitful year in other respects. I had ample leisure for reading. History was a perpetual consolation and joy to me. At that time Thomas Carlyle was famous for his essays in the various Reviews, and I seized upon everything that came from his pen. He gave my mind a new stimulus, and opened to me a new world. To no writer am I more indebted than to him, in

spite of his abominable style and his unsatisfactory conclusions. He is not an historical guide, but is most remarkable for his word-painting. He is an artist in epithets, — a man born to call names and hurl anathemas at those he dislikes.

"At this period Carlyle was not a pessimist. His 'Sartor Resartus' I think his greatest production and the germ of his philosophy. It had the same effect on my mind that Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection' had on advanced and liberal students of philosophy. This last work, however, was too hard reading for me, although I saw but did not feel its genius, — even as Coleridge himself saw rather than felt the glories of Nature. Coleridge stimulated my mind. I honored him for the same reason that I worshipped Carlyle, — for the subjective wisdom that he taught: that a man's soul is greater than his clothes, that is, his outward surroundings and the accidents of birth and position. Yet Carlyle, in an important sense, is also objective in his genius, as in his painting of Mirabeau. But it was the inner life he revealed to me — the aspirations of the soul, the glorious realities of the spiritual world, the exalted Platonism which stands out in his earlier writings — that elevated my mind. What is grander in literature than the experiences of the neglected and eccentric Teufeldsdröck, emerging from his unrest and doubt into the placid realms of faith and love!

"The literary sins of Carlyle at this period were not cynicism and contempt, which deplorably marked the later periods of his life. All that was great in humanity was his admiration. I fairly raved over him, and he was an oracle to me; for then he idolized strength only when associated with great ends. Besides, he was so tolerant of human infirmities, and had such pity for the weak, when weakness was allied with greatness, as in the case of Burns. I did not find many to sympathize with me in my reverence for the genius of Carlyle. Most readers were disgusted with his conceits, obscurities, and eccentricities, and wondered what there was to admire in him. I do not believe that he was ever truly popular. When he became the fashion, these adverse critics held their peace; but when the current of criticism turned against him for his idolatry of strength, his glorification of scoundrels, his haughty disdain of philanthropic efforts and of little men in power, his unbounded cynicism and general abuse of everybody and everything, even of those who were lights in the world, then these same critics joined in the 'hue-and-cry' against the greatest original genius of the century. He never will be read again with the interest and enthusiasm that he first excited among a certain class of students, since both sides of his character and philosophy are now revealed. As an authority, he has passed away,

except for careful and diligent accuracy in those facts which go to sustain his theories, as in the case of Frederick the Great. When the essays on Burns, Goethe, and Richter were written, his better instincts and his loftier thoughts only were revealed.[1]

"I admired Macaulay as much as I reverenced Carlyle. He too gave me a great intellectual stimulus; but he stimulated another class of faculties. He was as objective as Carlyle was subjective. He painted the outer man as Carlyle did the inner man. I never felt that he was profound, that he was a master of the hidden wisdom, — like Augustine or Pascal or Leighton, — or that he was even capable of appreciating the genius of some of the greatest masters of human thought; but his word-paintings seemed to me to be magnificent and unrivalled. I still think him the greatest literary artist that the century has produced, — a master of style, which alone will make him immortal. He gave reliable facts, but twisted these facts to prove his case. He was a special pleader, and as apt to give wrong impressions as right of those who did not belong to his party. He is the least candid but the most brilliant of

[1] At a meeting held Feb. 22, 1895, in the Mansion House, London, to favor the purchase of Carlyle's house in Chelsea, Mr. Bayard, United States minister to England, said: "If I were asked what three English writers had done the most good during the last half century, I should say Thomas Arnold, Thackeray, and Carlyle." — A. S. T.

historical painters. No one before him, and no one after him, has made the quarterly Reviews so readable and so fascinating. I devoured every article he wrote as the greatest of mental banquets. It is doubtful if I should have admired him so much had he written on other subjects alone, to the neglect of history. It was as an historian that he was so charming to me; not as a statesman or poet or orator, or even as a critic.

"St. Beuve, and sometimes Jeffrey, charm as critics, not however for their style or wit. They give us real likenesses, the good and evil as they are, — although Jeffrey, when he was severe, was apt to be savage. Both were tolerant and inclined to see the good rather than the evil, but pointed out with marvellous fidelity essential peculiarities; so that they impress us in the main as being truthful expounders of what is remarkable, rather than as special pleaders or artful exhibitors, — men who wrote for truth's sake rather than to make a point or gain admiration. This is the greatest praise that can be given to any writer, sacred or secular, historical or philosophical, — that the idol of his soul is truth, and that everything is to be sacrificed to truth as the ultimate power of the world, that to which all things shall bow. This is the great power and charm in Coleridge, as it is in Bacon, and will make their authority venerable in

after ages. The Germans worship Goethe for this rare excellence; and so far as they are right in their estimate of him he will remain an oracle, while one-sided or partial men, however gifted, brilliant, and admired, will be forgotten as the guides of human thought.

"The works of Isaac Taylor, then a prominent English writer, semi-historical and semi-theological, introduced into this country by President Wheeler, of Burlington, I also greatly enjoyed. But he was too prejudiced and narrow to excite much enthusiasm. His 'Ancient Christianity,' though powerful and learned, had not enough of the catholic element to be long valued. Other works of this able writer are now mostly forgotten. How few are the writers that live in their works longer than a single generation! And yet what is valuable in them is reproduced, and lives in other forms, as in philosophical speculations.

"Cousin was then a great authority in the schools of philosophy. He still lives in the teachings of his followers. Valuable thoughts never die, but we attribute them to different authors."

Before the first year closed at Andover, in the spring of 1834, young Lord, for lack of funds, was obliged to leave and teach school for a time. He went first to Windham, Connecticut, as master in a select school. The weather was very hot; he made

little money, and found teaching "an awful bore." Several gentlemen in Windham admired his abilities, and invited him to give the Fourth of July oration. Here he made the acquaintance of Lafayette S. Foster, afterwards Senator and acting Vice-President of the United States (1865), after Lincoln's assassination. This acquaintance ripened into a friendship which lasted through life. Here also he met a young lady in whom he became interested, and with whom he played chess, rode horseback, and read sentimental poetry. After leaving Windham in the summer of 1834, he opened a school in Norwich, Connecticut. Among his pupils were the sons of the Rev. Seth B. Paddock, both of whom became bishops in the Episcopal Church, — B. H. Paddock, Bishop of Massachusetts; and John A. Paddock, Missionary Bishop of Olympia, Washington. He came near having the son of the Congregational minister of the town, who cautiously insisted, however, on hearing the scholars in the new school recite their Latin lesson before he decided on sending his own son. That son never was sent! Although the school opened with forty boys, somehow or other it melted away in his hands, and he concluded that teaching was not his vocation. He gave up the school the following spring, and returned to Andover with no more money than when he went away.

In Norwich he did not read or study much, but spent his leisure time with the ladies or in playing chess. At this time he learned to smoke. Cuban cigars were only three cents apiece for choice brands. For the remainder of his life, he smoked more or less, — his choice being a meerschaum pipe filled with mild tobacco, with a long cherry stem. In middle and later life his pipe accompanied him wherever he went, — in his study and when he drove out; on his journeys, at home and abroad, — proving, to his own satisfaction at least, that some men can smoke habitually without harm. His father smoked before him, and lived till he was ninety-three.

Returning to Andover in the spring of 1835, he was received by the authorities in spite of his delinquencies; and two forms of drudgery were henceforth banished from his life, — pedagogy and the study of Hebrew. "I felt like a free man," he writes, "when the fall term opened and I entered upon the middle year, when theology was the chief study. The Professor of Theology was Leonard Woods, a benignant old gentleman, full of the milk of human kindness, considerate and charitable. He was a very able theologian of the Old School, clear as crystal in his style and statements. He got over knotty points with great adroitness. Everything was true to him 'in a certain sense.' When we asked him puzzling

questions, the old dialectician was always ready with his answer, which silenced if it did not satisfy us. He had mastered the whole system of theology according to Calvin, whose faults certainly did not consist in being illogical. Dr. Woods was very simple in his habits, very economical and plain in his dress. His coats were made by a tailoress, and hung loosely about him. Such a man was not likely to be duly appreciated by the students, who always have an eye for the ludicrous. They mimicked the tones of his voice, and told stories of his parsimonious ways, until the old professor quite lost his popularity, in spite of his piety and disinterested devotion to the interests of the Seminary. It was he who made every effort to secure the acceptance of the chair of Rhetoric in the Seminary by Professor Edwards A. Park, then a young man of thirty and a teacher in Amherst College.

"Professor Park, in his new position at Andover, became the idol of the young men, — a most brilliant and exciting preacher, but not in harmony with the Old School doctrines of Dr. Woods. He never directly attacked the venerable theologian, as Abélard did Anselm, but he turned his teachings into ridicule. I remember a series of sermons which Professor Park preached on the Law, which were of extraordinary power and carried everything before them. On the retirement of Dr. Woods, Professor Park succeeded

him in his chair of Theology; but the earliest and brightest laurels of Professor Park were won as a rhetorician. He gave a greater impulse to sacred oratory than to theology, — that class of dogmas which the Seminary was founded to advocate and support. His influence was directed for many years to building up the New School doctrines, such as were advocated by Dr. Taylor of New Haven, a sort of semi-Pelagianism; and never, since Abélard, have they had a more potent and popular defender. I have the impression that in his old age, startled at the conclusions to which his doctrines logically led, Professor Park fell back on the old dogmas which he had so ably combated.

"The two most profitable years of my life were those when I sat under the instructions of Drs. Woods and Park, both of whom, the latter in particular, gave great stimulus to my mind. I was not much of a theologian, but I took unwearied pains with my compositions. I wrote and rewrote, and had my reward, — the reputation of being a good writer. I laid the foundation of my style, which, whether good or bad, has alone given me what success I may have earned. And when I left the Seminary I had a respectable rank, both as a speaker and a writer. My classmates used to criticise me severely; but on one occasion they were rebuked by the Professor, who said that I erred from excess of vivacity, which would

hold me up when I was older. Of course I paid great attention to history, which was an increasing delight. The Professor of History at Andover, Dr. Emerson, was not gifted in his department, though a most sensible and very catholic man. His standard authority in church history was Milner, whom I put in the same category with Scott the commentator, — very sound, doubtless, but inartistic, uninspiring, commonplace, gauging everything by the evangelical standard, and respectable in platitudes. Church history at that time was regarded as an accomplishment rather than as a necessity for a clergyman. Dr. Emerson's teaching made it uncommonly dull.

"There were two things which the Theological Seminary overlooked or undervalued, — ecclesiastical history, which really embraces all theological knowledge, and electrical force in public speaking: this latter was called 'unction' by the old ladies of that day. A minister without this force can never command a lofty position. He may have a reputation for learning and sanctity, but he will certainly fail as a popular preacher. It is a gift more of the physical than the intellectual faculties. Professor Park, with all his intellect, had this force in an extraordinary degree; hence, the great contrast between his written and his spoken sermons. The same may be said of Chrysostom, Savonarola, Whitefield, and Beecher. Learning

and scholarship go for little in the pulpit without this gift of tongues. It is their indifference to this art which makes the English clergy of the Established Church such wretched speakers.

"The impulse, or notion, or inspiration, came over me in my second year to write a course of lectures on the Dark Ages. Those lectures, as first written, were a sort of rhapsody on the benefits which the Church conferred on civilization in times of superstition and darkness. There was no originality, no profound criticism in them, but they were fresh and enthusiastic. I wrote them partly because I enjoyed the excitement of composition, and partly because I hoped to be able to make some money by them, which I needed very sorely at that time. School-teaching had failed, and I resolved to try teaching in another form. The whole thing was presumptuous, for an ungraduated student to attempt to enlighten the community on one of the most complicated and profound subjects of history. But lecturers were springing up, and there were numerous Lyceums, so called, in the larger towns. Even great men were setting the fashion of lecturing; among them were Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, — and others who lectured occasionally, not as professional lecturers, but for the pleasure of it. Lectures were a novelty which arrested public atten-

tion. I did not dare to lecture in New England, for fear of the critics; but I thought I would go to the West, and deliver what I had prepared with considerable labor. In fact, I neglected all other studies to prepare these lectures. I read everything that was accessible in English or in English translations, — Schlegel, Guizot, Lamartine, Barrington, Niebuhr, Carlyle, Macaulay, Maitland, Mackintosh, Bayle's Dictionary, Oxford Essays, Lives of the English Saints by Newman, and all the standard histories covering the period, especially those by Hallam, Gibbon, Neander, and Mosheim."

In September, 1836, John Lord started on a lecturing tour of two or three months, including ten weeks of the regular term at Andover. It was his first venture in the line of his life-work, — a bold, hazardous experiment, but characteristic of the man, who, by the same spirit of undaunted courage, joined with unusual tact and business ability, won at last the rewards which his pluck and industry merited. Had his literary skill and historical knowledge been far less than they actually were, he would have succeeded as a writer. This earliest attempt shows that he would have somehow acquired distinction in letters His rank would have been a fair if not a famous one among the literary men of his time. It was to be a hard struggle in the particular province he had chosen,

but he buckled on his armor with all the ardor of a true knight-errant.

He set out for the West. "The West" in those days meant New York State as well as Ohio. He had only his five lectures on the Dark Ages, "none of which," he says, "was ever published or deserved to be." A friend, Samuel E. Coues, of Portsmouth, lent him a hundred dollars without security, since he had none to offer. He bought a new suit of a tailor, "on tick of course," and carried his famous cloak of blue broadcloth faced with velvet. What he lacked for the enterprise was knowledge and experience; but their place was supplied by hopefulness, pluck, and boundless audacity.

On his way to the West, young Lord visited a college classmate named Worcester, an assistant instructor at Burr Seminary, Manchester, Vt. By this friend's kind offices he was permitted to give the lectures to the students, and received fifteen dollars, — his first earnings as a lecturer. So he "drank of the brook by the way, and lifted up his head," like the warrior in the Psalm. That he lifted it up pretty high for a young adventurer is seen in the fact that he at once started for Troy, N. Y. Of all places in the world for an unfledged student to carry his literary wares, and especially five lectures on the Dark Ages, Troy at that time was the most unpromising. Young Lord

had no letters of introduction, but he knew that three college classmates lived there. One was a lawyer, another had a private school; and they introduced him to a firm of lawyers about his own age, bustling, energetic men, who took a fancy to him and gave him a note to their minister, Dr. N. S. S. Beman.

This clergyman was "a character, rough, hard, and overbearing," at least so he seemed to the applicant for his patronage; "a bulldozer, who ought to have been a politician from his tact in managing men. His face was a perpetual scowl. He was a great preacher in his day, but far from being learned" This great man received Mr. Lord brusquely, and in order to get rid of him bowed him out rather unceremoniously, but gave him a note to Mrs. Emma Willard, whose "Memoirs" Dr. Lord afterwards wrote, and who then had a fashionable school for young ladies called the Troy Female Seminary. Mrs. Willard was one of the pioneers of the higher female education in this country, a contemporary with Mary Lyon, but perhaps not her equal in genius or elevation of sentiment. She was, however, very popular, commanding in appearance, fine looking, and had considerable social prestige. She was a friend of Lafayette and of many distinguished people, kind-hearted, generous, ambitious, egotistical, and fond of social distinction.

She had written a "Universal History," which had a good circulation in the schools.

She received the young lecturer with great pomposity at first, and was inclined to snub him; but she soon became favorable, even took a liking to him, being amused with his eccentricities, egotisms, and enthusiasms. The first lecture was given in the basement of the Town Hall. Mrs. Willard came with twenty-five of her girls and her teachers, — the latter attending on the free list. One of the teachers was Miss Hudson, who afterwards married John Willard, and succeeded her mother-in-law as preceptress of the school.

No prominent clergyman came to the lectures excepting Dr. Tucker, who gave the lecturer a testimonial which was of use to him at that stage of his career. Some young lawyers were present, and some fashionable ladies, so that the lecturer was quite pleased with his apparent success, though he received more praises than dollars. He did not quite pay his expenses after staying three weeks in the city. At Waterford he cleared twenty-five dollars in a week, and then went to Albany, where he lost twenty dollars, instead of making a hundred as he had expected. In Schenectady, he gave but one lecture to the college classes, as the students would not subscribe for a course, although recommended to do so by President Eliphalet

Nott and Professor Potter. Dr. Nott took a liking to the lecturer, and made quite an impression upon him, both as a scholar and a fine gentleman, — his epigrammatic sentences appearing to have great force in them. He was the first man of note John Lord had met who seemed unconscious of his superiority. He was a great financier, manager, and executive officer; he made Union College known throughout the land, and launched it upon a successful career. His fame is as one of the great American educators, but he was also a brilliant pulpit orator, a remarkable mechanical genius and inventor, and a man of commanding influence, especially in New York State, alike with the people and the legislature. Nevertheless, he has left nothing that will be read, except perhaps his eulogy on Alexander Hamilton after the fatal duel. Professor Potter was more stately and dignified, cold but kind, and seemed to labor for the good of the college and mankind in general. His testimonial to the merit of the lecture which he heard was of great use. He afterwards left Union College to become Bishop of Pennsylvania.

Young Lord continued his tour with varied fortune, leaving the "stupid old Dutch town" of Schenectady with but twenty dollars in his purse. He was half inclined to turn back, as the term at Andover had but begun. Meeting at the railroad station his former

landlord from Norwich, to whom he owed money, he divided his twenty dollars with him, and so, in a reckless mood, took the next train for Utica. He found congenial society in Utica, and was especially cheered by the sympathy of a young lady to whom he had formerly been attached, but who was then engaged to be married, and who had unbounded faith in his success. Encouraged by her admiration for his talents, he determined to lecture in the town. He engaged a room at a boarding-house, and the boarders soon took an interest in his scheme. None of them thought that he was impecunious, as he wore good clothes and was very lively, cheerful, and entertaining.

After two weeks of preparation and suspense he announced his first lecture. It was a rainy evening, and people were interested in a coming election. The lecture was postponed to another day, when it rained again; but he went on and gave the whole course. He had worked so hard to insure success, and had been introduced to so many of the best people, that the lectures were not a failure, although in a financial way he made only enough to pay his board and expenses. Many, however, were the friendships he had formed among the cultivated families of the city, and when he visited Utica in after years he found they had not forgotten him.

His lecturing experience thus far had not been particularly encouraging, but he had now no idea of giving up so long as he had health. Therefore, after receiving testimonials from some very respectable persons in Utica, he pushed on to Clinton, N. Y., with the purpose of giving his lectures to the students of Hamilton College. He always drew his bow for the highest mark. The President of the college, Rev. Dr. Perry, was most courteous. He treated the young lecturer almost as an equal. He asked his opinion about historical text-books of which Lord had never heard, and offered him every facility for giving his lectures. But the students were poor, and it was near the end of the term; so that the lectures were given in the village, two miles from the college, in the basement of the Presbyterian church.

The clergyman, Rev. Mr. Chase, was very helpful, and the lectures proved to be a success. When the course was finished, Mr. Chase took Mr. Lord to his house, and kindly but seriously said to him: "Mr. Lord, you are not well. If you do not take care of your cold you will have a fever. We are all agreed that you must not go on with your lecturing. You are wasting your time and talents, and ought to be fitting for your profession. Your talents are too respectable for you to be frittering them away as a lecturer, even if you were well. You must go back to

Andover. I have already written to Dr. Woods, and all will be right."

So the next morning he saw the young man into the stage for Utica. There Lord called on a valued friend, a lady, who perceived that he was very ill. The fourteen weeks of uncertainty, labor, and excitement had exhausted him. She kept him a week at her house, and nursed him till he was able to proceed on his journey. It was a dreary and uncomfortable ride from Utica to Albany in confined cars, very unlike those of later days. From Albany to Hudson the stage-ride was rough, and it took nine hours to go thirty miles. At the hotel the passengers slept on sofas without being refreshed, and the next day took a steamboat for New York. The time to the city was twenty-four hours, and the larder was insufficient. From New York the journey was by boat, *via* Providence, to Boston.

Finally young Lord, a sadder and a wiser but in no-wise a discouraged man, arrived safely at Andover, was warmly greeted by his classmates, and kindly taken back by the Faculty. The lecture tour was regarded by the students as a very presumptuous undertaking, and some doubted the version given of it by their plucky classmate. Several were cynical, and a few envious. For a student to have lectured publicly without disgrace or failure was unusual, to say the

least. At any rate, soon after Lord returned to the Seminary he was invited, half seriously and half ironically, to deliver his introductory lecture on the Dark Ages in the chapel. The room was full. All the professors were present except Professor Stuart. No one ever made a comment on that lecture to the lecturer; but he was afterwards treated with more respect by his fellows, and was soon invited to give the same lecture at the Lyceums of Haverhill, Lowell, Newburyport, and Portsmouth, where he received some money and *éclat*, and many advised him to give up his clerical profession, and become a literary man.

The last year at Andover, however, proved to be the most improving year of Lord's life thus far, under the teaching of Professor Park, to whom he has declared himself indebted for more intellectual help than he ever received from any other man. That year was a most delightful one to him. The studies were congenial; he was allowed to read as much history as he pleased; his new class had in it some very promising men, — especially F. A. Adams, Gilman Brown, Thacher Thayer, and James Meacham. He had now also plenty of money, thanks to an old uncle and a rich cousin, who lent him what he wanted; and finally he was graduated respectably from the Seminary, giving at Commencement an essay on "The Natural

Elements of Character of the Teutonic Barbarism." Professor Stuart, however, who still looked upon him with disfavor, left the stage when he "spoke his piece." He was, with the other members of his class, duly licensed to preach, and left the Seminary with high hopes and with friendships which continued through life.

He was then twenty-five years of age, in splendid health and with unbounded animal spirits, but with no reputation for Biblical scholarship and no great chances for an eligible pulpit. His motto at that time was not "Leo est in via." but "Possunt quia posse videntur." He was a vivacious, witty, fascinating young fellow, whom most girls found irresistible, and about whom he said, "It is wicked to sport; it is dangerous to be serious." He could tell a good story and was a brilliant conversationalist, although he declared that he was "like the cow that gave a good pail of milk, but generally kicked it over." He was not averse to gossip, and wrote on one occasion in 1836: "The world may say what it pleases about gossipping, but it is a luxury which only lazy folks know how to enjoy. I never saw a gossip who was not warm-hearted and frank; he shows the worst side out. But by gossip I don't mean maliciousness. I only mean freedom to 'out with' what one feels. There is an honesty and confidence

about it which indicates an unsophisticated and simple nature. For this reason the tender sex are the greatest gossips. Men are cold and prudent. The only trouble," he added, naïvely, "is when a woman retails my gossipy remarks as honestly as she does her own."

After a visit to New York, his first sight of the great city as it was in 1837, he says, "The commercial spirit runs through the whole structure of its society. Men of literary taste however get much attached to it, even as Johnson did to London. A city residence makes a man modest. If you are distinguished for anything, you will find in that department men bigger than yourself."

Another side of his nature also appears as we read among his papers: "Sometimes the question arises, what am I best fitted for, and what state of society am I best adapted to? I am inclined to think that active life agrees with me the best. I should die in an obscure country village. A clergyman? He must be a spiritual man. He deals in spiritual matters. There is a craving, too, in every etherealized mind for something spiritual which a world-mind cannot understand. A spiritual being need not be orthodox, but must be religious, must hold converse with something above him, — with God. He must be abstracted from the tangible."

These are not very profound meditations, but they show the bent of his thought, gay or serious, in this early stage. At that period he was also a shrewd observer, and had a good insight into character. Of a married couple, persons of some prominence, he wrote: "He has some principles of honor which he cannot with any consistency renounce. He will do a favor when pushed to it, but seldom unless it accords with his interests, seldom voluntarily. Next to himself he cares for his wife; and there is wherein he is right, for nobody else will. But her he cannot love cordially. She has not the elements of character to secure respect from anybody. It is not in her to call forth love, or to love. He does not love her, he cannot; but he is used to her, and he will take care of her. He is always teasing her, and she is always acting like a fool to excite his spleen. He is far from being happy in her society, and she is far from being happy in any society. He has mental resources and can live. She has absolutely nothing before her but ennui, chagrin, and gloom, because she cannot live without others and others cannot live with her. And yet she is clever when she takes the notion: she has a kind of hospitality and kindness, but no cultivation. He is shrewd, sensible, witty, apt, enterprising, and virtuous. If his wife had any gumption, he would entertain much more company."

What a true picture of many a childless, unloving pair! These criticisms of people who have long passed away were never intended for any eye but his own; yet they are true of so many, and show their young writer's power of discernment so sharply, that they rightly find a place here.

IV.

PEACE-AGENT AND PASTOR.

AFTER leaving Andover in the summer of 1837, John Lord paid a visit to a relative in Maine. He took steamer from Boston to Portland; thence he went to Minot in Maine, where his uncle, William Ladd, the "Apostle of Peace," the President of the American Peace Society, lived in comfortable circumstances, if not in affluence. Here the newly fledged clergyman exercised his gifts in preaching for ministers in the neighborhood, attended a conference where his uncle made an abolition speech and a Mr. Thurston took the ultra-ground for Peace.

John Lord realized at Minot for the first time that he was alone in the world, — no longer under governors and masters, except as public opinion might be for him the most intolerable of rulers; and thus he soliloquized: "Well, the world is before me, where to choose my place, and Providence alone is my guide. I have left the beautiful Eden of professional study. I have no companion in labor, and nothing to do. Good-by

to life for the sake of enjoyment. My object henceforth must be labor, — hard labor. But in this there is pleasure, because it is duty. Man was made to work, and it is good for him."

It was while he was in this state of mind that his uncle, who really embodied in himself the American Peace Society and furnished it with most of its funds, made him an offer to become its agent. This remarkable old gentleman had boundless enthusiasm for the cause, was never daunted by failure, and felt himself identified with a grand work. In his nephew, to whom he took very kindly, he saw the possibilities of a successful pleader, and urged him to write on the subject of Peace. The three lectures and the sermon which resulted from this overture pleased William Ladd, General Agent and President A. P. S., so much that on the 13th of October, 1837, he commissioned the writer of them "to act as agent for said Society, particularly in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire; and generally, wherever Providence may direct your steps." This roving commission entitled the bearer to lecture on the subject of Peace, and empowered him *to take up collections*, to give life memberships, — for laymen at thirty dollars, and for clergymen at twenty dollars, — and to procure subscribers to the "Advocate of Peace," whose subscriptions were to be paid *always in advance*. There were various other duties and

privileges attached to the agency, such as forming auxiliary "male and female" societies. Lord was to be entitled to one dollar per day and expenses as the agent's salary, which he was expected to collect as he went along, returning the balance of collections to the treasury of the Association.

With some reluctance, yet relying on his uncle's generosity and his own growing interest in the cause, the new agent set forth, hoping to do his duty and to pay off the debts contracted in obtaining his education. "I like peace well enough," he wrote, "but I cannot bear to itinerate as a mere lecturer. I want to settle down. But peace is a great subject; and the more I contemplate it, the more it grows."

In those days people liked the discussion of subjects of Reform; and the larger the themes the better they liked them. Even the Quaker position of absolute non-resistance was not wholly unpopular with many. The logical sequences did not affect the fascination of advocating the principle. The Temperance advocate and the Abolition orator were upheld in their extreme opinions, and some ministers could be induced to lend their pulpits to such on the score of philanthropy. As for the Peace orators, people accepted their doctrines languidly unless aroused by wit or eloquence to laugh or applaud. All they supposed to be

meant by a peace advocate was that "Peace is a good thing: still, if we must fight, we must." In the same way our Puritan ancestors were interested in such questions as predestination and free-will, with an underlying impression that faith consisted in large measure in intellectual assent.

In order to excite popular interest in the Peace question, it was necessary to denounce war as wholesale murder, and therefore wicked, whatever the cause for which the battles are fought. This necessarily undermined the principle of self-defence. A new issue, therefore, must be taken, purely dialectical; namely, whether one may defend his own life when in imminent peril. Such a question, under certain circumstances and with a certain class of minds, is interesting, especially when the authority of the Bible is invoked to settle it; but it has no practical results. The only interest the Peace Society created was with reference to purely abstract questions. Even the discussion of Peace principles cannot continue to awaken the public mind, unless some great practical scheme is advanced, — such as a Congress of Nations, or an International Court of Arbitration.

However, John Lord began his service as a Peace agent with considerable zeal and a genuine interest. His uncle employed him with a hint or intimation, which was interpreted to mean that as he had no

children his nephew would be his heir. Lord's father advised him to accept the offer, as a better opening than a country parish.

The agent's first experience was at Fryeburg, a little village on the Saco River, in Maine. He preached on Sunday and gave two lectures during the week, and the people gave twenty dollars to make their minister a Life Member. He had a grand view of the "Notch" of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and stayed at the old Fabyan House three days. Then he enlightened Littleton, Haverhill, Brattleboro, Jaffray, and other places on the great theme which he had elaborated in his lectures. He found some sympathy and little money; was sometimes heartily sick of the subject, the agency, and the business, and sometimes cheered by meeting old friends, and being cordially welcomed by ministers who were glad to yield their pulpits for a Sunday for any subject, as a relief to their own overtaxed brains. The agent seldom enjoyed the luxury of a hotel. Usually he proceeded at once to the house of the parish minister. Occasionally he was invited by a layman to the best house in the town, where he found cultivated men and women, easy in conversation and lofty in their ideals. As a general thing he was well fed, nothing being too good for a young minister, and when ill or discouraged was carefully tended and nursed back to health. He was often the guest of a

minister for three days or a week, and spent nearly the whole of two years among farmers, mechanics, country lawyers, and merchants, trying to convert them to the doctrines of Peace. He had also two "Gospel" sermons, which he called his "Leanness of Soul" sermon, and his "Law of Love." If the people cared little for his Peace lectures, they did care for his discourses; they were polite to him; they invited him to their homes. This was the pleasant side of his work. On the reverse side of the shield one may read the lukewarmness or absolutely repellent attitude of some of the clergy in the larger towns; the lethargy of the people towards the cause; the difficulty and the distastefulness of raising money by personal solicitation; the misery of "browsing on barren hills among rural people with small means, and the temptation to give up the whole business." In cold weather the agent was half buried in snowdrifts on the highways, enduring all sorts of privations, and finding it hard work to raise ten dollars a week after four days of canvassing for the "Advocate of Peace." He was a book-agent and a lecturer combined in one.

When, however, in the spring of 1838, the agent selected Worcester, Mass., as the centre of his field, he found the towns in the vicinity alive for the discussion of his theme. He was taken up by the Rev. David Peabody, afterwards Professor of Rhetoric at

Dartmouth, and by Mr. Peabody's wealthy parishioners in Worcester, where he lectured on the Dark Ages, as well as on Peace. He preached for Evangelicals and Unitarians alike, and was commended for his liberal views. He went to the courts of law and heard Allen, Merrick, and Washburn plead. Worcester was then to him what Rutland had been in his college days. At the town of Westminster he met the Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, whose letters to him in after years were full of friendship and respect. Amasa Walker, of Boston, one of the Executive Committee of the Peace Society, invited Mr. Lord to make an address at the Anniversaries in Boston in June. It was at one of these anniversary meetings (in New York, however) that Henry Ward Beecher first attracted marked attention. On these occasions everybody was ready to listen to everybody on any question whatsoever. The Marlboro Hotel was headquarters, and the convention hall was crowded with excited women and country ministers. It was a jubilee of philanthropy. Such was the condition of affairs when the Rev. John Lord delivered his maiden speech in Boston, as one of the Reformers, in the spring of 1838.

After canvassing the New England field allotted to him as Peace Agent he made a tour in the West, revisiting the places where he had lectured while

a student at Andover. He found congenial auditors among the members of the Young Men's Christian Associations, then springing up over the land. He also found time to read history, and wrote from Utica that he had finished reading the complete history of Europe, from the beginning of the Christian era. "My happiest hours," he writes, "for the past four years have been spent in meditating on the pages of Gibbon, Hallam, Hume, Robertson, Sismondi, Russell, and multitudes of other authors; but I have only entered on the threshold of knowledge."

March 18, 1839, he was at Batavia, N. Y., forty miles from Buffalo, and five hundred miles from home, with but twenty-five dollars in his pocket, and that going fast. He was jaded and exhausted. He managed to keep on; but having met at Auburn "a religious, half-witted lecturer on Babylon, who by the aid of a magic lantern netted two hundred dollars a month," he became depressed and disgusted. Clouds thickened about him. He was getting the Society deeper and deeper in debt, and was himself in debt besides. He saw no means of paying his salary and expenses. He began to loathe the vagabond life he was leading. He had seen Niagara for the first time with wonder and delight, but he longed for New England.

At last a letter came from his uncle, saying: "I cannot think it my duty to invest any more of my capital in unproductive property. Under present circumstances, you can expect no further assistance from me." Soon after this we find our disheartened agent of Universal Peace and Brotherhood on a canal boat, on his way home. He had received a summons to return immediately. The embarrassments of the managers rendered it necessary that he should be present at the Anniversaries; for he had brought the Society three hundred dollars in debt, by drafts on its president for expenses as agent. He required no urging to return. His Peace agency had given him an acquaintance with men and a knowledge of his own mental state. He began the work as an enthusiast; he ended it a conservative, having outgrown the Society's tenets. When he found that he could not logically defend the cause, he lost interest in it. When he ceased to believe in it, he would have been a hypocrite to defend it, no matter how large the amount of remuneration for his services. If the Society had not dropped him, he had made up his mind to drop the Society. Besides, he was weary of wandering, and disgusted with the machinery used for presenting the subject.

In Boston he had a stormy time with the Peace Society. They had no further use for his services.

His uncle was honorable if not very generous, and paid his bills, after deducting the sum due him on loans. Again things looked dark and unpromising. He returned to South Berwick for a short visit. His father was shattered. The old gentleman always said that the children of his first wife were scholastic, and those by his second wife (and there were eight of them) were practical. He must have regarded John, just at this juncture, as a confirmation of his theory.

At Portsmouth, Mr. Coues, John Lord's best friend, although rabid on the subject of Peace, made a favorable settlement of the agent's account with the Society, and John was comparatively undisturbed in mind when he returned to Boston, to prepare a Fourth of July oration for the celebration at Amherst. It was to be a Peace address.

In this oration Lord gave full vent to his mind, without scruple and without fear. It seems to have been a positive relief to him to indulge his reaction against the sentiment of unconditional peace, and to glorify the American Revolution, and fighting in general when there was an imperative necessity. The oration was afterwards printed. With his usual recklessness, Lord sent printed copies to all his friends, and among others to his uncle, William Ladd, and to Mr. Beckwith, the General Agent of

the Peace Society. They were of course offended, and for this his uncle cut him off in his will with only one hundred dollars. But the printed address gave him great prestige as a candidate in New Marlboro, where he had been invited to preach on trial.

When he left the Peace Society he was recommended by Professor Emerson, of Andover, and Rev. Mr. Blanchard, of Lowell, to the Congregational Church in New Marlboro, a small but beautiful village in Berkshire County, Mass. In July, 1839, he writes: "Everything looks fair and beautiful; but then, there is no certainty in this world. I now think I can be happy and useful in this place." Little did he know about the inner workings of country parishes and the want of adaptation in himself to such a sphere of labor. The prayer written in his diary, "May the Lord give me simple tastes, quiet desires, and improving labors, and enable me to be a good servant," was sincere; but the conclusion of it, "May he give me grace to guide my steps," was never more applicable to any one than to him as he entered on this phase of experience, which tested not only all his patience, but the whole strength of his faith.

He seemed destined always to create a sensation, for soon after his arrival in the village, a horse he was driving ran away with the wagon, and just before a danger-

ous turn in the road became disengaged from the shafts, which were forced into the ground, hurling Lord headlong without other injury than the shock and a bruise. He had never before met with so serious an accident.

Mr. Lord began his duties with zeal and devotion. The small meeting-house was filled. The week-day lectures were not so popular, as he had no gift in extempore speaking. He boarded with the squire, the only educated man in the town, and used his study. The squire's larder was limited, although he lived better than anybody else in the parish, except the retired storekeeper, "who took enormous quantities of snuff," and the leading doctor of the place. The parishioners were mainly farmers of the narrowest and hardest sort, who prided themselves on their orthodoxy. The theological discussions of the New and Old School seminaries had penetrated even to this secluded mountain town.

On one occasion, when exchanging pulpits with Rev. Tertius Clark of Stockbridge, the place where Jonathan Edwards lived and wrote his Treatise on the Will, young Mr. Lord happened to dine with the aristocrat of the town, who had come out to hear him preach, and who was a Unitarian. This alarmed the good minister of the Stockbridge parish, who, when on a visit soon after to New Marlboro, was

reported to have inquired, "How do you like your new minister?" "First rate," was the reply, "he is very smart." "Well," replied the worthy divine, "I *hope* he is orthodox." This was the first firebrand sent into the humble parish, and Mr. Lord's friend the squire, the son of the former pastor, and a crabbed old tailor were alarmed. A disaffection soon arose, the young candidate suspecting nothing, and so making no effort to be circumspect either in theology or speech.

The surrounding ministers of the Old School began to suspect the young preacher, who, all unconscious of the growing storm, took a great interest in his work, rode over the beautiful hills on visits to his parishioners and the ministers of the vicinity, and prepared his discourses with the greatest care. Even the old squire made him welcome at home, was personally friendly, and liked to hear him preach, although he had doubts about his orthodoxy, mainly perhaps because of his loud and merry laugh, his jovial conversation with unbelievers, and the attentions he received from the Unitarians of a social standing somewhat above the people of the village.

In due time, however, by a majority of thirty-six to six, the candidate was invited to settle on a salary of six hundred and fifty dollars a year. He had done his best to unite the people, visiting among

the poor as well as those in better circumstances. A poor black girl, whose funeral was the first he attended in the parish, was greatly comforted in her sick chamber by his ministrations; and when one of the leading members, the "crabbed old tailor," stayed at home in the evening because he did not like the morning sermon on the Law, the young minister called and talked with him, until the man expressed himself as sorry that he had been so perverse.

After accepting the call, the pastor elect started in October, with his horse and buggy, for a trip across the Green Mountains to Windsor and Hanover, in order to induce his uncle, Nathan Lord, to preach his ordination sermon. His drive was through most delightful scenery, and his mind was filled with pleasing anticipations; for he had closed his labors as a candidate, and the people had chosen him to be their spiritual guide. At Hanover his uncle, the president, was glad to see him, although unable to accede to his request for the ordination sermon, and on parting with him said that if he did not meet with trials, he would be the only minister he had ever known who had escaped them. From Hanover he drove to Amherst, Andover, South Berwick, and Portsmouth, visiting friends and relatives and acquainting them with his pleasing prospects. He returned, without his horse, which he had

foolishly parted with because his brother laughed at it, and reached New Marlboro, after four weeks' absence, having travelled about five hundred miles.

He had left all things bright and glowing, but no sooner had he returned than he found a gathering storm, which increased until it covered him with mortification and disappointment. He heard, first, that his ordination had been postponed three weeks, ostensibly because of difficulty in getting ready the music for the occasion. A parish meeting had been held, and considerable disaffection had appeared, even the squire secretly encouraging it, — the trouble being increased by a letter which had been circulated, asserting that the pastor-elect was a Unitarian. Still Mr. Lord anticipated nothing serious, and cheerfully continued his work. He even became engaged to the daughter of the squire, with whom he boarded, — a young woman of no personal beauty or strength of intellect, but unsophisticated, affectionate, capable, and sympathetic. She had fine health, good spirits, and had welcomed him warmly on his return, in spite of the insinuations against him in the parish. It was his nature to believe that those who were friendly and sympathetic towards him, especially if of the gentler sex, had the qualities which he yearned after in friendship and love.

The Council for Ordination convened. The two

friends of the candidate, on whom he placed great reliance, were unavoidably detained. Even then Mr. Lord underrated the discontent in the parish. But those who should have stood up for him had not the courage to do it. He had one true friend in the Rev. James Wilson Ward, father of Dr. William Hayes Ward, now the accomplished editor of the New York "Independent." If the candidate had withdrawn his letter of acceptance he might have escaped the perils of examination; but, all unconscious of his doom, he allowed himself, as he wrote at the time, "to be put on the gridiron after the manner of the Middle Ages, with all the intolerance of that gloomy period, when eclesiastical councils assembled to try heretics."

The council was composed chiefly of Old School men, and several of that sort, superannuated ministers without parishes, were invited to sit as honorary members. It was a severe and tedious examination, directed mainly in the line of disputed points in theology. Among other questions, a member from Great Barrington asked Mr. Lord, "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" He answered: "This is a question which has been discussed in all ages of the Church. The Fathers debated it. Popes and cardinals have grown angry over it. It appears to me that this is not the place for its discussion. There is little

probability that a solution would be reached. To cut the matter short, I will answer you as a student answered Dr. Bellamy, who, when examining him for the ministry, put to him the same question and received the reply, 'No, I should not be willing to be damned myself; but if you think it would be for the glory of God, in illustrating the divine justice, that you should be damned, I have not the slightest objection.'"

The council was shocked by such levity on such a solemn occasion, and concluded that the candidate had no vital piety. They refused to ordain him, not on the ground of heresy, but on the ground of inexpediency, and the lack of sufficient union in the parish. They did not openly brand him, but recommended the parish to employ him three months longer on probation.

Mr. Lord determined to stay till the three months were passed. The popular current ebbed and flowed. The squire, with whom Mr. Lord had boarded and to whose daughter he was engaged, had become his most energetic opponent. But the excitement incident to the council, and the exposure then incurred, threw this man into lung fever, and in a week he died, having during his illness exacted a promise from his daughter that she would dismiss her suitor. Of course much sympathy for her was excited, and

antipathy aroused against the young minister, whose enemies at last resolved summarily to bring him to book.

So one dreary Saturday afternoon, when the snow lay in drifts four or five feet deep, the young man saw from his window half-a-dozen of the leading men pushing through the snow to his humble abode in the farm-house. They came to his room unannounced and full of wrath. They seated themselves on the trunks, chairs, and bed, and opened their batteries with the abrupt question from one of the crowd, "Mr. Lord, did you say that I was an unprincipled agitator?" All expected that he would deny the allegation, and thus be proved a liar. But he at once replied: "Yes, I am sorry to say that I did make that remark. You remember, gentlemen, that when I first came here to preach, you all cautioned me against this man, and frankly told me that if I trusted to him I should get into trouble; that he was a very mischievous man."

The person thus characterized looked around over the group, which was silent; not one could deny what was said, and they really disliked the mischief-maker.

But another, taking courage, asked: "Mr. Lord, did you say that I was a miserable rumseller?"

"Yes, sir, I did say it. When I came to this town,

you remember, gentlemen, that you were all indignant that this man sold rum at three cents a glass to notorious drunkards; and that you wished me to interfere, and preach against him."

The rumseller looked around, and saw that all had to acquiesce.

Then the third arose, a very respectable man, a doctor, for whom Mr. Lord had at first a great liking, and said with an awfully solemn intonation: "Mr. Lord, did you say that I was a snake in the grass?"

"Yes, Doctor," was the reply, "I did say it. You remember, gentlemen," the words falling heavily upon the discomfited crowd, "how you all once told me, seeing my intimacy with the doctor, that he was always on the fence; that he would desert me when it suited his interest. My experience has proved that you were right."

They quietly arose and departed, — not as they came, together, but separately and apart, making their way through the drifts as best they could. They were more enraged against one another than against the young minister; and as they foolishly told everybody they met what had taken place, the current turned in his favor as causelessly as it had gone against him. The church was filled the following Sunday, and the discourse was on the "Necessity of Punctuality in

Church Worship." The people printed the sermon, and invited the preacher to remain as long as he desired.

Soon after, however, he left this parish, preached a short time at West Stockbridge, gave his course of lectures on the Dark Ages at Stockbridge, Lee, Pittsfield, and Lenox, and finally went to Utica, N. Y., to supply the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church.

V.

LECTURES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE Utica parish was John Lord's last attempt at a pastorate. He had been unfortunate in the kind of parishes in which his lot had been cast, and frankly acknowledged his want of adaptation to the clerical profession. "Thus far my career has been singularly unlucky, and all from my own imprudence. I have no practical wisdom, and of course must pay the penalty." On his return to the East he gave his lectures at Dartmouth College, and having "extorted praise" from his old instructors, he for the first time felt reconciled to do something else in the world than to serve as a pastor. His uncle, the president, was kind and appreciative. At Amherst, in October (1840), his new lectures were well received, the previous summer having been spent in Boston in study and preparation. Northampton he found to be "one of the least favorable places in the country for lectures on history." There, however, he took some comfort in venting his feelings to the celebrated vegetarian Graham, who invented Graham bread, and who disliked everybody because he was so

generally snubbed for his hostility to animal food. A village poetaster wrote some lines for Graham's epitaph. They read as follows: —

> "One consolation in dying I meet,
> The worms I shall furnish my body to eat;
> But then, I 'm so meagre, I 'll do them a good,
> And disgust them forever with animal food."

It was about this period (1839–40) that John Lord finally decided to adopt the profession of historical lecturer as his life-work. In spite of the vicissitudes which had been experienced by him in his lecture tours, and the fact (as stated by a friend) that "the nerves of sensation in those days radiated from the breeches' pocket rather than from the brain," he made up his mind calmly and deliberately to this end. It is fortunate that he has given in his own words the mental process which resulted in the decision. In mature life, he wrote, not exactly an "apologia pro vita sua," but a careful account of his reasons for devoting himself to historical work.

"I felt," he writes, "that in some important respects thus far I was a failure, and never could be anything or do anything so long as I pursued an uncongenial calling, for which I was not fitted. I then took the advice of some of my friends at Andover, and resolved to labor in some other way, where duty and pleasure ran in the same lines. I did not turn my back on the

ministry. For forty years afterwards, I preached whenever I was invited. I continued to revere a calling for which I was not adapted. I have always sought the society and friendship of ministers, as the most learned, most useful, most sympathetic, and most interesting class in the community. I resolved not to enter a strictly secular life, but to work in harmony with the profession for which I had been educated. As a lecturer on history I could bring to bear all my knowledge in defence of the truths of the Christian Faith, which I had never rejected nor even doubted. I thought that I could be more useful to the Church by advocating great fundamental truths in the lecture-room than in the pulpit; that I would thus be more free, untrammelled, and bold, inasmuch as history covers everything, — religious dogmas as well as science, politics, and art.

"But the field I now chose, and to which I was indirectly driven, was unpromising and full of hardships and humiliations. Lecturing was not then such a fashion as it afterwards proved to be. It was not more remunerative than a country parish, unless the lecturer made himself a buffoon or a sensationalist. I despised lecturing unless I could instruct the people in what is profitable and lofty. To lecture for mere money, careless of what I should say and how I should say it, was repulsive to me. I preferred the

humblest success, when I was conscious of doing something to elevate, to any brilliant popularity based on what is worthless. To lecture for mere amusement seemed as bad as to lecture for money alone.

"The country was then slowly recovering from a universal financial depression. The people generally were poor and discouraged. In the strife to live, they had no taste for literature or science or art. They sought excitement in protracted meetings or philanthropic objects. Whenever one of these serious subjects occupied public attention, the ministers were disinclined to assist me, unwilling to divert the people from more important matters. History was of all subjects the most unpopular and dry; few took any interest in it unless they were men of leisure and study. Lecturing on any subject, unless by a man of known literary rank and fortune, was considered a forlorn undertaking; it subjected one to a wandering and precarious life. It was considered impossible for a man to pursue literature as a profession, unless he was independent in his circumstances. People naturally associated leisure and a fixed income with literary acquisitions. A mere lecturer was nothing.

"I was often piqued by the undisguised contempt which cultured people had for my business. When I happened to interest an audience, ministers and professors talked as if I were throwing myself away

in desultory labors, — as if I had sold my birthright. They would not even allow that I was a literary man at all, because I had no settled home. I remember how a lady of considerable attainments and position contemptuously spoke of my claims to literature, although she was enthusiastic over my lectures. 'Why,' I said, 'Ralph Waldo Emerson lectures.' 'Yes, truly; but he is a literary man,' — which meant that he had a settled home and wrote books, and was admired as an author.

"For several years I was patronized rather than treated as an equal by college professors. They were kind to me, but only to give me a lift, — as they would buy a book from an agent. My warmest friends were enthusiastic women, who looked upon me unconventionally, — for what I was in myself alone. The pedants always stood aloof; and what I mean by 'pedants' is, those who knew nothing beyond their own circle of study, and exaggerated their work and their position. There are pedants in the law, in medicine, in mercantile life, as well as among schoolmasters and professors; and they are uniformly the most uninteresting of men, because they can talk only about matters which concern their peculiar field of labor. These one-sided men, however learned and able in their own province, cared as a general thing very little for history.

"I was amazed to see how little people of intelligence

and position knew or cared about it. It was a matter of perfect indifference to them. Theology, science, political economy, intellectual philosophy, and the languages were well taught in the colleges, but there were few professorships of history. At Cambridge, Jared Sparks occupied the chair of history; but I doubt if he knew much outside American history; and although profound and minute in his knowledge of the Revolutionary period, he was dry and uninteresting, and had no magnetism as a teacher. At Andover, Professor Emerson excited little or no interest in his department; his real usefulness was in teaching pastoral theology, which had no logical connection with the history of the Church. At Princeton, old Dr. Miller thought that Milner's 'Church History' was all that students needed to know, — a fine old gentleman, of polished manners and Christian graces, but who had no more idea of the ends and uses of history for theological students than any ordinary country parson. At Amherst, Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Union, and Williams colleges, there were no professors of history at all. It was deemed necessary to have a chair of Ecclesiastical History in theological seminaries; but, provided the professor could read German, it was of no consequence whether he apprehended the philosophy of theological revolutions or not.

"In no instance was history taught in the col-

leges or seminaries except as a tame narration of dull facts or dry details, until Henry B. Smith was called to the chair of Church History in Union Theological Seminary in New York. He put a new life into Christian dogmas. The real creators of the study of history in this country were Carlyle and Macaulay, whose artistic analysis of character and brilliant word-painting attracted attention. To those men I am indebted for a true intellectual impulse, rather than to Gibbon, Hume, or even Guizot. I always loved the study, but it was the reviewers rather than the historians themselves who let a new light into my mind.

"Not only was the indifference of ignorance among educated men in regard to history an impediment to me, but I had no money with which to pursue systematic study. In my wanderings I had no books, and it was impossible to make deep researches without a sort of learned leisure, which only money could give. I do not remember a single instance of any American in the middle of this century who has written a valuable or a standard work without being in the possession of wealth or leisure. Mr. Bancroft was rich; Mr. Prescott and Mr. Ticknor were rich; Motley and Washington Irving were independent; Mr. Sparks had a fine position at Cambridge. All these scholars could afford to buy books, and work

quietly for twenty years before publishing anything. I longed to devote myself to a single branch of historical research, but how was I to live while making my investigations?

"Moreover, I must have money or leisure in order to study the languages and to collect materials in foreign countries. I had no money, no leisure, no settled abode, and had to lecture for a living while I studied my subjects under every disadvantage, without a library or a residence in Europe. My reading was necessarily desultory and superficial, for I had no access to original authorities. I had read most of the standard works on history in English, but was unable to verify a quotation. I could not sit down, as Gibbon did, in the midst of a magnificent library, with nothing to do but to pursue researches without interruption.

"Therefore to write a book in these circumstances was absurd, preposterous, impossible, — at least, a book which would have any weight as an authority. All I could do was to make sketches of fact in intervals of leisure, and work them up by means of rhetoric and artistic composition, — facts drawn from well-known histories, such as would interest the people, who knew next to nothing about the characters I presented. The reputation I slowly gained was owing more to the ignorance of those whom I succeeded in interest-

ing than to any learning on my part. What the pedants called 'learning' I had little to boast of. I had to supply the lack of original research, in those days, by fine sentences, rhapsodies, and vague generalizations, — and these mostly borrowed from such historians as Guizot and Sismondi.

"Hence, my earliest efforts were crude and unsatisfactory. In writing on a subject, I would be quite likely to 'put the cart before the horse,' make my porch larger than the temple, or spin out theories, or dwell on unessential details. I soon discovered, however, that if I would interest even an unlettered audience, I must stick to my main subject and never lose sight of it; that I must never repeat myself; that I must avoid all pedantries; that I must make my hearers draw their own conclusions from statements logically and plainly put, and thus do as much teaching and as little preaching as possible. I also discovered that what most interested my audiences was my own reflections, — my own soul put into my sentences, my own individuality rather than learning, which to most people is dry.

"To give instruction on great characters and events, I found that I must learn to present them through my own experiences and observations, invest my characters with traits drawn from the living world, paint scenes with the aid of the imagination. Then

my subjects would stand out in the freshness of individual life, especially if I could add dramatic effect. To make a lecture which had life in it, without which all the labor of years is wasted, recondite historical facts were not so important as well-known facts, from which inductions could be drawn. It was the inductions which gave permanent value to a lecture, rather than any parade of learning, since inductions can be made from well-attested and generally received facts even better than from facts of doubtful authenticity. A historical lecture in the hands of a master is not so much history as the philosophy of history. The only living interest in historical details is in their application and logical sequences. Separated from their application, they are barren, dry, and soon forgotten, like words in a dictionary.

"My ambition, after a while, was not to write a regular history so much as to make pictures, wherein art rather than learning was essential; and I found that lectures which were artistic in the grouping of events and in the description of characters were more popular even with the learned than learning itself. Hence the learned men whom I venerated and bowed down to were more often my admirers than men of ordinary knowledge, since I had what they were generally deficient in, — the pictorial and dramatic sense; and if I could also amuse them by wit

or humor, they cared little for erudite facts on subjects foreign to their own investigations.

"At first I could not understand this, and thought my learned auditors were insincere; but experience taught me that their praise was genuine and natural. Thus, no one of my lectures has been so popular with scholars and learned men as that on Hildebrand, — not for learning or originality, since its facts were familiar to them, but for its striking pictures and artistic grouping."

Taking this first period of Mr. Lord's efforts as an acknowledged and professed lecturer on history, — namely, from the time of his course of lectures at Hanover, in the autumn of 1840, till the middle of August, 1843, when greatly to his surprise and delight he sailed for Europe, — we find that he realized about $1305, or about $435 a year, much less than if he had remained in the country parish of New Marlboro on $650 a year. Not only would these inadequate financial results have discouraged an ordinary man from continuing in the business, but the varied experiences of a lecturer's life, more trying than enjoyable, would have daunted a less courageous spirit and led him to relinquish the arduous duty to which he had devoted himself.

John Lord, however, was not the kind of person to suffer obstacles, which were not absolutely insurmount-

able, to turn him back from a course of action which he had deliberately and conscientiously chosen. One of his "resolutions" (which he apologizes to himself for having written in his diary) was, "After I have calculated the course which in view of all things seems to be most desirable, I will execute it with all possible despatch, never suffering myself to turn aside by any new impulse, or devise any new plan, unless urged by new circumstances." Another resolution was, "Never to fret because the course adopted has not resulted as favorably as was anticipated, but to feel that all is for the best, and that disappointment is the lot of man." Once more, "Resolved, that when I am sowing seeds of useful knowledge, when I am living for the benefit of others, when I am inculcating elevating truths, I am doing my Master's work, and am bound to consider in all cases ultimate rather than immediate fruits."

With all his apparently reckless and rollicking temperament, and his disregard of conventionalities, John Lord had even at that time another and a deeper side to his character, which only his intimate companions and friends understood and appreciated. He was reverent towards all the solemn realities of religion and life, although merciless and satirical towards counterfeits and shams. He was true in his friendships; but a false friend, when discovered by

him, always felt the full force of invectives such as few men could employ. In love he was honorable, while impetuous and sometimes mistaken as to the depth of his affections. Because honor was as dear to him as life, and love as sacred as religion, he made and kept as friends for life some of the noblest and best of men, as well as all the women with whom he had formed in his romantic days attachments of a more tender sort. If his facile fun and sarcasm sometimes betrayed him into indiscretions of speech, he at once regretted them and was ready to apologize. Although modest, he was self-confident; he had no fear of the future, and was prepared for emergencies. As one has expressed it: "If John Lord was always getting into tight places, he always managed to come out of them right side up." This was his character at the period when he entered on his career as a public lecturer, — eccentric, independent, audacious; but fascinating, kind, benevolent, courageous, and with a sincere desire to do his duty towards God and man.

From the autumn of 1840 till he went to Europe in the summer of 1843, Mr. Lord lectured in New England, and gave one course in Troy, N. Y. His words "small pay, and spent much," might tell the story of his success, were it not that in several places he won considerable reputation by the brilliancy of

his new lectures on "The Progress of European Society from the Fifth to the Fifteenth Century." In the spring of 1841 he fell ill, from too profuse an expenditure of nervous energy, and was tenderly nursed in his home at South Berwick, where he lay for some time in a critical condition.

About that time he suffered an irreparable loss in the death of two of his most refined and talented friends, — the Rev. Bradford Homer, pastor at South Berwick, "one of the brightest, most genial, and cultivated" of his early associates;[1] and the Rev. J. Henry Bancroft, a poet of great promise, a choice spirit, and who like young Homer was a favorite of Professor Park and equally spiritual in temper and zeal: both "beautiful specimens of the divine in man." His uncle, William Ladd, the "Apostle of Peace," also died, April 15, 1841, leaving Mr. Coues of Portsmouth as his successor.

Among the many towns in which Mr. Lord lectured after his recovery, the most important were Andover, Portland, Salem, New Bedford, Hartford, New Haven, Troy, and Boston. In June, 1842, he went to New

[1] It was in 1838 that Mr. Homer, with others, planned to publish an American edition of Macaulay's Review Articles, similar to the edition of "Sartor Resartus," published in Boston in 1836, with a preface by Ralph Waldo Emerson. They wrote to Macaulay, and to Lord Napier, editor of the Edinburgh Review, and a prospectus was issued by Weeks & Jordan of Boston.

Haven, with no letters of introduction, and took rooms at a boarding-house, where he met Miss Delia Bacon, who at first conceived a strong dislike to him on account of his peculiar manners. He lectured before the Young Men's Institute, and no one of any prominence attended except Dr. Fitch, the college preacher, and Dr. Murdock. These gentlemen, however, became deeply interested, and their reports were so favorable that Dr. Leonard Bacon became one of the auditors; then Miss Bacon attended, and also some of the professors and students. The audience was finally so enthusiastic that a repetition of the lectures was called for in a church, and the first great success of his life nearly intoxicated the lecturer. It was far beyond anything he had dreamed. New Haven seemed a paradise: at last he was recognized and lionized. The faculty at Yale College was largely represented at the lectures, and the professors were "apparently sincere in their praise." The lecturer confesses that he went away encouraged and rather inflated by his happy success; yet he thought it was due mainly to the fact that history had not been taught or much studied in the college. It was in this year that he wrote an introductory essay on Froissart's Chronicles, republished in America by J. Winchester, New York.

After his brilliant reception in New Haven, Mr.

Lord attempted to lecture in Boston and failed, being out of pocket nearly a hundred dollars. The mortification which he now felt quite counterbalanced the elation of mind which had preceded it. However, in January, 1843, he had a very successful lecture course in Hartford, Conn. Here he met Dr. Hawes and the Rev. Horace Bushnell, the latter one of the "lions" of the city, original and genial, but "supposed to be a little heretical." Mr. Bushnell's childlike simplicity of character disarmed even his opponents; he had feeble health and amusing foibles; but his moral earnestness, intellectual brilliancy, and spiritual force have deeply affected the tone of religious thinking and teaching ever since his day.

After leaving Hartford, Mr. Lord again lectured in New Haven, at the Lyceum, and also by invitation to a select number of the senior class of Yale College. He gave at the same time twelve lectures to the young ladies of Miss Bacon's class in literature. Lecturing soon after in Middletown, Conn., his course was attended by prominent people, — among whom was Hon. Samuel Hubbard, ex-Postmaster General. This friendly man was the one who advised him to go to England to study and lecture; and when the suggestion had been considered and adopted, he was one of the three gentlemen who furnished the means for the venture. John L. Hayes, of Portsmouth, was also one of the

three; and the other was Augustus Street, of New Haven.

Mr. Lord's favorite subject at that time was a History of the Puritans. It was his intention to write up this theme for a course of lectures. Mr. Hubbard's idea was one that fell in with Lord's drawing towards this topic, the materials for which he could best procure in England; and he thought he might find opportunity of lecturing, as well as of studying, there. Lecturing in this country had become monotonous to him, and was not remunerative. Seldom did a lecturer get more than twenty-five dollars, and ten dollars was the ordinary fee. Mr. Edwin P. Whipple had not then come forward as essayist and lecturer, nor Mr. Hudson, the classical student of Shakspeare; and Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, was living in obscurity. There was no call for literary lectures, and even the furor for philanthropic reform had died out. People were devoted to politics and making money. Under these circumstances, Mr. Lord resolved to take the advice and the help of his friends, and try his fortune in England. If he did not succeed he would learn something, and find new objects of interest. The impulse to seek a new field of labor was irresistible. He cared nothing for obstacles. His father laughed at the project as quixotic; but Mr. Lord reasoned that he was as likely to find audi-

ences in England as in America, since the language, literature, and religion were the same in both countries. He longed to see England, and knew of no way to see it except as a lecturer. In this capacity he hoped to earn money enough not only to pay his expenses, but also his remaining debts contracted at Andover. After four years of lecturing he had not saved a dollar. In some of his desponding moods he considered himself a "literary vagabond." Of fame he did not dream. He only aspired to a legitimate membership in the noble society of literary men.

His mind was made up. He gave his last course but one in this country at Mrs. Willard's school in Troy, N. Y., where he had, years before, given his second course while a student at Andover. After a few days at South Berwick, where he preached "a real old orthodox sermon on expiation," he took leave of his sisters with affectionate regret, and bade his father good-by, after vainly endeavoring to convince him of the feasibility of the European venture.

Some of John Lord's pen portraits of prominent men and women, whom he met prior to his departure, are too characteristic of the artist to be omitted. These pictures were retouched somewhat, in later years, but the original sketches remain in nearly the same lights and shades as when first drawn.

Dr. Channing was a fellow-traveller with Mr. Lord

in 1840, just after the latter had left New Marlboro. "He is evidently a pure-minded man," writes the younger clergyman. "He left on my mind the impression that his moral qualities were the foundation of his greatness; that though intellectual, he excelled in the moral. He was very affable and sympathetic, but severe against ecclesiastical intolerance."

Of Dr. Edward N. Kirk he writes about the same time: "He was carrying everything before him by his earnest and eloquent delivery. His voice was musical, and his gestures exceedingly graceful. Night after night he preached extempore with great effect, making converts from the wealthy and aristocratic classes, many of whom joined the Episcopalians, — Orthodox Congregationalism being deemed plebeian. Had he confined himself to extempore preaching, he probably would have been a more brilliantly successful man, — for he had gifts as a preacher, but was not remarkable as a writer."

Dr. Fitch of New Haven, the college preacher, whom the students considered very dry, he paints as "the greatest genius, with the most varied attainments, the most genial soul and the most simple tastes; a metaphysician without narrowness, and a gentleman without ostentation."

Dr. Leonard Bacon he describes as "the incarnation of the spirit of the age; a puritan, a conservative,

and yet with a sympathy for reform. Apart from his hatred of Episcopacy, he is a man of elevated mind, philosophical views, and considerable attainments. He is however ascetic; a fine speechifier, a useful man, better on great occasions than in the pulpit; not very amiable, but just in judgment, with a fondness for antagonism and an intense interest in passing events. At the bar or in Congress he would have been very distinguished, for he doubtless has great abilities, judging from the influence he wields."

Miss Delia Bacon's "mind was subjective. She was fastidious to a fault, not from excess of refinement, but from physical weakness and a mind overworked and a heart embittered by disappointment. Her conversation was not brilliant, but highly suggestive. Her soul was generous when her pride was not wounded. She would have been a happier woman if she had not got it into her head that Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. She was one with whom it was unpleasant to dispute or disagree, because of the incipient disease which finally unsettled her too active brain. She was the victim of an ambition to attain a posi n in the realm of letters. She died lamented, pitied, and respected."

Mary Lyon, at whose seminary in South Hadley, Mass., Mr. Lord lectured, "was a typical New England

teacher. She and Miss Grant, who was associated with her in the famous seminary established in Londonderry, N. H., in 1824, may be called the pioneers of female education in the United States, as Hannah More was in England half a century earlier. Miss Lyon was a born teacher, with a fine intellect consecrated to great ends. Her school was the nursery of the higher moral sentiments. The standard of education was high, but the standard of religious culture was higher still. Her great object was to train young women to be religious teachers. Had she lived in the days of Saint Theresa, she would have been canonized for her piety, which was as remarkable as her attainments. She was a most benignant lady, broad in her views of education, and entering heart and soul into every benevolent or religious movement. Her influence over her pupils was unbounded. Her nature was full of sympathy, subdued and quiet, but fervent."

Of Henry Giles, quite a different character from all the preceding, a Unitarian clergyman, who came from Liverpool to this country to give lectures, he writes: "Originally an Irish Catholic, he was an extraordinary man, of brilliant abilities, and made a great sensation, although he was soon forgotten. He was the most eloquent man that I ever heard speak, in the rhetorical way. His rhetoric was impassioned and overwhelming. He had wonderful personal magnetism, although

deformed and nearly a dwarf. His voice was deep and sonorous, and his delivery impetuous. At one time he was unknown, penniless, and with only three shirts marked with different names. His conversation was charming when not excited by wine, his knowledge vast but superficial, and picked up by desultory reading. He was overbearing and insolent when crossed; as oracular and dogmatic as Dr. Johnson. In the days of his popularity he was cordially received into the best society, but was often excluded from it because of his rudeness and imprudence. He was his own worst enemy. His nature in repose was gentle, kind, and affectionate. His generosity often became recklessness and extravagance. He was sought for by the Lyceums all over the land, and for a time was a brilliant star. His subjects however were trite, such as Patriotism and Liberty; but he had a fine lecture on Burns. Two or three volumes of his lectures were published by Ticknor & Fields. In his latter days he endured great misfortunes, losing his wife, children, and all his savings. He died a poor penniless paralytic, without even his library to solace him."

Mr. Lord was filled with admiration for Giles's talents from the beginning, and was the first person to aid him in giving his lectures in this country. All through his brilliant but sad career, when in distress he never applied to Mr. Lord in vain for sympathy

or pecuniary aid. He one day said to his friend: "Lord, why do you take such dull, heavy subjects for your lectures as Hildebrand, Charlemagne, and Monastic Life? If you would lecture on living themes, such as Patriotism, you would be more popular. Don't you know, as Sam Slick says, that 'Soft sawder and human natur' carry the world?'" The reply was: "Subjects which are definite are fresh, and will be called for when vague themes are forgotten. The lives of those great men who have shaped the destinies of nations, or have given an impulse to humanity, will be interesting as long as history shall be written. Even now, after thousands of years, we are not weary of discussing Julius Cæsar. In like manner, Napoleon will be written and talked about two thousand years hence, because there are only half-a-dozen first-class heroes and conquerors in the world's history whose deeds are taught to school-boys, and who survive as standards with whom we make comparisons. We do not compare Wellington with Condé or Gustavus Adolphus, but with Cæsar and Alexander, to each of whom he was inferior. If we compare Pitt and Fox with anybody, it is with Demosthenes or Cicero, not with Mirabeau or Canning. Those whose torches have been steadily blazing for two thousand years are few indeed; but their light is an eternal radiance, on which all generations gaze with wonder

and admiration, whether they discover anything new or not. One of the evidences of the divine authenticity of the Bible is that every character stands out uniquely; and the more each one of them is discussed, the more we find to interest us. A congregation before whom only passing events were discussed, would soon be dissipated."

VI.

BEGINNINGS IN ENGLAND.

IN his story of old London, Walter Besant says that Dick Whittington, commonly supposed to have won a fortune merely by the aid of his cat, was the son of a Gloucestershire knight; that his family had a coat-of-arms, and that he was apprenticed to a man of gentle birth. He may have had no more than twopence when he entered London; but even at the expense of a venerable tradition, whether pertaining to young Dick from Pauntley, or to young Lord from America, we must adhere strictly to the facts.

In truth, then, Whittington had something more than a cat and twopence to begin with; he had family and education, and made the most of them by his tact and industry. So with John Lord. He may have entered London with only borrowed money in his pocket, and not much of that, but he was by no means badly equipped for the work he proposed to do. He called himself a "literary vagabond," and says he took the venture "to satisfy his own soul;" but

really he had valuable letters of introduction to Rev. James Martineau, Mr. Smith, editor of the "Liverpool Mercury," Richard Yates, a wealthy merchant of the same city, and to some of the most important dissenting clergymen of England. Dr. Sprague of Albany had given him letters to Dr. Raffles of Liverpool, Rev. John Angell James of Birmingham, and Rev. Mr. Hamilton of Leeds. President Lord, of Dartmouth College, gave him a note of introduction to the Earl of Dartmouth, — a prize which even in these later days of Anglomania would be coveted by the most ambitious tourist. And if armorial bearings were desired, had he not the coat-of-arms of the Welsh family of Lort or Lord, with its crest A CAWNTLET AR. holding A SAWLTER VERT? Besides these credentials and accoutrements, had he not also twelve lectures which he had wielded as so many lances in a fair field against all critics, and come off victorious? Had not fair ladies applauded him in the literary arena, and had he not worn their favors on his crest, or in his buttonhole? His lectures were not only on the Dark Ages, but he had several others on the Progress of Civilization in Europe, — lectures which college professors had heard with admiration. Above all, did he not wear the emblem of the True Cross on his shield, in the form of interesting and orthodox sermons? Add then his own brilliant, entertaining per-

sonality, his cheerful faith in the future, his power of adapting himself to men and women in all stations in life, and the audacity which, even when he was unhorsed in the fray, brought him smiling to his feet ready for another combat, — and you have as gay and gallant a knight as ever invaded England with lance in rest.

Imagine him, then, embarked from New York, on the 16th of August, 1843, in the good packet-ship "Liverpool," John Eldridge, master, a vessel of 1250 tons, with nineteen cabin and one hundred and seventy-five steeerage passengers, Lord having a cabin all by himself. It was a great occasion, and so he had the company of half-a-dozen friends as far as Sandy Hook, where they wished him *Bon voyage*, and left him to the enjoyment of his own reflections, and to write in his diary a humorous chronicle of the doings of his fellow-passengers. That his reflections were pleasant we learn, as we read from his memoranda of the first day at sea, "I feel no melancholy," — although the day following he felt something else, and records, "I never felt so miserable in my life." Going to Europe in 1843 was a very different thing from taking the trip in an ocean greyhound of to-day; and yet there is nothing of special interest in his account of the voyage written for his friends, except here and there a characteristic

sentence, as for example, "I detest the Scotchman, the most vulgar man I have ever been doomed to associate with;" and, "I have sparred it with two or three Connecticut adventurers, who go to England to sell clocks, and I am not the only one who has quarrelled with them."

But on Sunday, September 10, as they sailed up St. George's Channel, he states, in a happier vein, that "the passengers are forgetting their animosities, and are walking about in delightful self-satisfaction." After being at sea twenty-six days, on the 11th of September he left the ship and took lodgings at the Waterloo Hotel, "the most expensive in the place." In those days an American landing in Liverpool found himself in a new world, and saw sights which astonished him. The clumsy dray-horses; the solid stone buildings; the immense docks; the polished brass door-plates; the peculiar accent and gait of the English people; the servants in livery, flunkies; "waiters at table, dressed like ministers;" the shops with plate-glass windows; the old parish churches; graveyards with horizontal tombs and armorial bearings; the solid and substantial quality of everything; women dressed execrably; the uniform of the clergy, long frock-coats with standing collars, with here and there short-clothes and a shovel hat; the idolatry of rank, — all these things, to which the provincial

American was not accustomed, made a deep impression on our young traveller.

It was not long, however, before the Rev. John Lord assumed the English clerical garb, to indicate that his rank was higher than that of a shopkeeper or merchant, and took lodgings over a haberdasher's shop, renting a parlor and bedroom from an old lady, another Mrs. Todgers; and barring the exorbitant fees exacted by a swallow-tailed waiter, he says he felt "amazingly comfortable." As a clergyman, he found that he would be accorded a rank above even wine merchants and bankers; and though it was awkward sometimes to be invited by a clergyman of the Establishment to officiate in a parish church, yet he "fell back on his undefined rights and privileges as an American clergyman, and soon felt as good as anybody."

The weather happened to be delightful at that time, and the exhilaration of new surroundings amounted almost to enthusiasm, as the "stranger and adventurer" took long walks in the suburbs, where the villas and the hedgerows delighted him, and visited the old town of Chester, and the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, the finest of all the palaces of England.

Meanwhile he presented his letters of introduction to Mr. Yates, a very wealthy merchant who had given a park to the town. This gentleman was very kind and polite, and gave him a letter to Mr. Hodgson,

secretary of the Mechanics Institute, at that time the most popular literary institute in England, where lectures were given. The secretary was a cold and wary Scotchman, but amiable, although he did not give much encouragement as to lecturing. Subsequently, however, at a breakfast given to Mr. Lord by Mr. Yates, at which this gentleman was present, he was more gracious. It happened that Mr. Smith, editor of the "Liverpool Mercury," was booked to deliver four lectures, and formed one of the party at the breakfast. He cancelled his engagement in favor of the new comer, and Mr. Hodgson consented, after reading one of Mr. Lord's lectures, to allow him to take the vacant place.

But the lectures were not delivered till the lecturer had spent all but £10 of his money! He had lived as if he had unlimited funds to draw upon. He attended the races (out of curiosity, of course), and went wherever he took a fancy, not dreaming but that he would succeed, and having unbounded faith in himself. He met a sailor, a Jew, who induced him to purchase some silk goods; and like Moses with the man of the green spectacles in the "Vicar of Wakefield," he parted with eight sovereigns for something he did not want, and found the goods not silk at all: he dubbed himself a fool and a greenhorn, and felt lonesome in the strange city. The lectures, however, were given in

November, and were a complete success. The audience was large and enthusiastic, the best on the whole that the lecturer ever had in England. It was a novel idea that the much-slandered Dark Ages contained precious germs of thought. Sir Arnold Knight, a distinguished physician, was the President of the Institute, and was present. He was a Catholic, but his good-will was gained by the treatment of the religious life of that dark period. It was common at that time in England to speak of Roman Catholicism as the "Scarlet Woman," mother of all abominations; so that any praise of the ancient Church, especially by a Puritan from America, was taken as evidence of great liberality of mind.

Sir Arnold therefore gave Mr. Lord an introductory letter to Bishop, soon afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman, who presided over a flourishing Roman Catholic Seminary near Birmingham. Mr. Hodgson also was somewhat astonished as well as pleased, and interested himself to secure invitations from Leeds and Manchester. He said to Mr. Lord, "Your impetuous delivery is like Niagara. Some people have a cataract in the eye; you have it in your mouth." Old Dr. Raffles, a sort of bishop among the dissenters, was also present; invited Mr. Lord to preach for him, and was ever afterwards one of his best friends. He gave him letters to some of the most prominent clergymen in England among the dissenters of that day.

Thus by a stroke of rare good fortune, which Mr. Lord attributed to a good Providence, the foundation for a successful tour through Great Britain was laid in a day, and the lecturer had only to gird up his loins and go on with a hopeful heart. It is impossible, however, to avoid the conclusion that if there had not been something really fine and of genuine value and rarity in the lectures, all the parade of credentials which the lecturer could present would not have saved him from failure and disappointment. It must be confessed that at least there was no pretension to literary and artistic merit which he did not make good, when brought to the test in the actual delivery of his discourses.

After Mr. Lord's usual fashion of making himself at home whenever the circumstances warranted, he found Liverpool delightful, and was loath to leave. At Dr. Raffles' house especially he was a welcome guest. Dr. Raffles was a fine old gentleman, full of humor, eloquent in his way, exceedingly hospitable and rather pompous. He was a nephew of Sir Stamford Raffles, the eminent diplomatist, and was rich; he rode in his carriage to church, and was very popular, his chapel being generally crowded. It was a beautiful edifice without a spire, for no dissenting chapels at that time in England had spires; it was not the custom. The dissenting ministers seemed to yield the precedence in everything to the Established clergy, and felt an ecclesiastical as

well as a social inferiority to them, although as a whole they were superior to them as preachers and orators, if not in learning. Dr. Raffles, as a man of fortune and good family, took rank with the best.

When Mr. Lord preached for him, the good doctor felt obliged after the sermon publicly to take exception to the discourse as not sufficiently pronounced in its orthodoxy. He did not do this by way of censure, but as it were to apologize for the preacher's not following the usual custom of making the divinity of Christ a prominent point, whatever the subject or the text. Mr. Lord supped with him on Sunday evenings, after the service, and always a roast turkey with a string of sausages around the dish was served. When invited out to dine, Dr. Raffles frequently took Mr. Lord with him, on account of his social cleverness and wit, and especially for the enjoyment of a story which convulsed the doctor with laughter however often it was repeated. Mr. Lord used to say that he went all over England on that story of "Lucket and Old Rex."

Another remarkable man whom Mr. Lord met in Liverpool was Rev. Dr. McNeile, an evangelical minister of the Established Church, an Irishman and very eloquent; he preached extempore to an enormous audience, — being an exception to the general run of churchmen, who seemed to lack training in oratory at the universities. He also heard James Martineau,

whom he thought dismal and cold, although great as a thinker and writer. Mr. Martineau was civil enough to Mr. Lord when he presented his letter of introduction, and made a remark which is worthy of mention. "Why is it," said he, "that the Unitarian clergy of Boston and Cambridge are so aristocratic and conservative, especially on the subject of slavery? That is not logical from their standpoint. The day will come when they will be radicals. The great article of their creed is the universal brotherhood of man. They should be in the front rank of reformers," — a prophecy which was afterwards fulfilled.

Armed with his letters of introduction, Mr. Lord started on his lecturing tour, and felt quite encouraged at Manchester, where he had a fine audience at the Athenæum, and received double the fee that he had received at Liverpool. He never received in England from any institution over five guineas for a lecture. He never attempted but once to lecture on his own account; the risk was too great. In Manchester he met Cobden, whose pale face, slight figure, and modest manners made a good impression on his mind. He saw John Bright on the platform, and was taken with his eloquence. It was on an occasion when Bright and Cobden spoke on free-trade and the repeal of the Corn Laws. He was not convinced by their arguments; but they proved one thing, — that it was for the interests

of the merchants and manufacturers to have cheap bread for the people, in order to get a monopoly of trade.

Mr. Lord's idea was that free-trade was well enough for England, but a poor thing for nations where manufactures are in their infancy and need protection. When he was in Manchester he attended a great banquet in behalf of free-trade, and was called upon for a speech. He made an ironical one, with the most extravagant laudation of the great political movement which was then engrossing the nation. "Hear, hear!" came from all parts of the hall. "That," said one, "is the most sensible speech I ever heard from an American." They did not see the irony of it. Ordinary English people are very honest, literal, and practical, but they cannot take jokes unless they belong to a circle of punsters. Though "Punch" and "Pickwick Papers" would seem to be a refutation of this statement, in general it is true that they accept literally what is told them, except about America, when they usually make a point of being incredulous. A favorite phrase which the American encountered was, "Indeed, Sir!" — which being translated meant, "I really don't believe you."

In Manchester, where he lectured with success, there was a merry company to which Mr. Lord was introduced by Mr. Hodgson, — mostly young men of the

ultra-liberal school; not rich, but comfortably off, — a barrister, talented and full of wit; a solicitor, a manufacturer, a tailor, and an editor, — a most incongruous set, which one would hardly expect to see in England. They associated freely together in one another's lodgings, and gave vent to badinage, punning, story-telling, and singing, interspersed with solid and sober conversation on the great topics of the day. They were all literary in their tastes, and in their society Mr. Lord saw a phase of English life which he found nowhere else. They also indoctrinated him into English politics, literature, and social customs, — a training which stood him in good stead during his stay. They were amused at his "greenness," and took pains in a pleasant way to instruct him. They also gave him letters to friends in London. At the house of Peacock the tailor he met Mr. Cowden-Clarke, author of "Tales from Chaucer," etc., and his wife, authoress of "A Complete Concordance of Shakespeare," and "The Girlhood of the Heroines of Shakespeare." He also met Mr. Ireland, the admirer and friend of Carlyle; and a Mr. Gray, who afterwards stirred up discontent in Ireland. It was the time when the Maynooth Grant was agitated, and the people were much excited on the subject.

Rev. Dr. Vaughan, president of the Independent College, gave him letters of introduction to people of

standing in his set. One gentleman with whom he thus became acquainted was a wealthy manufacturer, a pillar in a dissenting chapel, and a worshipper of the aristocracy. "Why," said he, "the noblemen are the most courteous and polished of all the people of the land. When Lord Ducie called on me to see my mill, I took him in my carriage, and was about to mount the box with my coachman, when my lord most politely said to me, 'Jump in, jump in'!" The people whom Mr. Lord generally met and liked were of the middle class, affable, liberal, generous, and making no pretensions. His lectures were given largely to this class, and to those of lower social grade, as the Lyceums were not patronized to any extent by the gentry.

VII.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IN the month of December, 1843, having no engagements to lecture, and with £30 in his pocket, Mr. Lord made a visit to Dublin, and stayed a month. He was fortunate in his lodgings on St. Stephen's Green, where he became acquainted with an elderly lady and her daughter, sister and niece of an ex-judge. They had rooms opposite his own on the best floor. They moved in the highest circles and introduced him to the best society, — among others to Archbishop Whately. The archbishop was a character, brusque, cynical, and of imposing presence, with whom it was difficult to feel wholly at ease. Yet he was kind, very liberal in his views, with no ecclesiastical starch, although conscious of his high position and magnificent intellect. He handed to Mr. Lord an American book, and asked if he knew anything about the author. On receiving the reply that the author was a Methodist minister, he said, "And why should not a Methodist write a good book as well as an Episcopalian?"

Not having much time to give to receiving visitors,

the archbishop invited Mr. Lord to walk with him. The walk was over a bog district which furnished great quantities of peat. The archbishop expatiated on the excellence of peat as a fuel for the poor. He was very muscular, and soon tired out his companion, who reached his lodgings utterly exhausted, and wanted no more interviews with archbishops if he was to be wearied physically and subjected to such severe cross-examination. Dr. Whately had questioned him like a lawyer, and evidently enjoyed bringing out contradictions. He seemed to have more intellectual than social or ecclesiastical pride.

Mr. Lord also became slightly acquainted with the provost of Trinity College and some of the professors, all "great people," whom he confesses he did not know how to meet.

In Dublin Mr. Lord did not lecture, as he had no invitations, and did not care to risk a course on his own account; but he preached in a dissenting chapel to a slim audience. A pompous official, as he left the vestry, handed him a fee, wrapped up neatly in a white envelope. As it seemed rather light, he ventured to open it. It contained half a sovereign. He looked at the small coin and then at the man; then again at the coin and again at the man's face, without saying a word, astonished at the smallness of the fee. "You need not look so at me," said the man; "it is

more than the sermon is worth." "So it is," replied Mr. Lord, as he slipped the bit of gold into his waistcoat pocket. He stayed at his elegant lodgings in Dublin till he had spent all but the sum needed to carry him to Leeds, where he had an engagement to lecture.

At Leeds, — a smoky, dingy city with beautiful suburbs, — one of his patrons was Mr. Bain, editor of the "Leeds Mercury" and afterwards member of Parliament; a very sanctimonious, prejudiced, and conventional man belonging to Dr. Hamilton's congregation, but intellectual and prominent in religious work. Dr. Hamilton was a portly gentleman, witty, companionable, and a fine preacher. He told good stories and drank good beer. He spoke to Mr. Lord very plainly of his shortcomings, but in a good-natured way, — among other things reprimanding him for being unmannerly in chapel. "Why," said he, "you are the worst behaved person in chapel I ever saw, — twisting about in your seat, looking around, utterly irreverential; I wish you would sit in the gallery, not near my pulpit." Yet he invited Mr. Lord to preach, and found no fault with his orthodoxy. When the visitor sipped his beer, the doctor took him to task, saying, "I always empty my glass before taking it from my mouth; that is the only way to drink beer." He told amusing stories of American gentle-

men who had visited him, measuring all their ideas and ways, of course, by the satisfactory standard of his own notions.

At Leeds the audience at Mr. Lord's lectures were well satisfied, and he was paid twenty guineas for four lectures. He was at first rather disappointed to find that most of his audiences in England were made up of very plain people, chiefly mechanics, with a larger number of men than of women. The halls were small, ill-ventilated, and with hard seats. A large proportion of his auditors were radicals, with infidel sympathies; sentimental and poetical rhapsodies did not go for much with them, but a point against aristocrats and Roman Catholics would gain their applause. It was very uncommon to see a clergyman of the Established Church, or a barrister, or a country squire, or a lady of fashion at lectures in a Mechanic's Institute. Sometimes a nobleman, or some prominent man, condescended to lecture in order to make political capital; but lecturers were mainly literary radicals, of no great social position. Scholars and men of literary reputation preferred to write for the Reviews. In fact, literary men of social standing looked down on the whole business of lecturing, which was almost entirely in the hands of dissenters with bitter animosities. Some institutions, directed by churchmen, were more aristocratic and exclusive; but these were rarely flourishing.

But Mr. Lord accepted the situation, was generally well received, had little to complain of and much to be thankful for. He was seeing England under great advantages, meeting with people of every shade of opinion. He could study the intelligent middle classes, and often met persons of estimable social rank, from whom he received much valuable information. He experienced a great variety of hospitalities, rarely dined at his lodgings or at the hotels, but in the houses of friends, sometimes rich and sometimes in humble life; always sitting down to a substantial dinner, and generally with other friends invited to meet him. Smoking was then rare in a gentleman's house, and smokers were exiled to distant and retired rooms or the open air, where white clay pipes and strong tobacco were commonly used.

At York Mr. Lord had an engagement to lecture, and was transported by the sight of the York Minster, the first of the larger cathedrals he had seen. The effect on his mind was that of bewildering admiration and poetic veneration. In February, 1844, he was lecturing in Sheffield and visited Chatsworth, where Mr. Joseph Paxton, afterwards architect of the Crystal Palace, but then head-gardener of the Duke of Devonshire, showed him the conservatory — in itself a palace of glass — and the marvellous grounds of the palace. Lecture engagements then took him to Birmingham,

where at that time there was little to interest a stranger. It did not take him long to discover that the glory of England, in a romantic point of view, was in the country rather than in the town, while the wealth and power of the nation centred around the most uninteresting places, with their tall chimneys and sooty atmosphere. It was rural England that delighted him the most, — "the thatched and romantic cottages, overrun with creeping vines; the rich cornfields and flowering meadows; the irregular hawthorn hedges; the village churches with ivy-mantled towers; the parsonages with their lawns and gardens; the village inns, humble but always comfortable; the pretty milk-maids and still prettier bar-maids; the lowing herds browsing in pastures perpetually green; the clumsy but strong vehicles, driven by men or boys, whistling in unreflecting content, representing a yeomanry once potent in war or jocund and skilful in village sports, among whom such a man as Wicklif found his happiest hours. No other country presents such a scene of rural beauty, repose, and power, amid which domestic virtues are fostered, and veneration for the Being from whom all blessings flow." Such scenes made the lecturer ever after a lover and a champion of rural England.

While at Birmingham Mr. Lord presented his letter of introduction to the Earl of Dartmouth, and had

a glimpse of the life of the nobility of England. He found the earl not especially interesting in conversation, and employing his time mostly in small matters, — presiding at a sort of justice's court and attending to his estate. He was shown over the house and grounds and introduced to the earl's lady, — a fine-looking woman, even more simple and retiring in her manners and tastes than the earl himself; she spent her mornings among her flowers, dressed in the most modest way. The library and picture gallery were good. Mr. Lord surprised the earl by his remarks on the paintings, although at that time he knew next to nothing about art. He had hopes of getting some of the books or pictures for Dartmouth College, but in that he was disappointed; the owner did not take his hints. Afterwards in London, Earl Dartmouth called on him at his humble lodgings and invited him to a grand ball at his mansion in St. James Square, where the young American saw many of the gartered nobles, and one member of the royal family, to whom, he naïvely says, he was not introduced, although the earl pointed out to him the most distinguished people and gave him their titles.

While at Birmingham, Mr. Lord presented Sir Arnold Knight's letter of introduction to Dr. Wiseman, who was exceedingly gracious, thinking perhaps from Sir Arnold's letter that Mr. Lord was an incipient

Catholic. Dr. Wiseman appeared to be of a noble disposition, "without starch or conventionality." Years after, Mr. Lord heard him at Rome, when he was cardinal, preach an exceedingly eloquent sermon; but at this time he was presiding in England over a school. His novel, "Fabiola," is one of the most instructive of its kind, opening a flood of light on early Christian life in classic Rome, and Mr. Lord found it very helpful in preparing his lecture on Paula.

From Birmingham the lecturer went a second time to the Manchester Athenæum with another course of lectures, and also gave lectures at two of the neighboring manufacturing towns.

VIII.

LONDON. — LOVE. — GERMANY. — MARRIAGE.

WITH his pockets pretty well replenished, Mr. Lord left the provinces and proceeded to London, where he arrived in May (1844), taking rooms in Tavistock Square, not a fashionable but a very respectable quarter, near the British Museum. Here, with the noblest library in Great Britain affording him facilities for investigating any subject, the prime object of the lecturer's pilgrimage to England was attained, — an unfettered opportunity to study in the best way and under the best conditions the history of the world.

But it was his first visit to London, and no wonder that the glories and sights of the great metropolis prevented for a time the pursuance of his studies in any regular and uninterrupted way. The exhilaration of mind which he felt could not be described. Wherever he went, it was a new experience, a revelation. In spite of the postponement of his researches, it would all tell on his future career as a delineator of men and a writer of history. During his sojourn

in the provinces, Mr. Lord had received many letters to prominent persons in London, not one of which when presented failed to assure him a cordial welcome; and now he had the first leisure he had enjoyed in England. He was not obliged to crowd three days into one, and could gratify his eagerness to see, and learn, and feel. During that summer there was scarcely anything of national interest which he did not visit. It is needless to recount his impressions as he visited Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery, the Tower of London (which, as a mediæval fortress, he particularly enjoyed), St. Paul's Church, and the many other objects of historical interest which to a student of history have an enduring fascination.

He also enjoyed to the full the modern life of London, its parks, palaces, the Thames, the Blue-coat School, which Lamb and Coleridge attended, the Horse Guards, the monuments, the aristocratic equipages and riders in Hyde Park, and the glittering shops, the like of which could not at that time be seen in the United States. Even the gin-palaces, with their plate-glass windows, brass signs and dazzling lights, amazed him. After a time, when the novelty wore off, it was well for the student that all these earlier impressions faded into something like a monotonous round of daily experiences: the shops became less attractive, the

houses seemed dingy, the streets dirty and crowded, the sermons in the churches tame, the crowds ill-dressed, the wind chilly and damp, and the fog impenetrable; but, at first, the exuberance of spirits and the magnitude of his novel experiences were something never before known to him, and never to be forgotten.

At home in America, Mr. Lord had not once visited a theatre or heard an opera: for a clergyman to be seen in such places was an outrage on the pious sentiment of the community. But in London, where the feeling, at least among people of the Established Church, was not so averse to a clergyman's presence at a play of Shakespeare or an opera by a great composer, Mr. Lord found himself delighted and elevated when he occasionally allowed himself to hear the best actors and the inspiring tones of the most famous prima donnas.

After the sights and experiences of London, Mr. Lord made himself familiar with the ancient glories of Windsor Castle, of Hampton Court, which Woolsey built and Cromwell occupied, and of all the famous castles and localities which as a historical writer he must understand in order to describe. Of the famous preachers whom he heard, Thomas Binney, of Weigh-house Chapel, stood foremost. He often saw this eloquent divine, — a portly, nervous man with a magni-

ficent head, who discoursed in an artificial and elaborate style of address. Dr. John Cumming was then also a great clerical lion. His chapel was crowded with fashionable people, who listened to sermons on the end of the world as if that end would never come to them. A Mr. Robert Montgomery, then called the "Reverend Satan Montgomery," drew a large crowd in the Percy Street Episcopal Chapel, but was bombastic, sensational and frothy. Dr. Hamilton, the successor of Edward Irving, preaching in a Scotch kirk, was a most effective speaker, the tones of his voice being extremely sympathetic. Spurgeon had not then begun his famous career, and no preacher in London of that day equalled, in Mr. Lord's opinion, Professor Park of Andover, or Addison Alexander of Princeton, or Edward N. Kirk of Boston.

Nor did the speeches in Parliament come up to what he had expected. Sir Robert Peel was the greatest orator that he heard, and next to him were Lord John Russell and John Bright. He also heard Disraeli and Gladstone. Of the latter he formed the opinion that he had great eloquence, self-possession, and assurance, but thought at that time that he spoke like a man who espoused a cause rather as a political issue than from conviction; he came however in after days to admire "the Grand Old Man" as much as anybody. Lords Derby, Brougham, and Lyndhurst

he heard in the House of Lords, which on the whole seemed to him to be composed of a very plain-looking set of men, for grandees of the realm.

That summer, Mr. Lord made bold to call on Carlyle with a letter of introduction from a common friend. By appointment he went to Carlyle's house, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where the servant-maid who opened the door said that Mr. Carlyle was engaged and could see no one. "But," said Mr. Lord, "I have come at the hour he appointed to see me; however, I will call again." Mrs. Carlyle, a ladylike person, hearing a sort of altercation, came to the door herself, and said she would speak to her husband. Soon after, he came into the parlor, — rough, grim, and savage. But Mr. Lord's idolatry of the man's genius was then so strong that he was not disturbed. Mr. Carlyle began by saying that he hated Americans, who were a nation of bores; he liked the Russians, a quiet, active people; and said other things in this absurd strain. Mr. Lord simply laughed; and soon after, Carlyle asked him to take a walk, just as Archbishop Whately had done, probably wishing to utilize the time for necessary exercise, instead of sitting in a parlor with a stranger to whom he felt utter indifference. Carlyle melted a little after he had walked half an hour, and was quite agreeable; but Mr. Lord never repeated the visit nor wished to repeat it: it was enough for him to have

seen and talked with the great man, and thereafter to admire him from a distance. Carlyle was then in the height of his fame; and if his unfortunate Reminiscences had not been published by his literary executor, he might have relieved his morbid and sickened soul in private as much as he pleased, and always have remained in reputation the greatest literary genius of the century.

After that Mr. Lord did not hunt up many "big men" in London, but contented himself with seeing only those who came in his way. He mentions, however, that he knew there Edward Everett, who was at that time American Minister in London. He says, "I often took tea in his house on Sunday evenings, when he was gracious and pleasant, although a little stiff and over-dignified." From what happened after they had both returned to America, which will be related in its place and time, it is clear that Mr. Everett must have been favorably impressed with the earnestness, intelligence, and acumen of the young historical student and lecturer.

Mr. Lord now turned his attention to historical studies in the British Museum, and wrought out with industry and painstaking the subjects which he worked up afterwards in brilliant discourses. He casually met a number of distinguished persons like Professor Sylvester, afterwards of Oxford, the greatest

mathematician in the world, — a dogmatic, obstinate, and proud man, more ambitious to be considered a philosopher than a mathematician. Mr. Lord says he never met with "so little a great man."

One of Mr. Lord's most intimate acquaintances and friends in London was an American, the Rev. Henry Colman, — for a time a Unitarian clergyman in Salem, Mass., afterwards the editor of a paper in western New York, who went to England without money or fame, but somehow came to know more distinguished English people and to be on more friendly terms with them than any American not in official position. He was intimate with dukes and earls of the highest rank, and visited them at their estates in the country. The Duke of Richmond was his bosom friend, and entertained him for weeks at a time. The secret of his great fascination was his wit, his knowledge, and his simple manners. He was never embarrassed in any company, and soon became the life of it. He lodged at Charing Cross, up three flights of stairs, at a guinea a week. He was merry, frank, witty, and intelligent, and he is introduced here, with this lengthy description, because it was through his friendly offices that Mr. Lord was enabled to enjoy the greatest felicity of his life, extending over years of intense satisfaction and unalloyed delight. It is a romantic story, and it made dingy, grand old London one of the brightest, sunni-

est spots, to be cherished during life by John Lord as the city of all cities on the face of the earth.

Mr. Lord was sauntering one day along the street with Mr. Colman, when, happening to cast his eyes upward, he saw a lady, clad in a becoming dress, step out on a balcony to water some flowers. His attention was at once arrested, and his eyes glowed with unusual brightness. Turning to Mr. Colman he said with great animation, "Colman, that is the woman for me! She must be my wife!" "Well," replied his companion, "very likely, for I know her well. It is Miss Mary Porter, and I will introduce you."

It may well be imagined that this promise was not allowed to stand unfulfilled for any great length of time. The young American lecturer, with little else than his own personal fascination and character to offer the English lady, soon wooed and won his bride, of whom he wrote after her lamented death in 1860: "She was a beautiful woman, with whom I lived happily for fifteen years until she died. She was the mother of my children; a woman who understood and honored me; who was to me friend as well as lover, besides being beloved and esteemed by all my friends and relatives. She readily accompanied me to America, against the advice of her family, who looked upon me as visionary and an adventurer. I never did anything of moment without her advice and consent,

and her judgment was always right. Without her I should have been nothing; with her my life was a perpetual joy. She entered with zeal into all my undertakings; and when she died, I was unable to give any lecture with any heart in it. The sun of my home was extinguished."

We shall see, as we advance, with what fidelity and judgment this lady guided her husband's career, making for him a home, steadying his purposes, training their children to be a comfort and a help, and transforming the restless spirit of her husband into a tranquil, happy lover of a home, where, as long as she was its mistress, he found "a garden of delights full of fragrance and peace." She was thoroughly English in tastes and education, but became much attached to America in after days. She is described as having thick, black hair, worn in ringlets after the fashion of English women of that day, with a pale but animated and sympathetic face, very white and regular teeth, black, sparkling eyes, and a pleasant smile. She was an artist in embroidery and flower-painting, adorning her home with her own handiwork; a lover of books and interesting in conversation. She inherited some property from her father, which she increased, and by means of which she smoothed the road of her somewhat extravagant husband, till he reached a period of financial prosperity in later life.

But it was not until May, 1846, that the marriage was consummated. Mr. Lord had much literary work to do, and many lecture engagements to fulfil, besides making two visits to the Continent, before he could marry and return to America. It only remains to be said of Mr. Colman, to whom Mr. Lord was so deeply indebted, that on his return to America he foolishly published a gossipy book on the great people he had seen and known, and thereby lost caste. When he went back to London he was neglected, which broke his heart, and he soon after died.

During this summer Mr. Lord made a second visit to Birmingham and Liverpool, having been invited to lecture in both places, where he was well received, and where the newspapers fully reported his lectures. About this time he visited a friend and classmate, the Rev. J. C. Bodwell, settled as a dissenting minister over a church in Weymouth near Portsmouth, a famous watering-place in the time of George III. This visit is worth recording, as it was the only time when Mr. Lord attempted to lecture in England on his own account. Although he preached in his friend's church every Sunday for several weeks, the lectures were a failure, because the leading people of Weymouth would not go to hear a dissenter lecture. No churchman in the town would ever patronize a dissenting shopkeeper or grocer. Mr. Bodwell himself, although

he had married an English wife with something of a fortune, and was a learned and delightful man, was socially ostracised. After being wearied and disgusted with English prejudice, he returned to America, held parishes at Framingham and Woburn, Mass., and afterwards became a Professor in the Hartford Theological Seminary. He was Mr. Lord's bosom friend until his death in 1876. The two friends often rallied each other on their experiences at home and abroad, Mr. Lord getting in a good point on Mr. Bodwell for losing an invitation to settle in New Haven because he wore black silk gloves in the pulpit, after the fashion of the English dissenting ministers.

While in London, Mr. Lord witnessed the very interesting ceremony of the opening of Parliament by the Queen in person. Mr. Colman obtained a ticket for him from the Duke of Richmond. Peers and peeresses attended in full court dress, in all their coronetted and official splendor; the judges and lords were clad in robes of velvet and ermine, while Victoria, then in her best days, read her speech in a clear voice, seated on her throne, arrayed in state apparel, and surrounded by the great officers of her realm. It was almost like a coronation ceremony. The foreign ministers were present in costume, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, when the Queen returned to Buckingham Palace, the gorgeous state coach, drawn by eight cream-

colored horses, with a groom at the head of each, was surrounded by the loyal populace, who shouted "Long live the Queen!" It was to Mr. Lord an impressive scene, especially valuable in after years, when the pageants which he pictured in his lectures were given in the actual coloring indelibly fixed in mind by what he saw that day.

In November of that year Mr. Lord gave lectures in London at the City of London Institution, a grade higher than the Mechanics Institutes; he also lectured at Highgate, Greenwich, and Westminster. But no public fame followed these lectures, as would have been the case in America; he remained as unknown after the lectures as before. His empty purse, however, was again replenished, so that after Christmas he was enabled to pay a flying visit to Paris, long enough to see the great objects of interest, — the palaces of the king, the statues and paintings of the Louvre, the cathedrals of Paris and Amiens, and the Abbey Church of St. Denis, where reposed until the Revolution the ashes of all the kings of France from Dagobert to Louis XV. He could only glance at these stately monuments of imperial splendor; but even a look, with eyes intent on seeing the history underlying and creating all, was worth everything to one who needed inspiration as well as knowledge for his chosen labors. Louis Philippe was

then on the French throne, apparently for life; and his prime minister, Guizot, was the great historian of France.

So vivid were all these first impressions of France that when long after Mr. Lord spent two years in Paris and its environs, there were not many things to study which he did not well remember. After all, however, to him Paris was not so interesting as London; France not so satisfying as England, — perhaps because, not speaking the language, he had no such access to the homes and the people of France as he had gained to those of England. It may seem strange that he was admitted so freely into so many grades of society by the English, who are usually considered exclusive and cold to strangers. But somehow Mr. Lord ingratiated himself with such English people as he happened to meet, and they gave him abundant introductions to others. He dined out three times a week, somewhere, during his sojourn in England, and says that it was quite enough. The English dinner, much the same everywhere in form and in its viands, was for him soon divested of novelty and excitement. As a rule, without his ever saying so in his Reminiscences, it would appear that the American by his lively talk had to entertain his hosts.

In the early part of 1845, Mr. Lord had the satisfaction of giving a course of lectures in the Hanover

Square Rooms, to an association of a higher grade than he had hitherto reached. Mr. Buckingham, a famous traveller, lecturer, and member of Parliament, was the director. After this course, he was fully employed in lecturing before the various popular institutions in London and vicinity. The only institution of note in which he did not lecture was the Royal Institute, devoted chiefly to science, where Faraday was the greatest star. In the latter part of the winter he again revisited Manchester, Sheffield, Derby, Kidderminster, and Worksop. He had become a well-known lecturer in all the places that have been mentioned, and could have kept on as long as he chose if the work had satisfied him.

But his restless disposition could not yet be harnessed into a steady round,—the treadmill of a lecture system. He imagined that it was needful for him to learn German, and to do this well he must needs go to Germany. So on the first of May, 1845, he left London for Bonn, a university town,—spending two weeks in Belgium, visiting picture galleries, cathedrals, and all the interesting localities. The masterpieces of the Flemish artists were a special wonder to him. In the picture galleries it was his custom to single out a few remarkable paintings, universally commended, and confine himself to the study of these.

Arriving in Bonn, on a beautiful day in May, when

the nightingales were beginning to sing in the gardens and on the banks of the Rhine, Mr. Lord went to the house of Professor Brandis, to present a letter from a Dr. Hildenmier, who had a boys' school near Derby, at which he had lectured. Frau Brandis herself opened the door, — a thin, tall, homely woman, whom he took for a servant. Here he remained for a few weeks, at two guineas a week, — a large price for Germany. The professor, absorbed in his grand studies of philosophy, was a kind old man, the successor of Bunsen, whose intimate friend he had been. It was a great privilege to sit at the table of such a man, and to hear him talk. The family all spoke English, but Mr. Lord took lessons in German from one of the sons and from the frau, who seemed astonished at what she called his American manners.

Mr. Lord did not get on very fast in German, and found after awhile that the simplicity and frugality of German fare left him as hungry after meals as before. He was obliged to seek another home and other teachers; but the dear old professor continued to be as cordial as ever. He met many of the professors at Bonn, some of whom were very distinguished, and played chess with them. Augustus Schlegel died while he was at Bonn; and after his funeral, which Mr. Lord attended, his effects were sold. Mr. Lord was fortunate in buying a set of chessmen and a board

which had belonged to Madame de Staël, with whom Schlegel played while he was her son's tutor. The board still remains in the Lord family.

As the would-be student of the German language lived at a hotel and talked English most of the time, he did not become absolute master of German during the three months of his stay at Bonn. However, he had a good time walking over the Drachenfels, and in due time was able, at Dresden, to translate, with the aid of a competent reviser, "The Autobiography and Justification of Johannes Ronge," the German reformer. This work was published by Stewart and Murray of London, but never remunerated the translator for his trouble.

Mr. Lord had become engaged to Miss Mary Porter in August, 1844; and in July and August, 1845, having left Bonn, he joined a party, including Miss Porter and her sister Agnes Porter, for a visit to Switzerland. The Rhine was never lovelier than it seemed to him then, the ruined castles never more historically interesting. He wrote in his Reminiscences an account of the journey, of which he says: "I can remember nothing in my whole life which gave me so much pleasure as that four weeks of leisurely travel, indifferent to expenditures, with fine hotels, beautiful roads, glorious mountains, picturesque lakes, and charming social intercourse with cultivated ladies

who entered with enthusiasm into everything they saw. Indeed, so intense was my pleasure that I have never cared to repeat the journey, knowing that the repetition would not afford the joys of that first visit." These words from a man seventy-five years of age tell the story of a nature still susceptible to the finest impulses. The ladies returned to London, but John Lord spent two months in Dresden, studying German with a bright, humpbacked dwarf, the aforesaid reviser of Ronge. From Dresden he visited Tholuck at Halle, saw Ranke the historian at Berlin, and then took a steamer from Hamburg to Hull.

The upshot of this delightful trip was the necessity, under which Mr. Lord found himself, of being obliged to borrow £70; and immediately he began to lecture again in England. His lectures in Liverpool on Monastic Institutions called forth a "sad and mournful" letter from Sir Arnold Knight, his Catholic friend; and from that time the friendship between them was broken. This separation from a generous and noble man caused the lecturer much grief; and he deemed it a strange matter, since Sir Arnold well knew Mr. Lord's opinion that "in purely theological dogmas the Catholic Church has never differed widely from Protestant Christians. The three great lights of the theological world — Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and John Calvin — have advocated substantially the same

theological dogmas. The Protestant revolt from Rome was based on the abuses of church government and the corruption of ecclesiastical institutions, rather than on the creed of the Fathers and of the mediæval saints who reigned as oracles. The very best system of pure theology ever formulated was that of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, to which Calvin in the main assented. If we have outgrown Calvin, then have we outgrown Augustine and even Saint Paul himself." Yet his intimate Catholic friend was never reconciled to him. Mr. Lord did not go to England as a reformer; he went to learn, — a searcher after truth, an observer of men and institutions. If therefore the friends whom he made were lost by the truths he told, so much the worse, thought he, for the friends.

He soon again became rather tired of lecturing in England. It was on the whole distasteful to him to travel about as a "mere lecturer," in a country where that employment was looked down upon. He was "not ashamed of lecturing to mechanics at sixpence a head; but it was not a thing to talk about in society." He "would no more have spoken of lectures to the Earl of Dartmouth, or to Oxford grandees, whom he met on a subsequent visit to England, than to neighbors at home of an ancestor who had been in jail." In no country are social customs more rigorous and oppressive than in England, and the young man had

to accommodate himself to opinion as he found it at that time. But lecturing was the only way of meeting his expenses and continuing his studies. In December, 1845, he had on hand but £6.10. Therefore he must keep on with his appointed labors, however much he might wish to marry and return to America with his bride.

After a few more lectures in England, he concluded to go to Edinburgh. Edinburgh was more of a literary centre than it is now. It was a bold thing to attempt to carry coals to such a Newcastle. However, in the latter part of January, 1846, he mounted a coach, and in the rain rode from York to the great Scottish metropolis, — armed this time also with letters, to Dr. Chalmers, George Combe, Dr. Alexander, and other prominent men. He would never have dared to invade Scotland with his literary wares without letters to the very highest men in the land.

Dr. Chalmers received him at Morning Side with every courtesy. For several weeks Mr. Lord breakfasted with him every day. Dr. Alexander got signatures to an invitation to Mr. Lord to give his course of lectures. It was signed by Professor Wilson, Dean Ramsay, and all the leading ministers and professors. Mr. Lord chose "Monastic Institutions," the very worst selection he could have made, for the Scotch hated the Middle Ages and everything con-

nected with the Papacy; and yet the lecturer cleared more money from this course of lectures than he ever received from any literary institution in London. He also gained the acquaintance of the most interesting men, and the sight of the most interesting buildings and places in and around the most beautiful city of Great Britain, to say nothing of his acquaintance with Scotch whiskey and porridge, with haddock smoked and cured, for a relish.

Mr. Lord was disappointed in the lectures and appearance of Professor John Wilson, "Christopher North," then at the height of his fame. He looked "like a roystering boxer, with a red face and thick sandy hair, dishevelled." In his lectures he was "spasmodic, illogical, and discursive, although witty." The students cheered him, as they also did Dr. Chalmers in the theological seminary.

After leaving Scotland, where Mr. Lord had nothing but social enjoyment, literary success, and pecuniary profit, he gave courses, the third time, at Sheffield and at Birmingham. In the latter city he preached for Rev. John Angell James, at whose table he met Henry Rogers, the famous reviewer and writer. He then proceeded in April to London to fill an engagement at the British and Foreign Schools. The spring of 1846 he passed in London, spending much time in study at the British Museum and in lecturing.

A little incident which occurred this year at the Epsom Races can best be told in Mr. Lord's own inimitable way: "The dust and discomfort were intolerable, and as I did not bet on the horses, the excitement was small; but the sight of the crowd was worth having. Among the amusing things which happened to me was the way I got served at dinner. Everybody was bawling out for a waiter at the hotel or booth, I forget which. Few were served without using expletives which I suppose might be called swearing. In my clerical dress I looked like a waiter, and as I could not get any one to wait on me in the general confusion, I boldly seized a dish from one of the waiters and was carrying it to my table, when ever so many, I think more than a score, bawled out, 'Here, waiter, here!' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'coming;' but what was their astonishment when I calmly proceeded to my table, deposited my chops and sat down to eat them myself."

On the last day of May, 1846, John Lord was married to Mary Porter, in a Puseyite country church near Brixton, England. Few were present except her relatives. After the wedding breakfast (according to his careful custom, he records paying £2 12*s.* 6*d.* for the license, besides fees for the officiating clergyman, the clerk, the doorkeeper, and the sexton), the bride and groom mounted an old-fashioned stage-

coach and rode to Leamington. Two days afterwards they pursued their journey in the same delightful way to Beaumaris, in North Wales, — a picturesque passage through Shrewsbury. Then came a month at Beaumaris, making excursions, sailing, walking through lanes, picking flowers, or lounging on the beach.

"The month of June in North Wales, what can exceed that!" writes the old man, with keen enjoyment in his memory of the days of the enthusiastic bridegroom. "I was thirty-six years of age, and my partner thirty-five; and with her I never had a misunderstanding, but always perfect harmony. She thought I was rather reckless and extravagant, but gave me no reproaches, only now and then a remonstrance. As for her faults, I cannot remember that she had any, except occasional impatience at my follies. I never knew her judgment to be wrong, and hence soon learned to take her advice, — whether with reference to giving a course of lectures, building a house, or buying a horse, or even in such small matters as marketing and gardening. Once, however, I went on my own hook and bought thirty-six pounds of venison, at which she looked aghast, but let me off with a gentle reprimand. I do not remember whether we ate up all the venison or not, but I know that I have never liked venison since."

IX.

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

IN July, 1846, Mr. and Mrs. Lord returned to London and took passage in a sailing ship, not being able to afford the steamer-passage on account of the enormous quantity of luggage supposed by Mrs. Lord and her English friends to be necessary for her housekeeping in America, — thirty packages, including furniture in the shape of heirlooms and a piano. Mr. Lord gently remonstrated at the taking of the latter article, which was not a modern one; but friends and relatives uttered such fierce protests against depriving his wife of one of her dearest pleasures, that he laughed and yielded as a matter of course. "In two years she exchanged that piano for one of American manufacture, and also sold her long gold chain, as heavy as those worn by aldermen. She kept, however, her solid silver spoons, forks, and teapot, which had been in wear for fifty years; also her linen sheets, thick enough to make sails of, and which never wore out."

Some months previous to the wedding, Mrs. Lord's

sister Agnes, having gone to America, had been the guest of Mr. Lord's friends in Portsmouth, N. H., where all were delighted with her intelligence, simplicity of manners, and amiability. But she had written to England that she had made "great discoveries" in America. These "discoveries" and their natural exaggerations may account for the amount of luggage required by the married sister. They were, first, that everything, except books, was dearer in America than in England. Next, that nobody in America slept in linen sheets, and Mary must bring linen sheets because none could be purchased in America. Third, that the poor natives never heard of a mangle, or of crimping irons, or of flatirons, — all of which Mary must bring.

Mr. Lord had laid in a stock of English clothing, which he wore out as soon as he could after reaching the United States, becoming very weary of being asked, "Where was that coat engineered?" and similar questions. English people at that time, no matter how intelligent, felt that in going to America they were going to a semi-barbarous country. The friends and relatives of Mrs. Lord thought she was crazy to give up London for such cities as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. But Mr. Lord tells us that "she never repented of her doings for more than half an hour at a time. After a short cry on Saturday even-

ings when she remembered what she had left, she was all right for another week; and these periodical and sentimental occasions passed away altogether in less than a year."

The good packetship sailed down the Thames, but had head-winds off the Isle of Wight, and anchored for a short time at Ryde. Mr. Lord here went ashore and had a sight of one of his best English friends, Thomas Binney of London, who was enjoying his vacation, and who came out of his sea-bath to give his American friend an apostolic benediction, and to wish him and his bride Godspeed on their voyage. Mr. Lord tells a story of this eccentric and delightful old friend, which chimes in with these reminiscences of the days of "Love's young dream." When he was a young man, Mr. Binney broke down several times while preaching, and his parishioners made up a purse of £200 that he might take a trip to America, in company with a friend. When he arrived in Liverpool he refused to go, and said he should prefer Italy. It seems that he had a love-affair on hand, and probably he did not want the Atlantic between himself and the lady. But when his people heard of his refusal to sail, one of them was sent to inform him that the money had been given for that one purpose only. So he embarked in the next ship, and those whom he delighted with his presence and

discourses in the United States owe their good fortune to the firmness of his parish. It is said that the lady wanted this whole-souled but eccentric lover to wait till her father was dead. "What," he replied, "would you wish me to desire his death?" and so he finally prevailed.

In reviewing his visit to Europe, which extended over nearly three years, Mr. Lord felt that nothing had been wasted. His lectures had paid all his expenses, and he had seen life in a way not otherwise to be seen. He had made many acquaintances and some friends. He had picked up a little French and German. He had received delightful and valuable impressions, and came to love England even as he loved his native land. More than all, he had laid a foundation of definite knowledge for the continuance of his chosen life-work. He had also added to his reputation, inasmuch as numerous reports of his lectures, through the public journals, had reached the popular ear in America. He had succeeded in England, and he had won a faithful wife, who appreciated his calling and his abilities. In some respects he had fought a fight; for it was not an easy thing for a foreigner, an American, without fame, to lecture creditably, year after year, in the same institutions. On the whole, Mr. Lord came back to his own country equipped for regular service with new material, larger

experience, and the consciousness of being equal to the task before him.

He found it somewhat perplexing, on his arrival in New York, August 11, 1846, to determine how to begin his work in America. After two months spent at South Berwick and in visiting friends, — months of solicitude and inactivity, — he decided, as he had no engagements to lecture, but must begin the winter campaign somehow, to advertise a course of historical readings for young ladies in Boston. This suited Mrs. Lord, who was averse to a lecturing tour which would necessarily leave her alone, a stranger in a strange land.

Finding large rooms on the first floor of a private house in Somerset Street, in Boston, Mr. Lord advertised forty-eight lectures, only twenty of which were then written. The rooms were centrally situated, and the house was known as "The Saints' Rest," because it had given hospitality to so many ministers, and its very respectable and genial landlord's name was Bliss. Now, Boston had heard of the lecturer's success in England, and Boston had a great respect for English social and literary authorities. The circulars addressed by the lecturer to Boston people were strengthened by the names of well-known English as well as American celebrities. Therefore Boston society responded with alacrity, and Mr. Lord's historical

readings were the fashion at once. Boston's first families — chiefly Episcopalians and Unitarians — sent representatives, even though the charge for each person was twenty-five dollars for the course, and the readings came twice each week. The subject was "The Progress of Society from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Protestant Reformation."

The class was composed of ladies more critical and cultivated than any to whom Mr. Lord had previously lectured. They were allowed to ask questions at the end of each lecture, although few availed themselves of the privilege. The sixty or seventy ladies composing the class belonged to different society cliques, which took little notice of one another. This checked freedom both in asking and answering questions, and sometimes filled the lecturer with unusual embarrassment. He was a stranger to most of his pupils, who regarded him more as a teacher, schoolmaster if you will, than a lecturer. He was their paid reader, and though they gave him some recognition when meeting him and his wife on the street, it was hardly an acknowledgement of acquaintanceship. He writes: "Not more than half-a-dozen of those ladies, except those I already knew, ever called, so far as I can remember, on my wife, or invited us to their houses. They were simply polite, but cold as icebergs." His English wife was utterly astounded to find such dis-

tinctions and aristocratic exclusiveness in an American city. Boston was a revelation even to a Londoner. Furthermore, when some members of the class discovered that the lecturer held Orthodox views in religion, their respect for him as an historical guide was considerably diminished.

Under these circumstances, there could be in the class no familiar explanations and suggestions. The ladies usually brought some fancy-work to pass away the time, saying that they could hear better when busy with their fingers. Very few showed any particular interest, and none manifested any enthusiasm, because any such demonstration would not be *comme il faut.* It was a very trying ordeal for Mr. Lord, to say nothing of his wife's embarrassment and chagrin. "I cannot remember," he says, "that I created any enthusiasm. I afterwards discovered that I awakened more interest than I supposed, but it was not demonstrative." His sympathetic, ardent nature craved that which it so freely gave,—*manifestation* of regard. Moreover, Mr. Lord had twenty-eight of the lectures to write during the twenty-four weeks, — a task which he accomplished by working ten hours a day and sitting up till two o'clock in the morning. He acknowledged that much of the work was necessarily superficial, and yet it laid foundations which in after years revision and study brought to a ripe and complete result.

"Whatever my own opinion or feelings as to this history class," writes Dr. Lord, "it was regarded as a great success. It was thought something for an Orthodox minister to gather sixty or seventy ladies from the *élite* of Boston and keep their attention and interest for twenty-four successive weeks, whether they were demonstrative or not. Mr. Prescott, the historian, did me the honor to tell me that he had never known a person who did more work in the same space of time [lecturing and writing simultaneously]. My historical knowledge was much exaggerated, for I was invited by some prominent clergymen to establish a class for the study of history among clergymen once a week, in the afternoon. I declined to do this, but agreed to be a member of a clerical club for that purpose, and offered my parlors for the meetings."

Accordingly, about thirty-five ministers of all denominations in and around Boston met once a week, each member reading an historical essay in turn, Mr. Lord "concluding the exercise and filling up the chinks." A few clergymen declined, on the ground that it was not pleasant for men who sawed wood for a living to saw wood for fun; but the meetings were profitable, and did not degenerate. The member of greatest learning and research was Dr. Edward Beecher. Next to him was Dr. Barnas Sears, professor in Newton Theological Seminary. Dr. William

Hague (Baptist), Dr. Clement Butler of Grace Church, Dr. Winslow of Bowdoin Street Church, Dr. E. N. Kirk, Dr. Buddington of Charlestown, Dr. Humphrey, and Rev. Mr. Waterston were generally present; but Dr. Alexander Vinton and three or four Unitarian ministers were not so regular in attendance. Mr. Lord was struck by the crude and inartistic essays which were read by some of the members, for history at that time was little studied. This club lasted six months at a time, for two years, and excited a new interest in historical study.

While in Boston, Mr. Lord accompanied his wife to the Episcopal church in which Dr. Clement Butler officiated, and after him Rev. Charles Mason, an old Andover classmate, son of the famous Jeremiah Mason; and Mr. Lord might have continued to worship with the Episcopalians had it not been for what he called (owing probably to his Congregational training) "the absurd pretentions and ridiculous exclusiveness of so many of the Episcopal clergymen of that day, especially those who were educated in the strictest Puritan faith, and whose families for generations had been Congregationalists. In fact," he says, "I always preferred the Episcopal service as more reverential, in severer taste, and even more Orthodox than the worship in which I was brought up. I could not, however, unite with a body which insulted my reason in pretending to

be the church originally established, when the Church as an institution did not arise till the second and third centuries, to meet the exigencies of society. It is the Christian religion which is divine, not forms of government."

The *éclat* of Mr. Lord's first course of lectures to ladies, and the interest aroused by the clerical club resulted in an invitation to give a course to ladies in Salem, — the invitation being led by Mrs. Nathaniel Silsbee, Mesdames Peabody, and others. He was then giving five lectures a week, and meantime writing one a week.

At the termination of these courses of readings or lectures, Mr. Lord was invited by Edward Everett, who, having returned from England, was then President of Harvard College, to take the position of assistant professor of History in that institution, Jared Sparks being the senior professor in that department. In regard to this invitation, Mr. Lord says: "I held Mr. Everett in great reverence for his learning, eloquence, accomplishments, and position. He was not particularly successful at Harvard, being worried by the boys, for such the students mostly were at that time. I was told that he even publicly rebuked the habit of sneezing in chapel, which he regarded as unnecessary and indecorous. But although without tact in management, he was one of the brightest

ornaments of American literature, to say nothing of statesmanship, — fertile, classical, learned, eloquent; a Boston star of the first magnitude, and withal a most painstaking and conscientious man.

"To my great surprise, about two weeks after proffering the appointment, Mr. Everett, for some unexplained reason, cancelled it. This was so great a humiliation that I made no fuss or complaint. I afterwards learned from the Rev. Charles Brooks, a distant relative of Mr. Everett as well as a connection and personal friend of my own, that the professors at that time, mostly Unitarian, made such protest and brought to bear such a pressure on Mr. Everett that he was obliged to nullify his own appointment. It is not surprising that in 1847 the faculty of a Unitarian College, as Harvard then was, should be unwilling to have one of its most important chairs filled by an Orthodox professor, a graduate of Dartmouth, who was not even distinguished, and only known as a popular lecturer on history. However that might be, I regard it as a fortunate escape for me. At that time, Unitarian prejudice or exclusiveness would have resulted in my social isolation. I should have been overshadowed and hampered — not persecuted — by a body of men superior to myself in technical knowledge and social prestige. The atmosphere would have chilled me. I should have

been quizzed by the students, and could not have created enthusiasm; ultimately I should have amounted to nothing, because I could not have been free as a bird in his flight, without fear or suspicion."

Mr. Lord then goes on to give his views as to the relation of theological questions to the study and interpretation of history. "These questions," he says, "cannot be treated as mere negatives or exploded dogmas. It is impossible to treat history philosophically without reference to those dogmas which have ruled the world for nearly two thousand years; hence, history has very little attraction to people without positive religious ideas and sympathies, unless treated in a dilettante fashion, or in reference chiefly to political events and characters. History is a digest of all subjects. The causes of great movements which interested or distracted our ancestors must be kept in view; none of them, whether religious or social, can be treated with contempt, as antiquated or out of the range of progressive thought. History deals primarily with such causes, even when these subjects are distasteful. The historian must be independent, even defiant, rather than timid, apologetic, or perhaps hypocritical."

Mr. Lord spent the summer of 1847 at Lenox, among the Berkshire hills, not then a fashionable resort. Hawthorne was at that time living there in

retirement, in a modest, one-storied wooden cottage, painted red, on the banks of a lake in the vicinity; he was reputed to be poor and very morbid. The lion of the place was Fannie Kemble (Mrs. Butler). Mr. Lord met neither of them, but they were spoken of — like the trees and the hills — as features of the place.

In the autumn Mr. Lord took up lecturing again, as he had revised some of his hastily written lectures, and had added others to the number in his repertory. If Boston had turned towards him its frigid, fashionable side the previous winter, it made amends by offering him in the winter of 1847–1848 a warm and hearty welcome from another quarter. A second class, composed of those who "had fewer pretentions, but more genuine knowledge and more humility," came to study and to learn. The first class had come from the motive of novelty; the second came to listen, ask questions, and get what knowledge they could. In Salem he had the same class of the year before.

For the next four or five years Mr. Lord lectured in the towns of New England, making his headquarters in 1848 in Roxbury, where his son, John Lord, Jr., was born; and in Medford in 1850, where another child was born, who died the next year. He varied the monotony of lyceum and parlor lectures by occasional visits to New York and Philadelphia,

where he lectured, — giving courses also at the theological seminaries of New York and Princeton, and in July, 1849, at Dartmouth College. His main dependence at this period was on the lecture courses given in young ladies' schools, — like the Willard Seminary at Troy, the Bradford Academy near Haverhill, Mass., and private schools in Philadelphia and New York.

For thirty successive years a large part of his time was given to female schools and seminaries, the most satisfactory of all his lecture engagements. At these lectures, the ministers of the surrounding towns and friends of the school were present by invitation, so that one quarter of the audience was made up of cultivated ladies and gentlemen. Some of the warmest friends of his life were made from among those who came to hear him in this way. Among the teachers who became his helpers and warm personal friends were Professor Tappan, afterwards chancellor of Michigan University; Professor Charles E. West, of Rutgers Institute, afterwards of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, with whom he enjoyed most intimate relations throughout life; Miss Haines, his most helpful patron; Miss Green of New York, and Miss Hasseltine of Bradford. Miss Willard, of Troy, we have already known as his earliest and most loyal friend among the teachers of young ladies' schools.

It is strange, however, that Mr. Lord's lectures to

schools in New York City should have been given first under circumstances which seemed to promise anything but a harvest, either in the line of money or friendship. He had made no effort to lecture in New York, since it involved great risks. But in the fall of 1848, a man with a large school of girls in New York called on him in Roxbury, and entered into negotiations for a course of lectures in his school. Owing to the attempt of his "patron" to engineer two courses instead of one, and to charge a high price for the evening lectures, to be delivered to the public (which was beyond the agreement, but which Mr. Lord submitted to), there was a distinct failure, and such a disagreement as caused the lecturer to pocket his fee and take his leave with some characteristically plain expressions of scorn.

Quite different was his experience at the Rutgers Institute, Brooklyn, during the same month. Dr. C. E. West was the "prince of teachers, as learned as he was unpretending and modest." The Rutgers was not what is called a fashionable school, but a place where sound and valuable instruction was given.

After his *début* in New York, Mr. Lord was invited to lecture in three of the principal schools in Philadelphia, and was always welcome there in after years. In January, 1850, Mr. Lord was appointed a member of the Examining Committee on History,

at Harvard College. He also continued his historical class in Boston; and in 1850 some friends in New York induced him to give a public course on his own account in that city. Through the influence of Dr. William Adams, Dr. Doremus, Irenæus Prime, Professor Tappan, and other friends equally prominent, Mr. Lord made the first really great success of his life. The course was given in Hope Chapel, Broadway, and he cleared two hundred dollars on each lecture. To him was also opened a delightful social life among the cultivated people who attended the lectures. He was a novelty, and was sought after. At that time Broadway below Fourteenth Street was the fashionable promenade. Lafayette Place and Washington Square were occupied by the wealthier families. Dr. Cheever, the abolitionist, was preaching in his church on Union Square. The Astor House below the City Hall was the leading hotel. The Central Park was not even contemplated. There were then few literary men in New York except Irving, Bryant, Paulding, Halleck, Willis, Street, and Duyckink.

In the winter of 1850–1851, Mr. Lord lectured in Philadelphia, and even the Quakers took him up and sent him to their college at Haverford to lecture, where, he says, he was foolish enough to suppose that his lecture on George Fox would please them. Instead of being pleased, they were greatly dissatisfied. It

was as hard to make Quakers agree with him as to the character of the founder of their sect, as to make Catholics agree with his delineation of Saint Jerome. Among the Presbyterians of Philadelphia Mr. Lord won marked literary and social triumphs. He revisited the city in the fall of 1852, and again had superb audiences in the chapel of the university. At the delivery of the lecture on Cranmer, five bishops were on the platform, who, as Mr. Lord afterward discovered, were not in agreement with the lecturer, but preferred Laud to Cranmer.

Mr. Lord ought to have reaped a rich financial harvest from this Philadelphia course; but somehow the janitor of the hall, a burly, consequential man, who insisted on selling the tickets, made a great discrepancy between the number of hearers and the amount of money received. After a time, Mr. Lord learned to manage the business part of the lectures for himself. It was during this period that his first book was published, — "A Modern History, from the Time of Luther to the Fall of Napoleon."

A visit to Washington in January, 1852, brought Mr. Lord in contact with distinguished men and fascinating women, although in those days the capital was less gay than it is now. An old friend, the Rev. Clement Butler, rector of the Episcopal Church in Washington, interested himself in getting up a course

of lectures, the invitation being signed by Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, General Scott, Stephen A. Douglas, Charles Sumner, and others. Daniel Webster invited Mr. Lord to dine with him, and at the dinner were Professor Felton of Harvard, Lieutenant Maury, and several prominent literary and scientific men. A discussion on the Book of Job was started at table, when Professor Felton remarked casually that he supposed no man except Shakespeare could have written so great a poem. Mr. Webster looked grave, and said impressively, "No one, Mr. Felton, except God Almighty could have written that book." No one else made any reply.

Mr. Webster told Mr. Lord that he kept a copy of his "Modern History" on his table constantly for reference. General Scott related to him an interesting anecdote about the capture of Vera Cruz. He said he long deliberated whether to take it by science, and lose only a few men, or take it at a great loss, but with a chance of greater *éclat*. He concluded to take it scientifically, on grounds of humanity; but, he added, "Dogberry, write me down an ass! For if I had killed five thousand men, I should have been President of the United States."

Mr. Lord heard a story about General Scott, relating to his nomination for President by one of the political parties, which also nominated a statesman from North

Carolina for Vice-President. When Daniel Webster heard of it, all the comment he deigned to make was, "Fuss and Feathers!" and this was the origin of the famous epithet which followed General Scott all through his life.

Mr. Lord returned to the North by way of Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and Milwaukee, having made a successful lecturing tour including these cities. His graphic description of a Mississippi steamboat shows the perils one encountered in those days, 1852:—

"The voyage from Cincinnati to St. Louis was one of constant fear and annoyance. These boats are dangerous. No less than three have exploded in this vicinity within a week, killing nearly all on board. They are terrific to me. It is as if four locomotives were placed on a flat-bottomed boat, screaming, whistling and raging with compressed satanic force. They are floating volcanoes. Think of four huge boilers, carrying a pressure of one hundred pounds to the square inch; and then the engineers are so careless and reckless, going to sleep over those boiling cauldrons! The snags, too, are dangerous, for they are not seen in the night; and yet we went on day and night, in a fog, with the river running five miles an hour, black with mud, boiling and surging in consequence of an uneven bottom, as if there were volcanic fires

underneath! Moreover, the river flows through desolate regions. The banks are covered with primeval forests. All is gloomy, grand, desolate."

Having by this time laid aside a considerable sum of money, Mr. Lord decided to take another trip abroad, on account of his wife's delicate health, his desire to perfect himself in French and German, and his determination to surpass all his former lectures by a new course, written in Europe, within reach of the great libraries of France and England. From a financial standpoint, he was on the crest of the wave at home, and might have been carried on to a rich result if he had remained. But he was weary with labor and excitement, and longed for new fields of knowledge. If he did not rest, his health might give way; for in five years he had prepared one hundred lectures, written and published a book, and lectured incessantly. On the whole, he believed it to be a wise move; and so it was, for the fine lectures on the Bourbons, which were written in France, were one result of his visit, and the renewed prestige which after a while came to him in America more than made amends for the temporary forgetfulness which necessitated a new beginning on his return.

His European residence was a renewal not only of physical, but also of literary, vitality. The tone of

life was changed for him. His enthusiasms became a maturer inspiration for conscientious work. He was no longer a struggling lecturer, but a recognized historical instructor. After the exhilaration of an actual sight of Rome, and the disenchantment of his second visit to the French metropolis, he seems to have arrived at the secret of modern history, — namely, human forces, driven by selfishness into a material civilization, but used and restrained by Christianity for the real advancement of mankind. His literary style, like his habits of thought, became fixed, more clear-cut, like the features of his face. His eccentricities were veiled by the kindliest spirit. He grew contented, and after his return to the United States he built a home.

There will now be no need to follow him year by year, from city to city, from college to school. The biographer may deal with the remainder of his career as a whole, — successful, settled, yielding ripened fruits, ending in trophies, friendships, and repose. Incidentally, his relations to society, to the world of letters, to his publishers, and to his relatives will be noticed; also the effect of the Civil War upon his mind and career. But the outlines being drawn, only the lights and shades, which give expression to the portrait, will be touched in; and although it is impossible to make Mr. Lord's personality as real to the

reader as when he held his hearers spellbound by his voice, yet it is hoped that the "counterfeit presentment" may recall the man to those who knew him, and give some idea of him to those who have only read his stirring pages.

X.

TWO YEARS IN EUROPE. — ROME.

MR. LORD loved the ocean, and enjoyed loitering in foreign cities. He was a noticeable figure when on a journey; he talked with everybody, and made friends everywhere. A gentleman gave the steward on shipboard five dollars, to be seated next him at table. His personality, odd and attractive at all times, was accentuated most pleasantly when, free from care, he gayly yielded himself to the fascination of new surroundings.

In July, 1852, he sailed for Europe, landed at Portsmouth, and journeyed leisurely to London with his wife, his son John, and his sister Susan, whom he had invited to accompany him on the trip. After a short stay in London, the family went to Paris, where they remained two months studying French, in which the boy made the most progress, and then took lodgings at St. Germain, fifteen miles from the city, on the banks of the Seine, where they remained till Christmas. Having obtained engagements to lecture in England, Mr. Lord rented a furnished house in Islington, in January, 1853, where his daughter Annie was born, —

a daughter whom her father humorously described in a letter to a friend as a "little scratch-cat," but whose faithful care of him in his old age was the charm and solace of his declining years. The family remained in England till May, Mr. Lord lecturing in various places, — at the Collegiate School, Liverpool, the preceptor being Dr. Howson, afterwards Dean of Chester; at Greenwich, Westchester Scientific Institute; at the Polytechnic School, Birmingham; at St. Marylebone; and at Dr. Thomas Binney's Chapel in London; also at other places of less importance.

In May they all returned to St. Germain, and stayed till December, when they went to Pau, in the south of France, for the winter. Leaving his family, Mr. Lord visited Rome for the first time, and returned to London reluctantly, to finish lecture engagements and to revise and publish in England his "Modern History," during March and April, 1854. He also visited Oxford, and in May again crossed the Channel to meet his wife and family at Paris, where they remained till the middle of July. In August, 1854, the party sailed from Liverpool to New York in a French steamer, arriving after an absence of two years.

That is the itinerary, which will serve to locate the various impressions and incidents now about to be recorded. Mr. Lord's last lecture given in England was delivered in Leeds.

At Paris and St. Germain, Mr. Lord wrote his lectures on the Bourbons and on the Fathers of the Church. He found himself able to read and write the French language, but speaking it fluently was quite another thing. He discovered in Paris more material for ecclesiastical biography before the Reformation than in any other city. Protestants, he says, have neglected the literature of the Catholic Church, and disdained it; otherwise they would have discovered that the Christian world owes more to Saint Augustine than to any other man who has lived since the apostolic age: he formulated the religious thought for succeeding generations, and the more his writings are studied, the more profound his genius will appear.

France, in the year 1854, was in a state of political agitation, growing out of the Crimean War. But Louis Napoleon was seated firmly on the throne, and was at the height of his glory. He had lately married Eugénie, was lavish in expenditures, and gave the people extravagant *fêtes*. While at St. Germain, Mr. Lord saw some of these brilliant displays, — one, a mock military movement to attack and defend St. Germain; another, a *fête champêtre* in the forest of St. Germain, at Muett, a hunting-box of the emperor in the centre of the vast wood.

Mr. Lord and party had a fine opportunity to see both emperor and empress, as they came on the lawn

after lunch for a game of "football." In the imperial party were the Queen of Spain, a large suite of marshals, ministers of state, princes, nobles, senators, and ladies of rank. The emperor looked calm, cold, impassive, and uninteresting, with nothing imposing in figure, features, or manner. The empress was all grace, smiles, and beauty, like the painting of Marie Antoinette when dauphiness at Versailles. The ladies were elegantly dressed, the gentlemen plainly. The emperor stooped considerably and walked with a half-shuffling, mincing gait, like a *roué* or an invalid. His numerous attendants seemed to be much at ease with him, and swaggered about like English aristocrats at a race-course. All smoked incessantly, and some of the ladies smoked cigarettes. In the game, those who could not kick propelled the ball with their fists. On returning to the house, they danced and feasted like ordinary people on a frolic. It was a simple, easy, rural affair, and the peasants looked in at the windows without molestation.

The most imposing military review Mr. Lord ever saw, was given at Paris in commemoration of the birth of the first Napoleon, and the crowd was immense. It was like a Roman triumphal procession in all the pride and pomp of despotic power, — dazzling, bewildering, and inspiring. He also saw on the fifteenth of August the *féte* of the Assumption of the Virgin.

The churches were magnificently decorated and the music was superb. Then came an illumination in honor of the emperor, and the Champs Élysées were a blaze of dazzling light, with triumphal arches. There were in all at least five hundred thousand lamps or jets, which it took eighteen hundred men two hours to light.

At St. Germain, Mr. Lord when walking in the gardens and forest often met a most refined and intellectual looking priest, with a book in his hand. Desiring greatly to know the stranger, Mr. Lord, at the suggestion of his landlady that it was the custom of the country for a foreigner to make the first call, made bold to leave his card at the priest's house. The next day the priest called on Mr. Lord, who was charmed with him; and after that the two became close friends, often walking together in the forest, and chatting on everything but religion. His new friend was the accomplished and celebrated Dupanloup, afterwards the Bishop of Orleans.

The life of St. Germain was most delightful to our travellers. The terrace of Louis XIV., a mile and a half in length; the magnificent forest, with its fine roads in every direction; the view towards St. Denis, fifteen miles away; the gardens, the peasants, the cheeerful solitude enlivened by the singing of innumerable birds, — all these pleasant surroundings made

Mr. Lord reluctant to leave when the New Year (1853) called him to his engagements in England. But those romantic months in St. Germain were ever associated in his mind with the old kings of France, — with the historic scenes and stories which his pen from that day onward described and told more graphically than ever. He made frequent visits to Paris at that time; and on one occasion, after examining the wonders of art in the Louvre and the architectural beauty of the Tuileries, he exclaimed, "Let Paris be destroyed, with the exception of the spot whereon stand the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Champs Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, including the Place de la Concorde, and Paris would still be one of the most wonderful and interesting cities of the world."

In England, in the spring of 1853, Mr. Lord heard Gladstone, D'Israeli, and other famous statesmen in Parliament, and found the philanthropists of Exeter Hall in full blast. They were "flinging stones at reigning idols," right and left. The most eloquent speech he heard was from John Angel James, a patriarch among the dissenters. A prominent speaker at these London anniversaries was Professor Calvin E. Stowe, who had the courage to stand up, in the midst of British prejudices, and defend moderate measures for the extinction of American slavery, and to rebuke the phariseeism of England. The English press thun-

dered against him, in spite of the popularity of his wife, who was the great figure of the day in English society. "She is not a novelist," said Rev. Mr. Binney, "she is a prophetess!" No woman since Madame de Staël has received more honors, flatteries, and attentions than were showered on Mrs. Stowe in London in the spring of 1853; and her gentle, genial, lovely character was never disturbed in its simplicity by all the lionizing she received.

During this season Mr. Lord made the acquaintance of Sir James Stephen, who invited a company of friends to meet him, among whom was Francis Newman. But among the most remarkable characters that Mr. Lord met that year in England was George Dawson, lecturer and preacher, one of the most interesting radicals he had ever known.

"Nominally a Baptist, he was a compound of Diogenes, Abélard, and Rienzi, with more cynicism than sarcasm, and more audacity than moral courage. He was wiser in his own eyes than Moses or Paul, very fluent and self-confident, half clergyman, half politician, and more in sympathy with pagans than Christians. He had a very large congregation of chartists, radicals, infidels, and philanthropists, who called him 'George.' He gave more lectures at mechanics' institutes in England than any other speaker, and was one of the shallowest of men, although

the oracle of the discontented classes. His field was Birmingham, which was well fitted to his genius, being the most radical town in England, and the head-centre of agrarian reform at that time. One encountered there the roughest set of people, reminding him of coal-pits, volcanic fires, subterranean workmen, and the various progeny of Tubal Cain, begrimed with smoke and grease, and giving vent to the most revolutionary doctrines. Fierce and savage were they, as though they would, if possible, dethrone God from the universe He governs, with, to their eyes, so much of injustice and inequality."

"What a contrast to Birmingham," continues Mr. Lord, "is Oxford University, with its score or more of colleges, especially King's College, its beautiful chapel covered with a stone roof, and all for the use of thirty or forty boys from Eton and its sixty or seventy Fellows. I asked my guide if the boys were required to study hard for their fellowships, which come as a matter of course. 'Oh, dear no,' said he; 'they have done all their dirty work before they come here!' But in spite of favoritism and aristocratic pride, I rejoiced that there was a spot free from the jargon of a busy world, into which no boastful votary of Mammon dare enter, and where scholars have every opportunity to prepare themselves, if they will, for a higher life than material prosperity can

possibly furnish. Who would wish to see the old England of Cranmer, of Bacon, and of Shakespeare become a nation of stock-jobbers, money-mongers, shop-keepers, mechanics, grim in their hostility to established institutions, filled with idolatry of outward wealth, indifferent to poetry, loyalty, and reverence!"

Mr. Lord was in quite an aristocratic mood himself when he penned those lines, for he had been paying a visit of two weeks at Oxford among the dons, thanks to letters of introduction from Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, and from Julia Addison.

"It was, he says, "the most brilliant episode of all my travels in England. One of the first persons to whom I presented my letters was Gordon, Fellow of Christ Church, a 'double first.' He invited me to dinner at five o'clock in the college hall, hung with portraits of distinguished graduates. The students sat on benches, and ate an ample but not luxurious dinner from pewter plates. The noblemen sat on a raised platform. All wore their gowns, — those of the noblemen and gentlemen commoners of silk, and the others of worsted. After dinner I adjourned with the Fellows to their common room, where conversation was very animated. Not much wine was drunk, and those present were chiefly officials of the college. At chapel, all the students were in white surplices.

I attended an 'exam.' It was severe. I did not enjoy it, although I was not examined myself. I witnessed the ceremony of degrees. As each student was presented, the proctor marched up and down the hall, according to an ancient ceremony, so that if any one objected he might touch the gown of the official, — the origin of the term 'plucked.' When all the candidates had taken their oaths, they knelt down before the vice-chancellor, who touched their heads, said something, and they departed.

"After the ceremony I presented my letter to Dr. Gainsford, dean of the college, the greatest Greek scholar in England. I was admitted to the presence of the great man with much ceremony. He was, however, somewhat rough in his own manners, and very haughty. He did not take my hand, but pointed to a chair, and abruptly asked me what I came to Oxford for! I told him to see the lions and *the bears.* As I was well introduced and had no favors to ask, I felt no embarrassment. After he had put a few questions to me, I, Yankee-like, put a few questions to him. 'Doctor Gainsford,' said I, 'I understand that you are professor of Greek as well as dean of Christ College; will you be so kind as to tell me when you give your course of lectures?' He seemed amused at the absurdity of the question, and was a little annoyed, but laughed, and said that no professor of Greek had given

a lecture on Greek literature since the Reformation. (His salary was $15,000 a year.) 'We don't think much of lectures,' said he, 'in this university.' Then I said that Dr. Vaughan gave lectures which were well attended. (He was Regius Professor of History.) 'Oh,' replied he, 'his lectures are rhetorical — mere flourishes — a pastime of small account — useless for acquiring knowledge.' 'But,' I continued, 'in the French and German universities they do not disdain lectures.' 'True,' said he; 'but here in Oxford lectures are not wanted.' 'What, then,' I boldly said, 'do students come here for?' 'To be trained as gentlemen — to be fitted for their future vocation — to learn to ride a horse, to row a boat — not to learn rhetoric.' Again I said, 'Dr. Phillips, who occupies the chair of Buckland, believes in lectures, even as Sir James Stephen does in Cambridge.' On this the great man seemed to be bored, and bowed significantly, somewhat like old Dr. Wheelock at Dartmouth, who used to say to visitors, 'Will you sit longer, or will you go now?' So I retired, much amused at the scholastic manners and mediæval ideas of the great Greek scholar.

"I went to dine that day at college hall, and narrated my experience to the Fellows, who seemed infinitely amused. 'I think,' said Gordon, 'that no one ever before dared to ask Dean Gainsford when he was to lecture.' It was considered so good a joke that I

was invited to a breakfast in Gordon's rooms, where some ten or a dozen of the junior dons were present, and some of the brightest men of the university, about thirty in all. When breakfast was over (and it was sumptuous), I was asked to repeat my story of the visit to the dean. I embellished it, of course. The Fellows were amazed, for the dean was one of the greatest of the dons, and then they laughed extravagantly. His manners were well known, — the most austere and unapproachable of men. He seemed to me a compound of Archbishop Whately and John Quincy Adams. I never shall forget the manner of the venerable ex-President when I was appointed as his substitute for a lecture at the Lowell Lyceum. The way he eyed me was enough to extinguish me, as I once saw Daniel Webster survey a young snipper-snapper who introduced him to a Salem audience. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said the youthful president of the Lyceum, in a weak and drawling voice, 'I take pleasure in introducing to you the smartest speaker in the United States.'

"I also had a letter to one of the Fellows of Magdalen College, and he treated me with the greatest kindness. Half of the Fellows are tutors, and the professorships are merely nominal, filled by men of no power in lecturing. Indeed, anything like lectures was ridiculed at Oxford as mere rubbish. I was in-

vited to dinner every day, and to breakfast, too; but as for attempting to lecture at Oxford, I should as soon have thought of paying a visit to Queen Victoria. But I could tell stories, and that was what the Fellows liked. They were almost convulsed over my 'Luckett' story. Artemus Ward was the only lecturer from America ever really well received in England. The English people, generally, wanted fun; and to seek to instruct even the better classes would be to insult them.

"I made a pleasant visit to Baliol College, where the men study in earnest, and are a hard-worked set of Fellows. I left Oxford with great regret, for it is one of my pleasantest reminiscences of England. My regret in leaving such pleasant company was, however, modified by the great strain which it had made on my social and intellectual nature, I being completely exhausted. Dinners and breakfasts in uninterrupted course for three weeks, with the brightest people I had ever met, told on my nervous energies."

But the richest and most fruitful of all Mr. Lord's experiences during this European tour was his visit to Rome. He had read and written of it all, but now the glories of the Eternal City were actually before his eyes. Rome, though only a torso of its once majestic figure, still revealed in its massive trunk a power not to be destroyed by time. Imperial Rome!

what indefinable majesty and repose are in its ruins! The nations that she formerly vanquished approached her in awe. The nations of to-day bow in homage in her presence. The ruined Colosseum vies with the pyramid of Cheops in solidity. Palaces and cities built from their fragments shrink into insignificance beside their grandeur.

"I do not remember such profound pleasure in my whole life," writes Mr. Lord, "as that which I felt during the few weeks I spent in the Eternal City. Every hour brought a new sensation of delight, a new impression fastened in the mind forever. I was in no mood for criticism. I went to Rome to gratify a feeling which had become intense; and I have had no desire to revisit it, lest I might be disenchanted. I cherish my enthusiasm as some men hug a sin. It was to me the most interesting spot on earth.

"It was interesting in four aspects, — for its historical associations, its remains of ancient art, its glories as the seat and centre of the Papal empire, and its modern paintings and sculpture. Old Rome, mediæval Rome, and modern Rome are blended in one grand spectacle. . . . The interior of St. Peter's blazed upon me with incomprehensible glory; it astonished me the longer I gazed on its ten thousand wonders. Its processions and spectacles and crowds were alike lost in the immensity of the whole, — the most imposing mon-

ument ever erected by the hand of man. Here the head of the Catholic religion reigns in state and majesty; and yet the Pope, as I saw him, borne along under a splendid canopy, on the shoulders of his servants and worshippers, seemed the most humble of mortals. In his pontifical robes I saw no pride, only sanctity and benignity. One could see pride in the procession of cardinals, as they marched in solemn procession over the marble pavements beneath the dome, — pride, as if they were the heirs of Nebuchadnezzar, Cæsar, and Boniface VIII., — but nothing of this in the face and attitude of Pius IX. It is said that he lives on two and a half *lire* a day, about the fare of a Benedictine monk. . . .

"Of the antiquities, the Baths of Caracalla astonished me most; not even the Colosseum is so grand. These Baths illustrate a magnificence to which the modern world can furnish no parallel, except, perhaps, in some vast work of engineering. Next to them are the ancient glories of the Colosseum, with its eighty thousand spectators, the central figure being the mighty monarch of the world, whose word was law, whose nod was death, whose smile was supremest fortune, — whose single will, greater than the collected wills of hundreds of millions, was sometimes embodied in the living figure of a brute, an idiot, or a monster, raised by accident to the throne of the greatest conqueror

and greatest intellect of antiquity. The lines of the universe converged upon that central figure, supreme yet impotent, — a god incarnated in the person of a Marcus Aurelius or a Nero, each equally irresistible and irresponsible. . . .

"How slow is progress! To what still distant ages does the promise made to Abraham extend? Yet He whose right it is doth reign, in the shrouded mysteries of His inscrutable Providence, and in accordance with eternal law. No thoughtful mind can survey the ruins of ancient imperial magnificence, succeeded by the trophies of modern genius and piety, without recognizing the hand of Him who guides the universe."

The art treasures of the Vatican were the objects of interest next in order to the Baths and the Colosseum. In comparison, the glories of the Louvre seemed dim. "There seemed to me," writes Mr. Lord, "to be a delicacy of finish in some of the imperial relics, such as had not been produced by modern art. I could understand how these have furnished models for artists from Michael Angelo to Canova, especially those which represent beauty of form, — the peculiar excellence of the Greek sculptors."

The pictures of the Vatican, notably the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Death of Saint Jerome by Domenichino, overshadowed all he had seen in Paris or London. Mr. Lord studied the treasures

of the period called the Renaissance, with special delight.

The Capitol did not impress him like some of the other remains of antiquity. "But," he writes, "what must have been the old temple, erected on the summit of the Capitoline Hill, to the honor of Jupiter! There the treasures of the Empire were deposited, and to it ascended the triumphal processions of the immortal conquerors of the world. Princes, senators, generals, and captive kings were in their train, as they proceeded along the Via Sacra, under the arches of Trajan and Constantine, bearing the trophies of innumerable victories, amid the shouts and pæans of the Roman people."

Other interesting monuments — the Pantheon, the triumphal arches, the Castle of St. Angelo, the ruins of the aqueducts, the bridge over the Tiber, the pillars of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, the fountains, the porticos, and the equestrian statues — seemed to Mr. Lord to have been surpassed by modern artists and engineers; but the city itself, the city as a whole, — a city which never has lost its prestige, though built three thousand years ago, wonderful in its decay, and still more wonderful in its restoration, — where else are presented such memorials of former glory?

The dark side of the picture did not, however, escape him, — the narrow, crooked streets, dirty and dark;

ragged, filthy, repulsive beggars on every hand; no signs of wealth or thrift or progress; everything indicating the rule of priests, whose ideal of happiness and prosperity was that which existed in the Middle Ages.

"My enthusiasm," says Mr. Lord, "may have been ridiculous to the strangers whom I met, but it was real and spontaneous. Hence the remembrance of what I then saw remains with me as one of the most vivid of my life memories. I never have forgotten anything that interested me at that time; even the studios of artists and the restaurants are fixed in my memory. It seemed as if the experience of years was concentrated in a month. The features of the reigning Pope, the haughty tread of the cardinal princes, their gilded chariots and red stockings, appear as if seen but yesterday."

He did not go to Naples, for his purse was light. In Florence he met an English officer who wondered that he stopped short at Rome. He was told the reason, and offered to lend money to the enthusiastic but impecunious American for an extended tour. The offer was gratefully declined; but "the self-sacrifice was not equal," says Mr. Lord, "to that of a fellow-townsman who travelled to within a few miles of Rome and returned without seeing it. I always felt that such a man was like a classmate of mine, who

lay in bed a week to keep warm, because he did not know how to provide himself with fuel."

Other cities received brief but careful scrutiny from Mr. Lord as he journeyed back to England. Florence, the city of the Medici, gave him a sight of the home of Galileo and the tower of Arcetri. There he saw the best representatives of the skill of Michael Angelo, suggesting almost supernatural energy and moral power in corporeal forms; also the San Marco, where Savonarola reigned over the Florentines with Christ as king. The Pitti and Uffizzi galleries filled him with wonder and delight, but, "Alas!' he exclaimed, "Florence is not Rome. It can boast of nothing before the age of the Medici."

Genoa was an enchantment, and he was in a state bordering on the "deliruim of fascination." Its mediæval grandeur, its palaces and churches with their costly marbles, surpassed all his expectations. He crossed the Apennines with a party which included a German, who smoked horrid tobacco, and who insisted on keeping the carriage windows closed against the cold. Mr. Lord let down the window on his side: it was instantly raised by the German. Again Mr. Lord let it down, as he was stifled by the smoke: immediately the angry German shut it once more. Mr. Lord then smashed the glass, and compelled the German to breathe a little fresh air.

Venice was to him "a modern Tyre in decay;" Milan Cathedral, a "forest of pinnacles, capped with statues, the finest Gothic monument in the world."

Germany was cold and dreary. Of it he said, "I don't like Germany; I never did, and never shall." All he could think of on this return journey was Italy and Rome. It was this visit to the land of classic antiquity and to its capital that inspired the apostrophe to Italy which may be found in his volume, entitled "Modern History," —

"O Italy, Italy! thou land of associations, whose history never tires; whose antiquities are perpetual studies; whose works of art provoke to hopeless imitation; whose struggles have been equally chivalric and unfortunate; whose aspirations have been with Liberty, whose destiny has been successive slaveries; whose hills and plains and vales are verdant with perennial loveliness, though covered with broken monuments and deserted cities; where monks and beggars are more numerous than scholars and artists! — glory in debasement, reminding of the greatness and the littleness of man; alike the paradise and the prison of the world; the Niobe of Nations, — never shall thy wonders be exhausted or thy sorrows be forgotten!

"'E'en in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful; thy wastes
More rich than other lands' fertility!
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin grand!'"

"THE LODGE"

Strawberry Hill, Stamford, Conn., 1858

of lectures. His first object was to select a permanent residence. That was demanded because of his family, and not less for the need of a settled centre of operations as lecturer and historical writer. Both he and his wife disliked city, in comparison with country, life. They finally decided upon Stamford, Connecticut, and there they pitched their tent, never to remove it again.

Stamford was a beautiful village at that time, thirty-five miles from New York, on the New Haven and Hartford railroad. It had an intelligent social element, not much wealth, nor aristocratic or fashionable society. It was surrounded by short hills, from which, across green fields, Long Island Sound could be seen glistening in the sunshine. Mr. Lord took a pretty cottage on the village green, and, with pleasant neighbors around him, congratulated himself that "there was not a prig nor a snail nor a dude in the whole town." There was a Lyceum hall where concerts and lectures were given and meetings held; nearly every house had its garden and an acre of ground; there was no business of any account, only one small factory "to furnish employment for discontented servants, who wore calico dresses in those days;" and here Mr. Lord settled down in a white cottage with green blinds, and began to look around for lecture-engagements.

He found he must begin, not where he left off, but

as if he had never given a lecture in his life; so he turned first to the schools in New York and Philadelphia, and was soon in demand for courses of twelve to twenty-five lectures each. Invitations from Lyceums soon followed, although these called generally for single lectures only, on the most sensational subjects in his repertory, — such as Napoleon, Mary Queen of Scots, and the like. He soon cut loose from Lyceums, ("bureaus" were not then known), and struck out on his own account, — selecting audiences which he believed would prefer his new lectures on the Bourbon Kings of France, and the Fathers of the Church. These were not popular themes, but they had the merit of novelty, and appealed to the more intelligent classes.

"I apprehend," he says, "that I was the first person in America who sought to draw audiences on such recondite and serious subjects." And he had his reward, for soon not only the schools and the colleges gave him abundant employment, but in the large cities he began to reap a rich harvest in reputation and in financial success. The year 1854 he recorded a "splendid year's work," receiving what was then a very large income for a literary man. The stars in the lecture field were Beecher, Chapin, Gough, Phillips, and Curtis; but Mr. Lord, although not popular in a sense, gained steadily in reputation, as

he sought to give dignity to his calling and to instruct the pupils in schools, the students in colleges, and the more intelligent people in cities, giving the best he had, even if it cost him a loss of general popularity. These annals will now take up, not his lecture courses in detail, but some characterizations of his contemporaries and descriptions of his methods.

As Mr. Lord received in 1864 the degree of LL.D. from the University of the City of New York, he will hereafter be spoken of as Dr. Lord, the title by which he has been known since the above date. He knew that he had to stand in the lecture field with men who like Gough were dramatic and entertaining, or who like Emerson, Wendell Phillips, and Whipple were distinguished as literary lights. Yet he determined to pursue the course he had marked out for himself, and, by aiming to instruct the public in an interesting way, to compel their attention and approval. How well he succeeded, his remarkable career for more than thirty years in the lecture field, after his return to America in 1854, will bear witness.

Of contemporaneous lecturers he writes very appreciatively and entertainingly. Of Mr. Gough, he says: "Considering his education and attainments, he has been the most successful lecturer and orator that this country has produced, at least in the field of philanthropy. The finest intellects have enjoyed his wit

and humor, and have been amazed by his rhetorical gyrations. Had he been a competitor in the race for literary distinction, he would not have escaped envy; but he had in his sphere neither a rival nor a peer. The people accepted his supremacy as a comedian in the guise of a philanthropist, and rejoiced that he was the instrument of so much good. His eloquence was electrical and thrilling, and it is said that a million copies of his Temperance lectures have been sold."

Of Wendell Phillips, Dr. Lord writes that "at the head of lecturers, for eloquence and power, he undoubtedly stood. With no great range of subjects, he had one definite thing mainly before him in those days, and that was negro emancipation. His peculiar felicity was the conversational tone he assumed, and the modulations of his voice were simply perfect. His gestures were natural and graceful; he made no apparent effort, except when he burst forth occasionally in vehement denunciation and scathing sarcasm. He was terrible in invective. His spirit was bitter and iconoclastic. He was for demolishing everything he did not like: he was no philosopher, and could see only one side of a subject; but he was severely classical, and a born orator. He looked the gentleman, and yet pleased the common people. He was the idol of Boston, even when he denounced its idolatries; afraid

of nothing, contemptuous of aristocrats, although born in their circle. He was an aristocratic demagogue, gentle or violent as the subject required, and told the severest truths without provoking lasting hostility. He recognized right and justice irrespective of conventional prejudices. He was unpopular, but admired; sophistical, yet straightforward. He was neither an infidel nor a pagan, and never swerved widely from the theological doctrines in which he was educated."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Lord called "more of a philosopher, poet, and essayist than a platform orator, although his voice was musical and his manner attractive. In his philosophy and theology he was bolder than even Phillips, and was progressive to the verge of the old pagan speculations."

Whipple was "chiefly attractive as a lecturer to scholars and professional men, too elaborate and artificial for the people, and without the graces that win hearts." Giles "thundered away at this time to the people on various literary subjects, but his sympathies were so human and catholic that the commonest audience was held as by a spell. He was a mere rhetorician, but his rhetoric was superb."

Dr. O. W. Holmes lectured considerably at this period, and was always charming from his humor, wit, and admirable way of putting things. It was about this time also that Chapin thrilled everybody

with his vehement rhetoric and pyrotechnics. He and Henry Ward Beecher were the great stars of the platform. It is unnecessary to speak of the overwhelming popularity of Beecher, who on the whole was probably the most brilliant, many-sided, intellectually fertile man this country has produced, as an orator and preacher. To question his genius and resources would be to doubt whether the sun has any heat in July; while his forty years of effective labor with voice and pen were potent in bringing on the new era of belief in "the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

Among other lecturers at this time the Rev. Mr. Hudson, the Shakesperean scholar, was "one of the most acute critics, and as broad and catholic as he was acute. But his grim antagonisms, his rough and abrupt manners, and his free utterances made him popular only with highly intellectual audiences. A right-down honest man, but hard to get along with."

The lecture mania brought to the American platform Puncheon, the eloquent English preacher; Proctor, the astronomical lecturer, who made that science popular; and many eminent men of all professions found time to give lectures. Edward Everett himself made one hundred thousand dollars in two or three years by his lecture on Washington, which he gave for the benefit of the fund to purchase and preserve Mount

Vernon, the home and tomb of the Father of his country. Professor Doremus gave his popular lectures on chemistry; Professor O. M. Mitchell, afterwards a general in the Civil War, had enormous success with his lectures on astronomy.

"Every village at this time had a Lyceum, and could afford to pay the popular stars from one hundred dollars upwards for a single lecture. The one lecture which was most popular, after Everett's Washington, was that on the Lost Arts by Wendell Phillips, — a lecture which I thought to be amazingly overrated for its scientific ability."

It was with such contemporaries in the profession, not to say competitors, that Dr. Lord won his laurels as an historical lecturer. It is not strange, therefore, that he re-wrote, revised, and sometimes spent years in perfecting the material and style of his discourses. He was stimulated, and by no means intimidated, by the number and the quality of lecturers before the public. He had carefully re-written and elaborated, in 1848, his famous lectures on Hildebrand, Charlemagne, Cromwell, and Gustavus Adolphus, and says that he was not able essentially to improve upon that revision afterwards. By too much retouching, he found that what he gained in accuracy and finish he lost in dramatic and rhetorical effect, like the smoothing of the negative of a photograph.

We have already seen that he wrote the Bourbon Kings in 1852, while in Paris, by the aid of the French libraries, — a toilsome but delightful task; also the Fathers of the Church, for which he discovered a vast amount of material in the Roman Catholic archives, not much explored by Protestant historians. In the autumn of 1856, by invitation of Chancellor Tappan of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, he gave a long course of lectures in that university, and was invited to accept its chair of History, — which appointment, however, he declined. It was the same professorship which was afterwards filled by Andrew D. White, who became in due time President of Cornell University, and was later the American Minister to Germany, and in more recent days a member of the Venezuela Commission, appointed by President Cleveland to accertain the true boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. President White was one of Dr. Lord's outspoken admirers and firm friends. While Dr. Lord was at Ann Arbor, Dr. Tappan induced him to write a lecture on Galileo, for the benefit of the Observatory, which proved to be one of the most popular of his lectures, and which was repeated at least one hundred times. Dr. Lord was assisted in the scientific part of this lecture by Professor Brunnow, afterwards Astronomer Royal at Dublin; and also by Professors William G. Peck and William P.

Trowbridge, who became professors at Columbia College, N. Y., — so that on a subject about which, as he acknowledges, he knew but little, he was enabled to speak with authority. In 1857, when Dr. Lord was lecturing at the University of Virginia, near Monticello, Professor Bledsoe, the mathematical and astronomical professor, borrowed the manuscript of this lecture, and when he returned it, said he was unable to detect a single error. Dr. Lord raised three thousand dollars for the Observatory in Detroit by that lecture; his old classmate, James Frederick Joy, then of Detroit, gave five hundred dollars to the fund, and the building was completed.

It was in the summer of 1860, following the death of Dr. Lord's wife in the previous winter, that the series on Famous Women was begun. These were favorite lectures with Dr. Lord, and among his most popular. One cannot read the lectures on Saint Theresa and Héloïse without feeling that they are a monument of the writer's affection for the woman of all women whom he most revered and loved. We may also add the lecture on Paula, or Woman as a Friend. These lectures were inspired by his devotion to his wife's memory, and they lift to the loftiest shrine the sacred emotion of love. Twenty-three years later, when he began to gather into the series of volumes known as "Beacon Lights of History" his many lec-

tures on the great characters of the world, he prefaced the first volume with this dedication: "To the Memory of MARY PORTER LORD, whose friendship and appreciation as a devoted wife encouraged me to a long life of historical labors, this Work is affectionately dedicated by the Author."

The rapidity with which Dr. Lord could compose under pressure was remarkable. He was a creature of moods. When he was seventy years of age, he wrote twelve new lectures in fifteen months, and re-wrote several others, besides giving occasional lectures and revising proof-sheets of the earlier volumes of his "Beacon Lights." At other times he would say: "I hate the very sight of a book, unless it is a new novel of absorbing interest like 'Ben Hur,' — which, by the way, if I were a Jew would convert me to Christianity." His lecture on Hannah More, or Higher Education of Women, was written in two weeks, besides his lecturing four times a week. But after the strain he went home exhausted, and busied himself about his place in gardening, or stretching himself at full length without energy enough to drive into the village. His literary enthusiasm, however, continued to the very end. At eighty years of age he was writing his volume on Modern European Statesmen, and when half way through his lecture on Gladstone he wrote (1890) that he was "in a superb mood

for writing," and was so much pleased with what he had written that he added, "I should have no objection to Gladstone's seeing it himself." Probably he came down from that mountain of self-appreciation before he had finished the discourse.

It was his delight to write in his library, surrounded by his familiar books, of which he had many rare volumes, mainly historical; but when away from home, it was his habit to borrow a load of books from a public library, go to his room in a hotel or boarding-house, shut himself up alone, and stay there a week at a time, reading, reflecting, and writing until the mood had passed. He made few notes on what he read; but assimilating the material and forming his conclusions as he mentally devoured volume after volume, he would then seize his pen and write hours and hours, regardless of eating or sleeping, till the thoughts he had conceived were transferred to paper. If interrupted by the intrusion of a friend, he would smile, and for a few moments review the news of the day; but before the intruder escaped, he would have to listen to the last pages the doctor had written, so that at his departure the train of thought might be easily resumed by the writer.

Lecky, the English historian, in his early days of authorship, wrote during his travels, and always carried with him two trunks, — one containing only books.

These he would dump on the floor of his room, say at Assisi or Nice, and then fall to and write for a week or a month, till he felt like going to some other place. It was somewhat after this fashion that Dr. Lord, when obliged to leave his own home, would write, oblivious of his surroundings, and crying "Cave canem" to his friends, till he was ready to stop from sheer exhaustion, or because he had finished his self-imposed task. If lecturing for weeks in a city, he would fill up the intervals between the lectures with writing or revising, — although in general he was made too much of socially to be allowed to bury himself out of sight.

Very early in his career he discovered that he was always at a disadvantage in giving a single lecture by itself. He was aware of his peculiar manner of delivery, and knew that people must get accustomed to his style of oratory in order to listen to him with pleasure. "Besides," said he, "what was I by the side of Petroleum V. Nasby?" Therefore he gave courses, and left the Lyceum platform, preferring to lecture in schools and colleges, and in cities where twenty or more lectures would be welcome..

Dr. Lord's appearance on the lecture platform was that of a thorough gentleman, — his clerical coat and his immaculate linen, and in later years his white hair, giving him the look of punctilious refinement

although under ordinary conditions he was by no means fastidious in matters of dress. His nervous peculiarities of manner were indeed unique and striking. Sometimes when sitting in his chair, reading a lecture before a school, he would fidget about the desk, pull at the fringe, or push back his chair till he would find himself on the edge of the platform. Once, in Mrs. Graham's school in New York, he hitched his chair back till he and it rolled off the low platform together.

At Union College, where he lectured to the students, Dr. Nott said to him: "I like your lectures, but I should enjoy them better if you would speak slower and not wriggle so much." His favorite attitude when standing was to clasp his hands behind him under his coat, keeping his coat-tails flying in the air, while, himself absorbed in the subject, he held his audiences breathless by his intense earnestness. In his wonderful sentences, epithet was heaped on epithet, phrase on phrase; and as his own enthusiasm grew, his glittering eye seemed to take keen note of each hearer, whether he really saw the individuals in his audience or not.

The pleasantest criticism on his manner was from an eminent professor of rhetoric in one of the principal American colleges, who told him that he succeeded by neglecting all rhetorical rules, and that if he

had followed them he would have been a failure. That professor seemed to take most pleasure in listening to the lecturer when he was most open to criticism. "The dryest speakers to me," said Dr. Lord, "are those who imitate established orators, and who speak in a conventional way. It is life which conquers hearts, — not manner, however elegant. The Everetts must succumb to the Choates in great popular competitions, and even to the Goughs."

It must be confessed, therefore, that even when Dr. Lord was fully aware of his eccentricities in delivery, if he found that they "took," he did not try to mend them. He was once giving a lecture in his friend Bodwell's church at Woburn in 1866, before a large audience. The people as usual were under the spell of his oratory, and his own enthusiasm ran high. As he drew near his peroration, he unconsciously lifted first one foot and then the other in time with his nervous swinging sentences. The audience caught the infection, lifting their feet in unison with his, until he reached a magnificent close. Then, with one final and tremendous stamp, he seized his manuscript, hurried from the platform half way down the aisle, and, turning to look the people in the face, burst into a mighty "Ha! ha! ha!" of laughter, which the audience echoed again and again as he retired from the scene. On another occasion he was preaching for the

same clerical friend, and made the "long prayer" before the sermon. His prayer, which reminded his friend and classmate of those powerful invocations uttered by President Lord of Dartmouth College, took such hold upon him that at its close he found himself with his back to the people and his face toward the wall. At the end of the service he asked his son, who was present in the audience, "Do you suppose they noticed it, Johnny?"

When Dr. Lord was intent on giving a lecture, nothing could deter him from going on, even under circumstances of great physical discomfort. He was giving a course of lectures in Boston, in 1879, in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Union. As he was about to ascend the platform, he tripped and fell heavily, cutting his head and stunning himself. He was assisted into the ante-room, a physician called, and the audience feared they must miss their anticipated pleasure. But they did not know his courage, for after a while out he came, with bandaged head and face as pale as death, to thrill them once again with his wonted power.

It is worth noting over what a wide range of country his engagements carried him. In the winter of 1855 he was at New Haven, Brooklyn, Washington, Pittsburg, and Baltimore; in April of the same year, at Troy, N. Y., Rutland, Middlebury, and Burlington,

Vermont. During this month, having received an invitation to lecture at Gloversville, in the northern part of New York State, he jocularly wrote that he must be on the high road to popularity, to receive such a request from the place where "so many sheepskins are manufactured into kid and dogskin gloves." He went to St. Louis in January, 1856, taking many western cities *en route*. In 1857 we find him in the winter season lecturing before the Mercantile Library Association at Montreal, the only time he ever scored a success in any Canadian city. In the spring of the same year he went South and lectured in Columbia, S. C., at Chapel Hill, N. C., and in Charlottesville, Va. All sorts of places figure in his itinerary, — Pontiac, Ypsilanti, Battle Creek, Grand Rapids, Greeley, — until one wonders how he obtained the appointments or stood the severity of the weather during those winters of laborious exertion.

Again, in 1863, he was at Baltimore, and in Washton he lectured at the Smithsonian Institution. In January, 1867, he gave courses at Erie, Penn., Fredericka and Columbus, Ohio. Twice he visited California, — in September, 1873, and in October, 1880. But these represent only a small number of the towns and cities and States which he visited, instructing and delighting all varieties of hearers, from the *élite* of cities to the rural inhabitants of frontier towns. His main

dependence, however, was upon the schools and the repeated courses given in the large cities of the East. Although he did not give up lecturing at colleges, and made it a point to be often at Hanover, where his name appeared on the catalogue of Dartmouth College as "historical lecturer," yet it was not his plan to visit college towns with a view to lecturing, after the professors themselves began to give lectures on history as a part of the collegiate course. His last decided success in New Haven was in the fall of 1858. Soon after that date the larger colleges no longer needed supplemental instruction by outside lecturers; and after the Civil War, for a time at least, even in college towns, interest in literary and historical subjects declined.

In the winter of 1857–1858, an invitation was extended to Dr. Lord to give a course before the Lowell Institute in Boston. This was a foundation "for public lectures for the benefit of his fellow-citizens," to which Mr. John Lowell, Jr., a wealthy New Englander of the best type, had bequeathed a large sum. Mr. Lowell was the cousin of James Russell Lowell, and the Institute was regarded by some as a sort of "unavowed annex to Harvard College." The invitation was unsolicited by Dr. Lord, and he had no acquaintance with Mr. John Augustus Lowell, the trustee of the fund. It came to him therefore as a pleasant

surprise. The audience was large and attentive, but not demonstrative; the lecturer concealed none of his opinions, although he supposed that the Lowell lectures were usually at that time given by men of Unitarian tendencies. The thing that delighted him the most in connection with this course was the satisfaction which his aged father felt in his son's success, although the old gentleman exaggerated the honor of an invitation to deliver the lectures before the Institute, which deservedly holds a high place in the esteem of New England.

At this time Theodore Parker was a great power in Boston. "He was," writes Dr. Lord, "a learned man, with great insight into moral distinctions. He was also eloquent; but I always listened to him with a suppressed protest. He assumed certain 'advanced' principles as if they were axioms; then he reasoned from them without passion and with apparent candor, — so that he misled the young, who accepted his conclusions as law and gospel. He seemed to be in earnest, but in reality he had the spirit of a sophist. His paradoxes and half-truths were exceedingly misleading. He always filled the Music Hall, and without rhetorical tricks; he never descended to buffoonery or antic gestures.

"I looked upon Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, at that time, as the best preacher in Boston. Cambridge, as

usual, overshadowed everything in the realm of mind. The society of authors, of which Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes were the greatest lights, exerted a large influence. Outside this circle few had much chance of gaining literary reputation. The elect did not persecute; they never sneered; but they let those who did not bow down to them severely alone. They were all charming within their chosen circle and the circle of their worshippers, aided by a publisher of unusual intellectual ability. About this time I was requested by this publisher to furnish an article for the magazine which represented the views of this party of progressive thought. The article was to be on Pascal. I was amazed at his request. 'Why,' said I, 'do you know what the doctrines were to which Pascal gave his heart and soul? The editors of your journal will never permit an article from me on such a subject to be published in their organ of advanced thought.' 'I will answer for that, Uncle John,' said Mr. Fields, blandly and encouragingly; go ahead and write the article.' I wrote it accordingly, and sent it to the office of the magazine. After waiting months I met my benignant friend, whose good humor I greatly admired, and asked him why the article had not appeared. 'Ah, Uncle John,' he replied, with a most expansive smile, 'it was too good.' I was not disappointed, but was not particularly impressed with the

liberality of the editors, although perhaps the article itself was not up to the literary standard of the magazine, or not light and graceful enough for a fastidious Review. It has always been my misfortune to be behind the age of sceptical and rationalistic inquiries. Neither Pascal nor Bossuet are authorities to the thinkers of these times; those writers live only in their style."

XII.

MID-DAY LECTURES. — SOUTHERN TRIP.

IT was, however, in Boston that by a bold experiment Dr. Lord made a successful new departure in lecturing. This was no less a venture than the giving of mid-day lectures, twenty-five in succession, chiefly for ladies. It proved to be one of the happiest inventions of his career, doubled his income, and introduced a new custom, — that of matinée lectures. He selected twelve o'clock, the hour when women of society are at leisure; and the large attendance he secured astonished everybody. In the winter of 1868–1869, assisted by a lady prominent in social and religious circles in Boston, who interested herself to secure the attendance of her numerous acquaintances, Dr. Lord achieved this triumph. The idea was novel, and had its fascinations. It was also pleasanter for the lecturer to speak to the familiar faces of those who became accustomed to his delivery and style; and as they grew enthusiastic, the audience increased. It was like lecturing to a university without restraints. Twice a week he had the hall filled with the *élite* of the city,

and for twelve weeks they came to listen and to learn. His own mind received a new stimulus, and he employed all his spare time in rewriting and revising. It was never a weariness to lecture to cultivated women, clergymen, and men of leisure; it was like a selected class. For once he became the fashion in Boston, so far as lectures could give *éclat;* he was socially sought after, and, as much as his literary labors would allow, he indulged himself in the enjoyment of the society of those who courted his acquaintance.

During the following winter Dr. Lord gave a second course in Boston, equally elaborated and with increased attendance. The winter of 1870–1871 he spent in New York. The success of the Boston lectures secured an invitation from some of the leading people of New York to repeat the course in that city. He took the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, which would seat twelve hundred people. The leading newspapers reported the lectures, and the profits of the course were much greater than he had ever before received.

He discovered, however, that it was impossible to fill so large a hall with paying hearers from the start; so he distributed tickets among many who would be likely to be benefited by the lectures, and who might not be able to pay for them. It was better to lecture to a large audience than to a small one, even if the

profits were no greater. It was found that one stimulated another, and that the audience increased till a crowded hall was the result. It is crowds that create enthusiasm. But crowds cannot be held to a succession of uninteresting lectures, even if admission be free to all. The noteworthy thing was that the holders of free tickets, and of paid tickets as well, continued to attend throughout the course. The reserved seats were in such demand that after a while nearly all the seats on the floor were reserved, and sold at a rate within the means of all, — giving the lecturer a handsome sum over and above the amount received from those who paid for admittance to the course. Probably no lecturer, before or since, ever secured so large an audience for twenty-five successive lectures in this or any other country. Dr. Lord repeated the same experiment during the following winter without any decline in interest.

President Hopkins of Williams College once answered a person, who said that Dr. Lord owed his success to his habit of giving out free tickets at the beginning of the course of lectures by saying, "But if the lectures in themselves had not been good, the crowd would have melted away like dew before the vernal sun." Moreover, elected as a regular lecturer on history in Dartmouth College, as early as 1869, Dr. Lord not only succeeded in holding the attendance

and attention of the students, but also was considered one of the bright lights of that institution.

The same success attended the lecturer in Philadelphia, where he gave two series of lectures in 1872–73 and 1874. The audiences averaged about twelve hundred. The ministers of all denominations were among his auditors and friends. He called the lectures a University Course, because he had given them in so many colleges and schools at different times. The provost of the University of Pennsylvania objected to the title, and threatened to expose what he termed the imposture. Dr. Lord replied that he had already given them to the provost's own university, admitting the senior class free for the privilege of using the college hall. He heard nothing further from the matter, but regretted the loss of the good-will of a gentlemanly and accomplished man. The lectures gave Dr. Lord in one winter about five thousand dollars, after all expenses were paid. It was his most prosperous year financially, and among the pleasantest of his professional life. At the close of a later course of lectures, in 1878, the ladies of Philadelphia presented him with a portrait of himself, painted by a Philadelphia artist. He continued to repeat his midday lectures in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia alternately, and with success. He tried Baltimore and Washington one winter, but neither city was large enough to

secure the same results. The largest audience he ever had was in the winter of 1885, in Philadelphia. It was in this year, and at the close of this course, that Dr. Lord took leave of the platform, after forty-nine years of continuous lecturing.

As a general thing the newspapers dealt very fairly with Dr. Lord. When he started out as a lecturer they freely noticed him according to his deserts, because of fellow sympathy with him as a scholar and for the cause of literature itself. The leading newspapers of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia usually reported all his new lectures. They were not expected to report the old ones. It was very rare that he received unfavorable or unkind criticism, and then only with reference to his peculiar gestures and unconventional elocution. In this respect the Western papers were most severe, since they were accustomed to the formal "oratory" and gesticulation of political haranguers. Sometimes the lecturer was subjected, as all public speakers are likely to be, to the mirthful shafts directed at his peculiarities, or at the popular enthusiasm which he evoked from a certain class who attended his lectures because it was the fashion of the day. No one enjoyed such jokes at his expense more than the doctor himself, or laughed more heartily at their absurdity.

Dr. Lord made it a point always to keep his engage-

ments. He could not remember the cancellation on his part, either from illness or other causes, of any contract to lecture during the half-century of his public life. He was once travelling on the railway, when an accident occurred which held him fast in the coach and threatened to prevent his arrival on time at his destination. He deliberately broke the glass of a window, climbed out of the car, and walked to a place whence he could continue his journey.

An amusing story is told in Dartmouth College of a lecture which he came very near omitting because of a heavy snowstorm which blocked all the trains. Dr. Lord found himself, six hours before the time set for his lecture, in a stalled train eighteen miles from Hanover, and the snow falling faster every minute.

"How far is it to the nearest village?" he asked the conductor. "Five miles," responded the official. "But there is no road; you can't walk it." "Very well, then I'll wade it," said the doctor, and he did. On his arrival at the village, the only conveyance he could find was a small box-sleigh, of the old side-bar type. He hired a man to drive the sleigh, filled it with straw and blankets, burrowed a nest for himself in the straw, and fell asleep as soon as the trip began. Shortly after, he awoke to find the sleigh on top of him and the snow all around him. He helped the driver to right the over-turned vehicle, and they went

on; but the roads were so bad that they tipped over half-a-dozen times before reaching Hanover. The result was that the lecturer was a sight to be seen when he jumped from the sleigh and entered the lecture hall, where his audience had already assembled, — no time being left in which to rearrange his disordered appearance. Up to the stage he marched, and throwing off his cloak, began his lecture with the remark, "A wise man has made a proverb for us, to the effect that straws show which way the wind blows." Immediately an undergraduate shouted, "Then all the winds of heaven must have been blowing your way, Doctor," and there was a howl of laughter. The lecturer's whiskers and clothes were full of bits of straw from his nest in the sleigh. The doctor joined in the laugh, and not at all disconcerted, went on, soon winning his hearers to a complete forgetfulness of everything but his subject.

On another occasion, a railroad accident which delayed him was the cause of his getting into rather an embarrassing situation. He arrived very late at the town where he was to speak, and on stepping from the train was confronted by a man who asked, "Be you the lecture-man that 's to talk to-night?" "I am, and I fear I am late," responded Dr. Lord. "Well, jump right into this carriage. They 're a-waitin' for ye; sent me down t' fetch ye with me."

After being driven rapidly to the place, the doctor was met by an effusive committee, who pinned a blue ribbon on his coat and hurried him to the platform. He was too busy arranging his notes to notice how he was introduced, but when the applause died away he began to speak on his subject, Alexander Hamilton. Before he had gone very far, a solemn individual in the audience arose and said, "Begging your indulgence, Sir, for interrupting you, I would like to ask, Sir, if Mr. Hamilton was a tee-totaler?"

Dr. Lord had been mistaken for a temperance lecturer who was to speak in that church that night, but who had been delayed, like the doctor: his own audience was awaiting him in another hall. He got to them finally, but it was late when the lecture was over.

Considerable interest was awakened at one time during Dr. Lord's career as a lecturer, concerning his attitude towards the slavery question and the war for the preservation of the American Union. His views were by some persons grossly misrepresented, and the public were led to give credence to these statements owing to his relationship to President Nathan Lord of Dartmouth College, who was an ultra-conservative.

Fortunately, it is possible to define with accuracy the opinions of Dr. Lord in this matter, and also to trace the rise and growth of his sentiments, which were

sufficiently patriotic to enable him at one period of the war to contemplate the offering of himself as chaplain in the army. The story is an interesting one, and falls in with the purpose of this biography to reveal the different phases of the man's career.

The first time Dr. Lord visited Washington as a lecturer was in 1856, when he lectured at the Smithsonian Institute. At a later date he wrote of that period: "The great agitating subject was that of slavery, and questions growing out of it. But no one then dreamed that secession was possible; no one dreamed that the sequel of the Mexican War, which elevated General Taylor to the Presidency, would be the great Rebellion, by which both North and South were to expiate that crime in the loss of a million of men and vast treasure. The Mexican War was caused by the seizure of Texas by the United States in the interest of the extension of slavery into fresh territory in the Southwest; and the Civil War was directly caused by the desire of the South for a similar extension into the Northwest, in spite of a solemn compact prohibiting it. 'God granted their request, but sent leanness into their soul.' Webster alone foresaw the inevitable and logical consequences of slavery's aggressions, and this foresight was so awful that he sought to stave off the calamity by conciliation; and this desire for conciliation ended in his political martyrdom."

In the spring of 1857, Dr. Lord paid another visit to Washington, with the design of making a lecturing tour into some of the Southern States. He however fell ill at the National Hotel in Washington, being poisoned with many others, some of whom died; but as soon as possible he started southward on his journey. At Charleston, being still sick and weak, he employed the same physician who had attended his father when taken ill in that city, forty years before. He was not well enough to lecture either in Savannah or Charleston; but in the former place he happened to have a stormy debate at the hotel, with some excitable Southern gentlemen, with reference to the growing difficulties between the North and the South. These gentlemen maintained that one Southerner was as good as any two Northerners in any war that might arise, — evidently at that time thinking that war between the two sections was inevitable.

At the close of the heated conversation, a gentleman who had kept silence, but had paid great attention to everything that was said, gave Dr. Lord his card, and invited him to visit him at Columbia, where he lived. On the voyage from Savannah to Charleston a noisy crowd gathered around Dr. Lord, full of animosity toward the North. He answered their insults with the same freedom that he had shown at the hotel, and again met the same stranger who had listened with

respect to his arguments, and who repeated his invitation to visit him at Columbia.

After staying a week at Charleston, slowly improving in health, Dr. Lord proceeded to Columbia, and was met at the railroad station by a "'coach and six,'—two horses, two colored servants, and two dogs." He was driven to a stately mansion, which was surrounded by a broad piazza with pillars, — one of the finest residences in the South. There he was cordially welcomed by the owner, Mr. Clarkson, and by his wife and eight daughters. He was their guest for three weeks, and received every attention that a sick man could desire. Mr. Clarkson was a wealthy planter, and showed how well a benevolent, Christian gentleman could care for two hundred negroes. He had religious services for them on Sunday, at which a brilliant young clergyman officiated. The slaves seemed comfortable and happy: they sang their negro songs with great glee. Dr. Lord felt that the planters had been maligned by the Northern Abolitionists. He reasoned that no race had ever made greater strides in civilization than the negroes at the South had in two hundred years; that it was a change from the fetichism of Africa to the Christianity of England; and that it was a grave question whether the negroes, if freed, would make an equal advance in the two hundred years to come. Dr. Lord began to ask himself whether

slavery at the South might not be a providential event. He was not blind to its sin and cruelty and wickedness, but doubted whether any other condition than slavery would have elevated and christianized these millions of African barbarians. Christianity had worked on material ready for its reception, — on a race naturally religious, affectionate, and faithful. It took one thousand years to elevate the Germanic barbarian.

Dr. Lord after this still advocated the abolition of Southern slavery, but could not look upon it as the heinous crime which the Abolitionists represented it to be, after the abolition of the slave-trade. At any rate, amid the amenities of a slave-holding Christian family, who treated their slaves with great humanity, he felt that there were two sides to the question.

Mr. Clarkson secured the lecturer an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before the college and theological seminary of Columbia, where he received marked attention from the professors. He was much struck with Rev. Dr. Thornwell, the leading theologian of the South, whose force, fluency, and eloquence were remarkable; he was also very agreeable in conversation and a fine preacher, the pride of the Southern clergy, and a most powerful controversialist.

From Columbia Dr. Lord went to Chapel Hill, in North Carolina, where there was a flourishing college.

The town was like a dilapidated New England village, and the tone of public opinion was less aristocratic and more genial than at Columbia. The hotel was execrable, but one of the professors had mercy on our friend and took him home as his guest. The lectures here were well received by the students, and the lecturer moved on to Charlottesville, the seat of the University of Virginia, near Monticello, Jefferson's home. At Charlottesville the professors — among them Professor Bledsoe, mathematician and astronomer, and the professor of law — were hospitable and delightful. The students were enthusiastic. There was no starch, no pedantry, no pretension. Dr. Lord gave ten lectures in succession, and the course was considered the greatest success in the way of lectures ever remembered in the college. He received five hundred dollars for the service. The doctor rode much on horseback over that beautiful region of country, and thus fully regained his health.

The thing that surprised him the most at the University of Virginia was its religious tone. He saw nothing of the philosophical freedom in religious matters which characterized its founder Thomas Jefferson, but a devout strictness. There was besides none of the bitterness, almost ferocity, towards the North which marked the people of South Carolina. Even with his experience of the warlike spirit in

the Carolinas, Dr. Lord did not dream that war was possible, it seemed so absurd; and it is not strange that under the influence of what he saw and of the hospitality he enjoyed at the South, he should have felt less ardor for the war than most of the people around him at the North. He was again in Washington in the spring of 1861, giving a course of lectures, and saw the inauguration of Lincoln.

In a letter, replying to a request from his publishers to write a volume on Famous Agitators, he says: "I have no heart to portray the anti-slavery agitators who created the war which led under Lincoln to the abolition of slavery. I should touch the sacred ark with profane hands. I should build with untempered mortar. My soul sympathy goes no further than the preservation of the Union; I was a peace lecturer for two years, and have a detestation of war except for self-defence. The Civil War was overruled for the freedom of the slave, — so far, so good; but I cannot love or do justice to the men who called Hamilton the evil genius of his country, and Burke an insane meddler whose 'Reflections on the French Revolution' were utter nonsense when compared with the writings of Tom Paine. My heart must be in unison with my brain, to write with any enthusiasm and effect. I will never write against those whom I do not love, who have done good work,

but must leave it to their lovers to exalt their virtues. I have not the position nor the authority to sit in judgment on national or party idols; I should split the beetle instead of the log. I must take characters whose merits history has already sealed, rather than those discussion of whom would provoke antagonisms.

"As to the Civil War, I had no personal experiences of the dreadful conflict. I was a Union man; but I had read and studied too much of the history of wars, and was too deeply impregnated with those doctrines of peace which I had inculcated twenty-five years before, to be as zealous as my friends generally were. I contemplated the contest with interest, but was never an actor nor a partisan. Unfortunately for my popularity, I saw both sides, — an attitude of mind which my habits of historical composition had favored. I was also somewhat influenced in my opinions by my uncle, the President of Dartmouth, who was denounced as a 'copperhead.' So far as the war affected my lectures, it was for a time unfavorable; the theatres received a new impulse, and threw the platform into the shade, causing its dignity to disappear, and lectures on serious subjects to be at a discount for several years. It is one of the contradictions of history and political economy that the waste of property during the war so wonderfully increased our material prosperity, especially here in the

North, and that the loss of life was succeeded by an enormous immigration of foreigners. Creation succeeded destruction."

If we want any further proof of Dr. Lord's sound views on the nature and effect of war, we need but peruse his lecture on the Crusades in the second volume of his "Beacon Lights of History," in which, among other valuable suggestions, he says: "The world is probably better for those horrid wars. It was fortunate for humanity at large that they occurred, although so unfortunate for Europe at the time." And has anything been written breathing a loftier patriotism than the passage in the same lecture which speaks of "the mighty marshalling of forces on the banks of the Potomac, to preserve the life of the Republic," etc.? Read also his prophetic utterances concerning the destiny of America in the lecture on Christopher Columbus, in volume third of the same series, if you would feel the heart-throbs of his desire that this vast empire of ours may "utterly eclipse the glories of the Old World," — not by future magnificent material resources, but by intellectual and moral forces greater than the splendors of which the ancient nations could boast.

To his appreciation of his native land the volume on "American Statesmen" bears ample witness. In the introductory chapter he says: "What I have

called the 'American idea,' — which I conceive to be *Liberty under Law,* — has proved equal to all emergencies. The marvellous success with which American institutions have provided for the development of the Anglo-Saxon idea of individual independence, without endangering the common weal and rule, has been largely due to the arising of great and wise administrators of the public will." Then in his vivid biographical method he treats of the great themes of early Diplomacy, the Revolution, Constructive Statesmanship, Popular Sovereignty, Personal Politics, Compromise Legislation, the Slavery Question, the Civil War, the Preservation of the Union, under the great names from Franklin and Washington to Calhoun and Lincoln, leaving no doubt of his earnest patriotism and his lofty moral philosophy. His conclusion upon Lincoln is that he was "one of the few immortals, who will live in a nation's heart and the world's esteem from age to age."

It should be said in justice to the memory of President Nathan Lord, that at least he was full of sympathy for the negro's condition as a slave and subject to oppression. It was through him that Dartmouth College was the first Northern institution to open its doors to a genuine African. One of this proscribed race applied for admission, and was told by the president that he could enter, and should receive equal

privileges with other students; moreover, the president assured him that his own house should be open to him to visit, and that he and the Faculty would render him all the aid in their power. This African passed through the four years' course, was graduated with the respect and highest honors of his class, studied for the ministry, was settled in Troy, N. Y., and President Lord preached his ordination sermon.

XIII.

LITERARY HABITS.

THE causes of Dr. Lord's success as a lecturer for nearly half a century were many and various. In spite of his conservative views, he was listened to with pleasure by radicals. Notwithstanding his peculiar delivery and awkward gestures, he cast the spell of an orator over his hearers. Although eccentric in his manners, he was the favorite guest and companion of the most polished people; and however various the subjects on which he discoursed, he seemed equally at home in them all.

One important element of success was his will-power, as shown in his refusal to be ignored. He made up his mind that the people should listen to him, whether they wanted his lectures or not. This trait in his character appeared in trivial as well as in important matters. He compelled the public to lend him their ears, — just as he bought a large number of hens (if the comparison may be allowed), built them a scientific coop, and when they failed to be productive, declared, "They *shall* lay!" and kept them there till

they did. Of course, mere determination could not create success, but it brought his solid merit before the people.

Another charm about him was his use of idiomatic expressions, without vulgarity. He believed that "hits and snap" give effect to oral delivery; and when he published a book, he was afraid his readers would be disappointed if he polished what he had written "to stand and deliver," making it commonplace and pointless. He wrought into his lectures phrases which were familiar to his ears in boyhood, but which seem quaint in this half of the century. His "snap" appears not only in epigram, but in a quick turn of thought, — as when he wanted to characterize a model country minister, who, he said, "avoided the rocks of controversy, preached inoffensive platitudes, and encouraged everybody to mind his own business." Of a layman he said, "By nature he had great reverence for ministers, but held religious *twaddle* at small value." An elegant, worldly woman whom he knew, "was always a welcome guest for her *agreeable flatteries* and charming conversation." A sharp trader he spoke of as "turned out of Hades for cheating in the measurement of a load of brimstone." Still another personage would have been revered for his integrity and piety, if it had not "been suspected that he knew the difference between a ninepence and a shilling."

But these "quips and turns" were after all only the occasional frolics of his humor. When he set himself seriously to work out an epoch or a character, it was no trifling matter. His style varied with the subjects of which he treated. For example, take his lawyer-like defence of Bacon, — not a palliation of his meanness, but a plea to posterity for a fair verdict. Call to mind also his masterly summing up, in a few pages, of Calvin's theology, — furnishing the reader with a concise view of the doctrines which have brought Calvinism into disfavor among many, yet showing how the system as a whole can withstand all logical assaults, whatever the modern world may think of it as a religion. Read his candid and appreciative delineation of Jesuitism, as originating in a marvellous knowledge of human nature, and achieving some grand beneficial results, — but at last hated and cast out because of its unrighteousness, and its departure from the principles on which it was founded.

Perhaps the greatest secret of Dr. Lord's success as a popular historian is that he was a pioneer in the biographical method of historical study. As one has said, "he conceived the idea that the best way of getting at the vital spirit of a great epoch or movement, was to portray the lives of the great men or women who were representatives of it." He grouped the events of history around a series of great per-

sonages, selecting and emphasizing the vital points in each epoch.

Who has ever given, in so brief a space, a more graphic picture of Martin Luther's career, with its salient points standing out so clearly that any reader can understand the causes of the Reformer's triumph in the story of his times?

In the lecture on Michael Angelo, or the Revival of Art, the lecturer's style glows with a light caught from personal study of the masterpieces of the great artist. It is this admiration, culminating in reverence, which led the student to sum up the sculptor-painter's gifts to the world in a single sentence: "He placed Art on the highest pinnacle of the temple of Humanity, but dedicated that temple to the God of heaven, in whom he believed."

With what a skilful hand he shows why Savonarola did not, like Luther, inaugurate a great revolutionary movement, because "he was contented to lop off the branches, but did not dig up the roots" of the Papal system. This tells us in a sentence the difference between the epochs of the two great reformers.

In his Christopher Columbus, he arraigns a mercenary, material civilization, and finds room for scathing denunciation of a development "which should give the people nothing better than reaping machines, palace cars, and horse-railroads."

When he writes on Chaucer, it is with the love of a true literary fellowship, and his pen fondly lingers over the beauties of the early English verse and the beguiling conceits of this first English poet.

Dante's life under his handling grows lurid with the dogmatic horrors of the Dantean period, but charms with the solemn ecstasy of the devotion which leads the great Florentine, under the guidance of Beatrice, to wander through Paradise, and to create the felicities which his imagination yearned after in her society. We thus learn not only of the superstitions which were rife in that period, but of the high ideals which were potent among the best men and women of that day. His excursus on Love in this lecture is one of the loftiest tributes to pure affection ever written, making the ideal he presents worthy of worship, if not of idolatry.

In the lectures on the Middle Ages, the reader sees a portraiture of Mohammed which reveals the inner life of the prophet, — at first sincere, then led away by extravagant pretension, and at last clotted with the blood which his appeal to the sword causes to flow in furtherance of his ambitious schemes. And by the almost unparalleled success of this great leader we learn the characteristic elements of the age in which he lived, and how he achieved what would have been impossible in any other time or among other conditions of society.

In Hildebrand, the historical artist crowns all his efforts with the most graphic and effective grouping of great personages which his pen has produced. This was his favorite lecture, and one of the most popular. He is carried away with his own fervor, and sees in the inexorable old pontiff a veritable hero, with his foot on the neck of the vanquished king. Thus he makes the Middle Ages live again in a new dress. He gathers the dark shadows as a background, and then in marvellous perspective brings out the lights so strongly that even the dry bones of scholastic philosophy are clothed with flesh, as Anselm exhibits to the universities of Europe the dialectics of his subtile mind, and moulds the nations by his thought.

Dr. Lord had also a vein of humor, with which he captivated the public. He enlivened his descriptions with light touches, without ever descending to the vulgarity of a joke. He abhorred a pun. Though we cannot call him a wit, his sarcasms were often so apt that the object at which he struck was held up to our gaze in the most ludicrous light. Yet he always had a serious purpose in mind, and brought all his powers into action when the subject in hand was important. He spared no pains in the discussion of a point which bore on morality or religion. Perhaps sometimes he dwelt on these collateral themes

for a greater length of time than the character he was portraying justified, but he never wearied one with platitudes.

Dr. Lord had an interesting way of comparing different historical characters, no matter how far apart in time may have been their careers. As one has said, "you are no sooner with the patriarchs than you are whipped off to the apostles," and without any feeling of incongruity in the comparison. He would place Jezabel, Cleopatra, and Catherine de Medici in the same category if it suited his purpose; and Bacon, Samson, and Galileo stood in the same gallery when he wished to illuminate an idea. He was absolutely blind to petty distinctions where great principles were involved. "To me," he wrote, "names are nothing; it is the spirit, the *animus*, which is everything. I look at the soul which permeates a system. It is the Devil from which I would flee, whatever be his name." He has been charged with using too many adjectives; but if he drives them four-in-hand, it is not for display, but because the load he carries with him demands a double team for its propulsion. There is no repetition of the same idea, but each adjective gives a movement onward and an added force.

In his "Famous Women," he reveals the choicest sentiments of his nature, — his reverence and homage in the presence of gifted and virtuous womanhood

His Cleopatra, as the woman of Paganism, has an intellectual freshness and radiance. She is a great actress and artist; but because she is a selfish, heartless sorceress, he allows her to die in grief, rage, and despair, without a word of sympathy for her fate. For him, Paganism had in it "none of the harmonies of home, no poetry and no inspiration. . . . Take from woman her soul, and what is she? Rob her of her divine enthusiasm, and how commonplace she becomes!" But under Christianity woman is "the friend, the angel of consolation, the equal of man in character, and his superior in the virtues of the heart and soul. The original beatitudes of the Garden of Eden return, and man awakes from the deep sleep of four thousand years to discover, with Adam, that woman is a partner for whom he should resign all other attachments of life."

In Saint Theresa, what a fine dissection we have of the nerves of feminine sensibility! what a delightful discernment of spiritual beauty! He scores the woman of the world in the person of the Duchess of Marlborough, living in an atmosphere of disdain and dying with a callous heart. Madame Récamier is his representative of the woman of society. Satisfied to be worshipped, yet at last sated with adulation, to her the world becomes insipid, and she consumes herself with *ennui* when unable longer to please. The dignity

of strong womanhood he finds in Hannah More. "Masculine in the force and vigor of her understanding, she is feminine in all her instincts." And so the true woman remains, to the last sentence of the volume, the ideal of everything in life which elevates and charms.

Dr. Lord's religious beliefs may be gathered from his "Jewish Heroes and Prophets," in which his own convictions largely appear. He accepted the traditional theology, but was not averse to progress in Biblical study. He was not prepared to accept all the results of the modern "higher criticism," so called, not feeling himself competent critically to examine and judge them; but he believed that light from God's word is continually revealing new truths. In one of his letters he writes: "I do not believe in the literal interpretation of the Bible account of creation; I believe that the world is thousands of millions of years old. I agree here with the scientists, and should be sorry to be misunderstood. I am only fixed in the 'old fogy' idea that the inspiration of Moses was something more than the inspiration of Socrates; that it was supernatural, and to be received as such, — else there is no especial authority in the Bible, and we are at sea." He believed that the prophets predicted future events, and were divinely inspired. He constantly rebuked phariseeism, epicureanism, and every

form of rationalistic infidel speculation. He had read Ewald carefully, and appreciated his historic insight, but rejected many of his conclusions. "The free will of man," he writes, "would, if not controlled by Almighty power, soon bring all human institutions to anarchy and ruin. Blot out God from the universe, and how long would it be before chaos reigned? Christianity is great. It has been the source and root of all healthy progress; it is the hope of the world. Yet how much greater is the unseen hand of God in the destiny of nations than any revelation of His will!"

With the exception of his Solomon, a masterpiece of word-painting, the "Jewish Heroes and Prophets" are mainly interesting, careful, suggestive narratives of the events in the lives and periods which he recorded. More than that, the characters are depicted with such natural, human sympathy that they take their place in the imagination as veritable persons, invested with fresh interest. As one critic wrote of this volume: "When a man can transform the familiar into the new and strange, breathing into the old story the significance of the life of the present day, then he is always assured of an eager audience." These Bible characters were finished in January, 1886, when Dr. Lord was about seventy-five years old, and one ought not to expect a man at that age to change the religious

ideas which he has held all his life. He had no patience with a class whom he called "dilettante infidels," and frankly acknowledges that "divorced from Christianity [his] lectures are nothing."

These memoirs do not propose to analyze Dr. Lord's lectures in detail, and allusion is made to them here only by way of showing the secret of his success as a lecturer. His own personality had a great deal to do with his success. That was seen in the earnestness which pervades his writings, in the clearness of his diction, in his evident sincerity, and in his courage in stating his convictions whether a "reigning idol" is struck or not. No one can misunderstand his meaning or doubt his personal belief. Candid and fair, he draws his conclusions relentlessly and states his opinions modestly but firmly. By his enthusiasm he carries his readers or hearers with him to the end, even although in their calmer moments they disagree with his ideas. By study, he makes up his mind in advance concerning a great historic character, and then follows the career of his hero or his subject with undeviating persistency, using such material as will enhance the vividness of the portraiture. He deals with facts, gathered from what he deems the most trustworthy authorities; and when any of these facts stand across the path of his preconceived opinions, he frankly acknowledges their weight and his inabil-

ity to account for them. There is no shuffling or evasion of the truth, and his inferences and conclusions are always in accordance with common sense. He lays the events of a period artistically in order, as one arranges flotsam and jetsam on the hearthstone; and when the collocation is complete, suddenly the whole, fanned by the breath of his enthusiasm, bursts into flame and blazes with all the hues of the rainbow.

Perhaps the two most effective elements of Dr. Lord's mode of presenting a character or an epoch are his intuitive sagacity in selecting the essential and omitting the collateral, however interesting; and his power of enriching or illustrating by comparison with other persons or other ages. Of course he is fallible, and sometimes critically at fault. His generalizations may at times be too sweeping, and the specialist might detect here and there a superficial rendering of erudite and occult subjects, into which he has not profoundly penetrated; yet if his preconceptions in some matters of opinion modify his conclusions, it is evident that he is not bigoted in demanding the assent of those to whom he appeals. He is as absolutely free from cant on the one hand as he is from historical or religious dogmatism on the other.

As early in his career as 1848, Dr. Lord went to Princeton, N. J., without an invitation, yet was not

obliged to fight his way to success, although he leaned more towards the theology of Park than of Hodge. He was always cordially welcomed at Princeton, and lectured there at least eight seasons, until as late as 1880. Even in such an Old School atmosphere, Dr. Lord breathed freely and spoke boldly. "If they liked what I had to say, their praises were unstinted. If they disliked either matter or manner, I soon found it out." Although not a word could be said there with impunity against Calvin or Knox, no one could have treated him more kindly than he was treated by Dr. Alexander, an old Virginian "to the manner born," the professor of Ecclesiastical History. "But," adds the lecturer, "the Princeton professors were always civil, even to fools." His continued success, however, year after year, at Princeton, shows that he could lecture before those who disagreed with his theology without disgusting them with cant, or making them hostile by a display of bigotry. It was doubtless from recollections of those days that Dr. Francis S. Patton, the present President of Princeton College, wrote of the "Beacon Lights,"—"Many in this land owe their enthusiasm in the study of history to the inspiration derived from hearing Dr. Lord. Many more, I hope, may acknowledge the same debt as the result of reading him in these volumes."

XIV.

HOUSE-BUILDING AND HOME-LIFE. — DEATH.

RUSKIN has said that "wherever a true wife comes, home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is."

This may all be poetically true, but when Dr. Lord married he began to want a settled place of abode, a good substantial house. His wife, with her sensible English notions, agreed with him on this point; and in the fall of 1854 six acres of land were bought and a cellar dug for a stone house, modelled after an English lodge, on the slope of Strawberry Hill in Stamford, Connecticut, overlooking Long Island Sound, one of the most beautiful sites in the vicinity.

The abundance of rocks on the place gave the owner enough amusement during the autumn of 1855, and furnished the material for the walls of his house. Like Jacob, he also dug a well. In 1856 he planted trees and made a garden, and in 1857 began building in earnest. In June, 1858, he took possession of the

finished structure, — a handsome, solid house, with a commanding situation.

Of this he writes: "A very small thing to other people, but a great thing to me; and this house I have continued to retain, unencumbered, as a castle in adversity and a shelter for my old age, with the honest pride that it was the reward of my own labor and not an inheritance from the labors of my ancestors. In the secluded leisure which this house and these grounds afforded, my life, so far as it may be considered a literary one, truly began. Now, at forty-eight years of age, I had a home, — not for myself and family alone, but for my relatives and friends. Of this place I never tired, and with it are associated my best literary efforts as well as my happiest days. Let every man have a home, a little better than he can afford, and he will not be idle. It will keep him from being a 'rolling stone,' and the 'moss' he gathers will be a soft bed for declining years. In a pecuniary way it may not be a good investment; but a home is not designed as a place for making money, but for spending it. It furnishes what money cannot buy. Can money give an aroma to the strawberries one picks from his own vines, or sweetness to the peas he has planted himself, or freshness to the asparagus cut from the bed he has set out? And if one is so fortunate as to see from

his own windows the green of his own lawn, the changing shadows on his own trees, and to hear the music of his own birds, or even the rain pelting on his own verandah while it makes sad work of his newly constructed walks, complacency follows contentment, and a host of pure pleasures arise in a heart alive to the goodness and wisdom of Almighty Providence. What is wealth? Is it what you handle with your hands, or what you feel in your soul? A home has its cares, but these are a remedy for idleness, *ennui*, and discontent."

Dr. Lord, taking counsel of his wife, was the architect of his house as he also was of his own fortune, and chose to build the one out of enduring stone, as he carved the other from subjects of permanent interest. From this time onward he became more and more interested in his home-life. To it he fled from the worries of his lecture engagements. In his own study, leisure was found for careful composition and the quiet needed for reflection. His lectures began to be less hastily written. He rewrote and revised, and made finished pictures.

He soon became one of the celebrities of the town. His eccentricities, being harmless and amusing, only added to his popularity among his neighbors. His genial wit and open hospitality made his house the centre of a large circle. He received visits from for-

eigners whom he had met abroad and who were captivated by his cordial warmth of welcome. A letter from Froude, in reply to an invitation to visit Stamford, is worthy of record here, as it reveals not only the historian's friendliness towards Dr. Lord, but also his state of mind and body while on his visit to this country. It is dated New York, October 17, 1872:

You will count me, I fear, as perjured and a promise-breaker, if I ask you to relieve me from an engagement from which I had anticipated such real delight. Now that I have plunged into my work, I find it so excites me that I cannot sleep. Unless I can have my sleep I shall break down; and it is absolutely necessary for me to keep myself quiet, and to refuse all invitations between lecture and lecture. In a few days I may get myself into a more satisfactory condition: but two restless nights in succession have upset me, and there is nothing for me but to throw myself on your kindness. I lecture again to-morrow. On Saturday I shall be in a state of asphyxia. On Sunday I shall administer to myself two doses of the dullest sermons which I can hear that New York provides. By Monday, I shall hope to be in condition again. Pray forgive me. I am surrendering what I had been looking forward to with infinite pleasure.

Yours most faithfully,

J. A. Froude.

Even when circumstances obliged Dr. Lord to be thrifty, or when unlooked-for visitors made the larder

scant his friendly humor made a single fish on his table an enjoyable meal, or a dinner of herbs (especially if they were salads) better than the stalled ox. His happy flow of spirits supplied the sauce for whatever fare he may have been obliged to set before unexpected but no less welcome guests. At one time, he had purchased from Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, of New York, an antiquated, big-bodied buggy, and bought a horse with one ear to draw it. Another ear of leather was somehow fitted to the headgear of the animal, and served its purpose well for a time in hiding the deficiency. By and by, however, it grew limp from use; and soon after the doctor had started for the village to get his daily mail, the live ear would point upward and the leather ear downward; but he never would stop to adjust the refractory member till the post-office was reached.

Dr. Lord took great interest in his garden and his chickens; and a friend of his youth, who often visited him, and who now survives him, tells with great gusto of his bucolic pursuits: "One afternoon he wished me to aid him in an important service. He wanted some chickens for dinner. He had a fine brood of well-grown birds. He took me to the wagon-house, and drove in his chickens, closed the door, and stationing himself at one end of a large lumber-wagon, asked me to drive the chickens toward him. This I

did. He would make a dive at them. The chickens would fly and run, but not one of them was caught. 'Drive them down again!' said Lord. Again was heard the fluttering, but with no better success. 'What is the matter?' I said; 'why don't you catch them?' 'West,' he replied, 'do chickens have teeth?' and I found I had to try my hand, or go without fowl for dinner on that day."

But this intimate friend immediately proceeds to tell us that "no photograph can present all the phases of such a life as that of Dr. Lord. How varied and picturesque the scenes! how luminous and beautiful when blended into one! An aristocrat by birth, a republican in sympathy, he was in touch with all that is best in human nature. His range of vision took in many of the phases of humanity. He hated shams. In character and manners he was simple and transparent as the sunbeam, and as luminous. He could be serious, or give vent to the spirit of fun. He was simple in his tastes, and worshipped Beauty in all her varied forms. True and loyal in his friendships, he never deserted a friend. His genial nature drew to him the scholarly and learned. No man in our country has had a wider or a more useful career. For decades of years he was a great moral teacher. Crowds of earnest seekers after historic knowledge gathered about him for instruction.

"Dr. Lord loved a good dinner, especially if he could share it with those he liked. In fact, he enjoyed life, and made it a principle to be comfortable as he went along. It was always his way. In Andover a medical lecturer induced the students to give up meat. Lord was the only one who continued his usual diet. At the end of the week he was the only well man among them, and made fun of their abstinence. Chancellor Tappan wrote to me from Switzerland in 1878: 'What pleasant meetings we had in New York! The last of these was when Dr. Lord gave you and me a dinner at Delmonico's. His figure and manner are now before me. After he had paid for the dinner, which was very lavish and cost him sixteen dollars, he struck his hand on his porte-monnaie and exclaimed, "I never spent money with more satisfaction; I would love dearly to meet you both again in the same way."'

"For fifty years," continues Dr. Charles E. West, who writes these pleasant reminiscences, "Dr. Lord was my charming and constant correspondent. His letters would make an instructive book. In some of them he would give me the trials and difficulties which beset him on his lecture tours; in others, the joys of his domestic life and his pleasure in entertaining friends; in still others, the sorrow which came all too early in the loss of his wife and son. He is one

of the great assembly who have lived and wrought for the advancement and happiness of the race."

One of the allusions to Dr. Lord's bereavements in this letter refers to the death of his wife, which occurred in January, 1860, only two years after the family had occupied their new home, which the wife had planned with her husband, and where they had found unalloyed felicity. The other refers to the death of his son John, in August, 1878, at the age of thirty. Dr. Lord wrote a true description of his character, when he said: "He inherited his mother's vivacity, good sense, and amiable qualities; he was a miracle of patience, and his judgment and precocious wisdom were of great assistance in my labors." He was a great favorite in society, and at one time wished to enter the Episcopal ministry; but he was not strong enough to carry out this desire. Bright, witty, fond of books and literary work, he was not only the life of every circle in which he moved, but might have done good work in literature had he lived. There was something in him of Charles Lamb's genius and peculiar traits of character. One was reminded of the originality and humor of Lamb as he might have been in his youth whenever "Johnny" Lord, as he was familiarly called, turned off a sentence in his bright way, or wrote a spicy bit of composition. He had travelled much with his father in Europe, and

was keen and versatile in criticisms of manners and of men.

Of Dr. Lord's own brothers and sisters, three died in infancy, one brother at twenty-one years of age, and one sister, Caroline, in advanced life. Rev. C. E. Lord, D. D., is still enjoying a hearty old age in Newburyport, Mass., engaged in his favorite studies of social and political economy, with occasional lecturing and preaching. Another brother, Samuel P. Lord, took a steamer, "The City of Norfolk," to Melbourne, Australia, for sale, in 1853; carried on business in that city, the style of the firm being Lord, Hughes, & Co., and was vice-consul of the United States in Victoria. He rendered the government important service in the matter of the Confederate cruiser "Shenandoah," which visited Port Phillip during the Civil War, where he demanded that she should be detained. Subsequently those demands were sustained by the Geneva Convention, and were considered in assessing the indemnity paid to the United States. He died in 1890, at the age of seventy-one. He was twice married, and had sixteen children, eleven of whom survived him.

Rev. William H. Lord, John Lord's next younger brother, a Unitarian clergyman, was near enough to his own age to be his companion in early life, and frequent visits between the two are chronicled. John loved to visit his brother William when the latter was

settled at Southboro', Mass., and always found there the rest and recreation which he sought. Of course, they discussed the points of difference between them in theology; but the harmony of their intercourse was never broken. William died in Washington, D. C., 1866. His sons are Arthur Lord, an attorney in Boston, and Eliot Lord, a journalist of the same city.

Of Dr. Lord's sisters two survive him. One is Harriet Elizabeth, wife of the late Samuel G. Thorn, of New Haven, Conn., whose daughter, Charlotte Thorn, was one of the founders of the Calhoun Institute for colored people at Calhoun, Ga., in the Dark Belt. The other is Susan, wife of Rev. Charles Mussey, of Westwood, near Cincinnati.

Although subject to occasional brief periods of depression, Dr. Lord's habitual disposition was cheerful. He liked to give vent to his feelings whatever they happened to be; but the next hour they might be altogether different. He writes to a friend, "I mean to get back to the simplicity of rural life; cities to me are hateful, and so is what the world calls 'society.'" But the next thing we hear is that he is in New York, *féted* and enjoying dinner parties, or setting out for a visit to the principal cities of Europe. He writes, "I doubt if an American is wise to spend more than six months abroad, — long enough to see the

sights and the superiority of the old to the new civilization;" and then he is off for two years in Europe.

It was some years after his wife's death in 1860 before Dr. Lord could bring himself to settle down in one place. He rented his house, and became a wanderer once more. He had passed through the struggle, but could not bear to linger on the field of battle where he had been overthrown. He spent his summers in trips to Europe, or by the sea and among the mountains. He wrote new lectures and delivered them where opportunity offered, but not with the old interest. During a part of this time his children were with relatives at South Berwick. The strong man who could brave the world was vanquished by the great sorrow of his life. He still fought on, but it was as if he were ready at any moment to capitulate.

In 1864 he married Miss Louisa Tucker, an English lady, whom he first met in Paris at the house of Madame Carnot, and of whom he wrote at that time as "frank, bright, witty, and interesting." He now returned to his own house; but after his second wife died — in October, 1866 — he gave but few lectures, and rented his house again during several months each summer, not really recovering his natural energy until, in 1868, renewed prosperity dawned upon him in his new departure of midday lectures. Once more in the full flood-tide of success in his profession, he

began again to enjoy his home and his work. "What makes a habitation a home," he once said, "is the ability to entertain one's friends there." Dr. Lord, now assisted by his son and daughter, who seconded every wish, was the soul of hospitality. "Old friends," he declared, "are like a bed of asparagus, even when some of it is gone to seed, you can't bear to part with any of it." When some old familiar face appeared at the ever open door of his library, he would swing around from his table covered with papers, and resting his foot on one of the drawers, or stretching himself out on the sofa, light his omnipresent pipe, and carry on discussion or gossip even into the small hours of the night.

Dr. Lord was never happier than when showing his place to his visitors. The trees he had planted, the stone-wall he had laid, and the ivy which his wife and he had brought from England and which covered the whole house, were his special delight. From his back piazza he commanded a charming prospect of Long Island Sound, and overlooked his modest estate. In blossoming-time he was in his glory. In harvest-time he had less confidence, and sold his apples and hay on shares. A thrush in the bushes was a whole orchestra, and the fragrance from the long row of resinous pines a delicious aroma. He would espy his man at work, rush out

to give an order, — possibly a wrong one, — and return to his study to forget everything but the lecture he was writing. He was very fond of sitting up late at night, to read or write. One night, his daughter, who watched for his footsteps on the stairs, waited in vain till after midnight, and then crept down to see what was the matter. The gas-jet flamed brightly over the doctor's desk, and there, on top of the desk, a chair being placed so that the reader might be near the light, sat her father, serenely perusing Rousseau's "Confessions," and much surprised to be told that it was so late.

He could scold a neighbor for allowing his dog to worry his fowls, or lend him a hundred dollars with the same enjoyment which he took in the luxury of freeing his mind. He could occasionally rasp like a file, but it was only to smooth his ruffled temper with the sound of his own voice. All who knew him understood this, and rather enjoyed the episode. One day he bought a pot of red paint for a special purpose, and, finding a large part still remaining, began to paint some chairs, then some other articles, and finally he ran out of doors, daubed the ash-barrels, and might have literally painted the whole place red if the paint had held out.

His one expletive was a singular expression, "George Rice!" This imaginary personage was invoked on

all occasions when he needed to vent his feelings. He alone realized the identity of this individual, to whom he confided his dislikes and antipathies.

He never would talk on history in his hours of social intercourse. There was nothing of the pedant about him, and he hated "shop." He was the friend of all the clergymen in town, and often invited them to meet his guests at his house; but he never felt called upon to superintend the theology even of his own pastor, or to classify the churches under ecclesiastical formulas.

Dr. Lord was a great chess-player, and yet declared that he did not understand it as a science, and that he could not play a scientific game. He rarely puzzled out games in his head, or worked at difficult problems; and yet it is an amusing story which gained currency, that on one occasion, when riding horse-back, he dismounted, and, sitting by the road-side, drew a diagram of a chess-board, on which he proceeded to figure out moves; that an old negro who knew him and who happened to pass that way, heard him exclaim, "The queen is gone, she can't be saved; they've got the king covered, and it's sacrifice her or be ruined;" and that the astonished darkey whipped up for home, and reported that the doctor had gone clean crazy over his history.

That he did almost "go crazy" over chess may be

more than half true, if the assertion of a friend with whom he played most often can be believed, — namely, that when the doctor was beaten after a hard contest at night, he would not see his victorious antagonist to the door, or say good-night; but when, on the other hand, the doctor was victor, he would cheerily accompany his departing guest to the open air, and blandly bid him "Come again." It is among the pleasantest remembrances of that enthusiastic, chess-playing friend, that the last time he played with the doctor he was *two games ahead!*

Another story is perhaps more worthy of credence than the "king and queen" incident. It is told of Dr. Lord that some of his friends found him leaning on a fence at some distance from home, shaking his forefinger in the face of a wizened old tiller of the soil, and being similarly threatened by the forefinger of the other, while both their voices mingled in a high pitch of excitement. The friends thought it was a discussion on politics, as an important election was then coming on. Not at all. The two men were discussing with a fervor which bordered on acrimony the relative merits as statesmen of Washington and Jefferson; and Dr. Lord was as much engrossed as if his opponent had been Froude himself.

Owing perhaps to his wanderings in early life, travelling was always a delight, almost a passion,

to Dr. Lord. He thought nothing of taking a summer trip to Europe, even at a time when globe-trotters were much more scarce than in these later days. After a toilsome year or two years he would decide to go abroad, and be off before any but his intimate friends knew that he was going. Between the years 1862 and 1892 he made six trips across the Atlantic. His son John accompanied him in 1871, and both children in 1877. After his son's death in 1878 he never went abroad without his daughter, on whom he was always pleased to throw the responsibility of going, although it was well known that he usually suggested the trip himself. His longest visit to Europe was in 1886–1887 when he sailed to Antwerp, was ill in Paris for two months, and then spent the remainder of the winter in Italy, visiting Rome for the second time, in February, 1887, returning by Paris and London to America in May.

The terse and characteristic entry in his diary concerning this Italian journey was: "Went to Florence with the T——'s in January; travelled together three months without quarrelling, — a remarkable thing." Italy was cold, and the doctor was not well. In Rome it snowed, and the street boys flung the white crystals in the air, or examined them as a curiosity. Boulevards had been run through many of the picturesque parts of the city, and lots in the outlying villa grounds

were advertised for sale. Sitting on a cold stone in the midst of the newly excavated Forum, with the arches of Titus and Septimius on either hand, the palace of Nero and the Caracalla ruins in sight, the doctor mused on the departed grandeur of old Rome with little of the enthusiasm of his first visit in 1854. Some one said, "Hurry up, Doctor, or you may take a cold." "'Hurry up'?" he mournfully replied; "why should I, *moriturus*, on my last visit to the Eternal City, be in a hurry to depart?"

But he was by no means a melancholy traveller. See him at the *table d'hôte* in Florence with an Austrian princess (the wife of an Austrian general) at his side, with a count opposite and a marquis at the head of the board, and you would say that he was born to be a prince himself, so easy, merry, and entertaining was his table-talk. He was as confidential and witty with the princess as if they had been friends for life. On his departure, she entrusted him with some jewels to be conveyed to a relative in Venice. In that Queen City of the Sea it was still chilly weather; but we have evidence that he even wrote some stanzas of poetry after a lovely trip to the Lido on the lagoon, one soft, fair afternoon.

Dr. Lord's aristocratic weakness was the gout, which troubled him at times; but in spite of it he took one more trip to England in 1892, and visited Wales, —

"THE COBBLES"

Strawberry Hill, Stamford, Conn., 1889

also driving through Devonshire by old-fashioned stage-coach, lingering along the coast where villages like Clovelly cling to the crags, with the shining sand of the beach far down beneath their feet. He never lost his early love for England, the land of his romantic adventures and his first success.

It was in May, 1888, that he projected and began to build another house on his estate. Being able to lease his stone house, he thought he would give his mind a "diversion," — in spite of the advice of an old-fogy neighbor that he might be better employed in his old age, and ought to be preparing for a longer rest than he could get in a cobble-stone cottage, with its crooked and concave double-roof. It proved, however, to be a beautiful and commodious home, a picturesque addition to his grounds, and an economical project besides. "The Cobbles," as he named his new house, soon became as dear to him and to his friends as the old stone Lodge; there he celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth in 1890, and though unable to walk much, was yet in fine health and spirits. He even lectured in the town that year, gave several dinner-parties, and entertained numerous friends with his accustomed enjoyment of their society.

In 1891 Dr. Lord gave an address at the centennial anniversary of the Academy in Berwick, Maine, his boyhood's home, with all the vigor and eloquence

of his youth. Dr. A. P. Peabody, who was present, said to the speaker that he could have listened two hours longer, and wrote to a friend that the address was perfect of its kind. Dr. Lord always retained his affection for South Berwick, and the town was proud of his relation to it. Here his father and sisters lived to advanced life, and here he spent many a pleasant month, resting, and renewing old associations. He was very generous towards his relatives. From the year 1857 he had given his father a regular income, and the other members of the family had no cause to complain of his lack of interest in them. He was a good son, and a loyal, affectionate brother.

Dr. Lord's last summer was spent at Ashfield, Mass., under delightful conditions and among people most congenial to him. During the spring of 1894 he had been working hard at the proof-sheets of his volume on "American Statesmen," and writing lectures for still another on "English Men of Letters," but laid aside all literary work when the warm season came, retreating to the hills for rest and recreation. Ashfield is the summer resort of a few, mainly literary, people who do not care for fashionable watering-places. Among those spending the summer of 1894 in this charming and quiet retreat were Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, and Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, who with great cordiality wel-

comed Dr. Lord into their select circle, and made life pleasant to him by many delicate, friendly attentions. The Annual Dinner in aid of the Sanderson Academy in the village, instituted and for many years maintained under the guidance of Professor Norton and George William Curtis, has always attracted a large concourse of people to listen to the distinguished speakers who were sure to be heard on that occasion. This delightful institution is still kept up. In the summer of Dr. Lord's visit, the opening postprandial address was, as usual, made by Professor Norton, the perennial president of the famous festivity, who was followed by President Hall and other speakers. Among the latter, Professor Norton introduced Dr. Lord as one who had been lecturing for fifty years, and was "eighty-three years young;" adding, "No other man in the country has done more to advance historical studies for those who most needed them."

Dr. Lord's cottage in the centre of the village was a sort of social rendezvous, and here he received his friends, including the ladies of the village and other visitors. The air of the hills was refreshing, and their beauty and verdure delightful. It was a happy ending of the doctor's many summer outings, amid natural and social conditions which he loved.

Before the season closed, however, the shadows began to deepen. On Friday, the 31st of August, Dr. Lord

wrote, in a letter of consolation to an afflicted friend: "But I am very infirm. I cannot walk, and the day of my departure seems not remote. Every year I am feebler and feebler, whatever people may say. My work is done. I may be able to write a few more essays and sketches, but they will not amount to much. The grasshopper is such a burden that I have no heart to attempt any movement outside my ruts. I am glad that my life has not been in vain."

That very evening, in the darkness, he went out unadvisedly and unattended for a short walk, stepped on a blind wall, the top stone of which was on a level with the sidewalk, and fell four feet into a field. It was a narrow escape from most serious consequences. In 1885 he had fallen from a step-ladder a distance of some twelve feet on a hard floor, without breaking a bone, but straining the muscles of his back and keeping him indoors for weeks, under the care of a trained nurse, — who, he said, was "only twenty-three years old, pretty at that, and bright as a dollar." While building "The Cobbles," he had also received a severe contusion on one of his feet, from a stone which a bungling workman had allowed to fall from a barrow. This last accident, however, was more serious. Although he seemed to recover from its immediate effects, he began to feel very weary after his return home in October. He often said he was

"too lazy to get up" in the morning. On November 20 he was assisted upstairs to his room, and took his bed, where he remained till his final departure, December 15, 1894.

The last time Dr. Lord was seen on the street, the picture he presented was characteristic of him, — sitting in his buggy, with his long pipe, while a gypsy woman, with colored headdress and shawl, was spreading out before him her wares, trinkets, pictures, and shoe-lacings. His old love of the Bohemian side of life kept the doctor smiling and chaffing at the woman, who suggested sunny Italy to his mind, while she enjoyed his fun and patronage as much as he enjoyed her *patois.*

Among his last acts of thoughtful remembrance was the sending to friends presentation copies of his volume of "American Statesmen," just issued from the press.

Dr. Lord's final illness, if we may call it so, lasted only a month, and was full of dignity and resignation. His daughter and sister were constantly at his side. He seemed fearful lest he should be a trouble to those about him. With eyes closed and hands folded across his breast, he appeared to lose sight of this world and to be absorbed in contemplation of the future. Now and then affectionate expressions would break from his lips, — touching words of appreciation to his

daughter and his sister at his bedside; and once he said, "Willing to die or to live;" and again, having suggested that prayers be offered in the church, he said, "Now leave me," as if to release his loving attendants from their care. The next morning the sun arose in all its glory, and burst into the windows of that room which had been made cheerful by its rays all through the days of his illness; but he had passed into the brightness of a new day, alone, — yet not alone, for the God in whom he had trusted and whom he had tried to serve was with him, and dispelled the darkness of death, even as the sun of that bright winter morning had driven away the darkness of the night.

The book he was reading just before "folding the drapery of his couch about him" for his last earthly sleep was "The Life of Erasmus," and the book-mark revealed the page on which his eyes rested, — a fitting theme for the last meditation of the historical student, who loved his profession and was true to it to the end.

The burial rites were performed, at Dr. Lord's own request, after the manner of the Episcopal Church. A friend spoke a few appreciative words of his character and work. Among those present was Dr. Charles E. West, the only intimate friend among his early contemporaries who survived him. A sorrowing circle of

young ladies who had met regularly at "The Cobbles" to study history, plaited a pall of dark ivy-leaves from the vine his wife had planted, and laid it lovingly over his bier. And there in his study, with the books, the table, the chair, and the various accessories suggestive of his life's work, his ever-faithful daughter by his side, he lay in serenity and dignity, — his fine-cut features, in death more refined than ever, disclosing the nobility of his career on earth, and suggesting the peace which floweth like a river in the world of light above.

To the beautiful cemetery near the waters of Long Island Sound, a mile southward of the town of Stamford, in which he died, many a pilgrim will come, to honor the historian whose "Beacon Lights of History" have been to thousands of his countrymen an inspiration and a guide to elevated thought, and whose life, rounded out in full-orbed completeness, has been, in its allegiance to the truth, that of a true minister of God.

XV.

AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS, AND CRITICS.

IF it is true that the books of a popular author live after him, it is no less true that much depends, not only for the primary success but for the value and length of that after-life of his works, on the publisher who has those works in charge.

Dr. Lord had considerable experience with publishers, good, bad, and indifferent. He writes: "I employed myself in the summer of 1848 in preparing my 'Modern History' for publication. It was made up chiefly from the lectures I had given to my historical classes. It was published by Cowperthwaite & Co. in Philadelphia, and had at once a respectable sale. It still [1885] continues to be used in schools and colleges. About fifty thousand copies have been sold in America, without pushing, and about the same number in England, where it was republished."

This was Dr. Lord's earliest book, and he says: "It has inaccuracies, but the freshness and vivacity of the narrative keep it alive, and it is one of those books which it is difficult to steal. Its merit, so far

as it has merit, is in the grouping and in the style. As it was a schoolbook, I received from it no literary reputation, but I have had the royalty on one hundred thousand volumes. In one of my voyages to Europe, the doctor and the purser of the steamer told me they had studied it as a text-book in Edinburgh and in Dublin. At one time I believe it was a text-book both at Harvard and at Yale. It has now been in circulation about forty years, without revision or addition, and is still in use in some of the best schools and seminaries in England and the United States. About thirty years ago it passed into the hands of another publisher. The business management of it was far from satisfactory to me, but I was never financially strong enough to fight for my rights. I then painfully realized how completely an author is in the power of a publisher. After some disagreeable correspondence, I finally concluded to take without complaint what was given me, as a dog does a bone.

"In England I was in the hands of a very honorable man. I do not affirm that my American publisher was dishonorable; but he was very hard, and had to be watched. For a time he refused to pay any royalty, on the ground that he thought I had neglected to renew my copyright. He afterwards discovered that I had not forgotten to secure a renewal; and thenceforth he paid me according to the

printer's certificate, which was very indefinite. I record this not in malice, but as a bit of personal experience in book-making.

"A rich publisher can be careless or unsatisfactory or arrogant or provoking, and what redress has so insignificant a man as a poor author in contention with him? I have seen publishers whom socially I would avoid as plebeian and unscrupulous, yet who could ride roughshod over me in their tyrannical business relations. These, however, are the exceptions and not the rule. There was a time when publishers were as dependent on authors as authors were on them; but now a large publishing house is a great mill, where an author's book may be ground up and thrown away in a few months, in order to allow of new grist for the reading public.

"Of course, when a publisher takes great risks, and receives a poor return for his capital and labor, the complaints of an unsuccessful author are absurd; but when a book is squeezed like an orange and then thrown away, or possibly published with a view to control it and kill it, then an author has the right to complain."

When Mr. Lord was at Bonn in 1848, he made numerous excursions on foot, and on one occasion when visiting the Drachenfels, that beautiful range of towered hills which dips its foot in the river Rhine,

he met an Englishman; and this chance acquaintance ripened into friendship, and was of great importance to the historian in after years. The gentleman's name was Henry Dunn, a publisher, who obtained for Mr. Lord courses of lectures in and around London in the spring of 1853. Mr. Dunn happened to look over the volume on "Modern History," and at once offered to publish it at his own expense, and give the author a royalty, provided he would leave out the chapters on American history, and supply their place with original matter, for which, in addition to the royalty, he would pay £50. The offer was accepted, and the book appeared, entitled 'Modern Europe: A School History." This publisher introduced the book into the principal schools of Great Britain, and before he died had sold through his agents forty-seven thousand copies. In addition to Mr. Lord's revision, Mr. Dunn did much work on the book himself, with a view to entire accuracy as to dates, etc. The work, however, was generally supposed to be written by an Englishman, as Mr. Lord took out an English copyright. "It was through this liberal-minded and accomplished man," writes Dr. Lord, "that the venture became exceedingly profitable; yet it seemed strange that a man of that stamp, even though an Englishman, could look upon the story of America as unimportant, although that was nearly half a century ago."

When Dr. Lord wrote the above statement, he added that it reminded him of what the squire in a small and insignificant village in Massachusetts said to him when he thought of leaving: "When you go, be sure and look us up a first-class minister, because you know our parish is a very important one." That parish was made up of about fifty prejudiced and narrow-minded farmers, not one of whom was liberally educated, or was intelligent enough to earn an income of over five hundred dollars. On uttering this request, the squire of the hamlet "took a pinch of snuff, and looked wiser than Gladstone 'with the senate at his heels.' . . . Thus, every man's own standpoint is for him the middle of the universe, from which everything is to be measured. Such is the profound egotism of self-consciousness, the intense arrogance of individualism."

Of his "Old Roman World," Dr. Lord says: "That book was written in my prime, and in some chapters is exhaustive. Its preparation employed three or four years of my time when I was strong, before I had much reputation, and I read everything that was accessible. What I wrote then, with the exception of some mistakes and pedantries and pretensions, was, for reading, superior to many of my lectures." This book was published in 1867.

In 1855, Dr. Lord says, he went out of his way —

not being a professional critic — to write a criticism for Putnam's Magazine on Abbott's "Life of Napoleon," because he was indignant that this great life-taker should be represented as a humane conqueror who had planted liberal institutions in Europe. And now, he says (1867), the Scripture injunction, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," was fulfilled to him. His "Old Roman World" was attacked, ostensibly in view of its mistakes and errors, but really (as Dr. Lord thought) because it was anti-agnostic in its spirit, "written to impress its few readers with the majesty of that awful Power who punishes sin." At any rate, the publishers were disaffected by this and other attacks, and the sale became so small that the author bought the plates and safely deposited them in his stone stable, till an opportunity should offer to correct some dates and the spelling of a few proper names, which had escaped the critical eye of the proof-reader, but not that of the hostile critic.

He consoled himself by remembering that even Gibbon was severely handled for distorting facts; that Macaulay had no end of enemies who pronounced his History unfair and partial, and that in a fit of political spite he wrote a terribly unjust criticism on Croker, one of the ablest men in England on the Tory side; that a most savage assault was made

on Jared Sparks, because he was dull, — that is, not flippant, not popular. "Oh that mine enemy would write a book himself!" exclaims Dr. Lord; "then he would understand the true value of criticism."

The charge of plagiarism is one of the most common of those which are laid at the door of authors. As a matter of course, Dr. Lord did not escape this innuendo. When he was re-writing his "Bible Characters" in 1888, he found that nearly all the recent literature on the Bible is "stolen from Ewald. Stanley, Geikie, and others are alike plagiarists in this sense, that Ewald is exhaustive and cannot be superseded; he is the greatest Biblical critic of modern times, shedding light on everything. All, therefore, that other scholars can do is to take his statements, use them, and qualify them." Dr. Lord once praised Froude's article on Job, to Froude himself. "It is all taken out of Ewald," said the Englishman; and he spoke the truth. "This is particularly true of Stanley's lectures, — they are all taken from Ewald, who was not an artist in style, but who furnished almost unlimited material. The victory is to him who shall condense and generalize and put into attractive language the writings of those great German scholars whose style and arrangement are abominable."

As has been already stated, Dr. Lord did not pretend to original research. He took the best, — not

by copying out what others had written, but appropriating the facts collected by the best scholars. As he himself declares: "My talent, what I have, is in compression, generalization, felicity of style, criticism, and a way of putting things. I am not technically a scholar. I remember only one date in the history of England, that of the Norman Conquest." The words written of Anatole France, one of the most famous and brilliant lights of French culture and criticism, but who was not what may be termed "erudite" in the fullest sense of that word, may well be applied to Dr. Lord: "Nor does he need erudition for his art, which has in it an instinct of generalization, an innate critical faculty which enables him to divine and to conclude without more than rapidly perusing; to speed like the bee from flower to flower, culling here and there and everywhere sweet juices, which he translates and utilizes with incomparable charm in his graceful and ingenious philosophical [and historical] diversions."

It was these rare faculties which made it possible for such scholars as Sparks and other historical writers to give most flattering testimonials of the pleasure they took in listening to Dr. Lord's lectures, and the value which they perceived in his historical work. Jared Sparks wrote of the "Modern History": "The narrative is clear, the style animated and perspicuous;

the estimate of the characters and motives of the prominent actors is discriminating and judicious; and, above all, there is an enlarged and generous spirit running through the whole, which produces the conviction that the author everywhere aims at truth, impartially and in strict justice."

Many other such expressions might be adduced from various sources, showing that even scholars whose lives were spent in critical study understood and valued the peculiar gifts of Dr. Lord, in the historical work he had marked out for himself. Among Dr. Lord's papers is found a letter from Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, in which, speaking of the "Old Roman World," he says: "The book was needed; it filled a niche previously unoccupied, and I believe will not only be read now but will perpetuate your reputation. Your style is admirable for such a work, having the precision without the too common aridness of history; it indicates the author, not as a dry-as-dust, but a live man. I acquiesce in the soundness of your views, and admire the freshness of their presentation, and the great amount of your best thought condensed in the volume. The only criticisms that I could make are those which you will make, — mere matters of detail, and very few of them, such as an occasional repetition, and now and then the omission of the *nexus* which harmonizes two seemingly conflicting statements. The

work is worthy of all the redactory labor and skill you can bestow upon it."

Dr. Lord knew his limitations; he was glad of assistance, as was shown in the preparation of the lecture on Galileo, already alluded to. He said: "It should be borne in mind that I have dug sixty holes, and of course have not dug any one of them so deep as if I had spent my life on five or six of them. The Germans lose three fourths of their energies for lack of art. Then, who cares whether the "arx" was on the northwestern or the northeastern side of the Capitoline Hill? Yet this is of mighty consequence to learned and exact scholars."

The people who knew Dr. Lord best understood that what seemed to be his egotism was "great transparency and a childlike pleasure in whatever success he achieved; and no one ever forgot himself more entirely in his subject." A lady whom Dr. Lord had known from her youth, the wife of an intimate friend, wrote to him once as follows: "We are delighted in hearing of your success in lecturing this winter. You certainly do get glory in abundance: the only danger is of your being spoiled; for if you will allow me to speak a little truth when I greatly prefer to flatter, your great fault is that you are inclined to be vain. At any rate, although your friends understand your egotism as nothing but entire candor, which you are

just as happy to use in their favor as in your own, yet those who do not know you will call it egotism or vanity." This was written in 1847. Another friend writes: "We cannot make John Lord like other people. If we could, he would be spoilt."

Undoubtedly Dr. Lord, like other public men, needed to have the approval of his auditors. Politicians enjoy the crowding around them, after a speech, of friends who congratulate them on their success. Ministers really need a friendly commendation of their sermons now and then, to keep them in good heart. Dr. Lord was equally dependent on expressions of satisfaction with his work, and was too transparent not to show his pleasure when people praised his lectures. But that he was not conceited is proved by this very dependence. He was not so sure of himself as he wanted to be, and needed the encouragement of the good opinions of persons whom he valued. He was too much of a flatterer himself not to see through mere flattery; therefore, the commendatory words of men of letters and learning were especially agreeable and helpful to him. We have his own words to prove that he knew his weaknesses as well as his strength. Shorn of the locks which made him artistic and original, this Samson knew that the Philistines (the critics) would have him in their power. Once he wrote: "I begin to feel that my success rests chiefly on popular

ignorance. I have just entered the porch of the magnificent temple whose glories I hope to explore and reveal. The study of history is favorable to modesty and elevation of mind."

Dr. Lord amused himself at times with writing rhyme. He did not attempt to pose as a poet. Lecky yielded in a weak moment to friends, and published a volume of sonnets and verses, which add nothing to his fame. "How many born writers of musical prose," writes Frederic Harrison in his sketch of Charlotte Brontë's place in literature, "have persisted in manufacturing verse of a curiously dull and unmelodious quality!" The authoress of "Jane Eyre" and her sisters made verses; "but," says this writer, "it is significant that Charlotte's verses are the worst of the three." Dr. Lord did better. He did not even attempt to criticise poetry or poets. "It takes a poet to reveal a poet," he says in his lecture on Dante. "I should make critics laugh if I were to dissect the Divine Comedy."

From these rather extended observations on critics, authors, and publishers in general, it will naturally occur to the reader, that, as Dr. Lord gradually approached the period of life when his lecturing must cease to be either popular or profitable, he had quite a problem with which to grapple in selecting his publishers. He had valuable material in his manuscript

lectures, and he had an experience in connection with various sorts of publishers. He therefore had become not only cautious but timid. The few adverse criticisms he had received, and his own lack of conceit, made it seem to him problematical whether or not his lectures in book form would be popular enough to remunerate him for the labor of preparing them for publication, and whether or not his hard-earned fame as an historical lecturer would survive the test of printed volumes. Therefore he was shy when approached several years in advance of his final consent "to put," as he termed it, "the long end of the lever into any publisher's hands." If he could find publishers who understood him, and appreciated him and his work for what in both was really valuable; if these publishers knew the kind of people who would buy and be benefited by such product as he could give them from his brain; if any could be found wise enough to see, bold enough to risk, able enough to carry out, and patient enough to wait, — then he felt that the work of his lifetime, made as perfect as possible by their aid and by his own revision, might be given to a wide public, his auditors be augmented a thousandfold, and his work live after him.

Fortunately he found the publishers who fulfilled these rare conditions, or rather they found him; and in 1881 Dr. Lord accepted overtures to publish five vol-

umes of his lectures. After long consideration and many suggestions, the name "Beacon Lights of History" was chosen as the title; and its aptitude as indicating eminent men of thought and action was afterwards confirmed by the accidental finding of a quotation from Sir Walter Scott's Eulogy on William Pitt, used by Mr. Gladstone in his Eulogy on Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons: —

> "Now is the stately column broke,
> The beacon light is quenched in smoke;
> The trumpet's silver voice is still,
> The warder silent on the hill."

After two years of careful and laborious revision, in the spring of 1883, the first volume appeared. The last of the five volumes was published in the spring of 1885. Since then four more volumes have appeared in that series, — the last one, the ninth, in October, 1894, about two months previous to Dr. Lord's decease.

The relations of the author to his publishers were almost ideal. The correspondence between the two parties is as interesting and friendly as the intercourse between Sir Walter Scott and James Ballantyne and Robert Chambers, although no such misfortune befell either author or publishers as made *Naboclish* ("Don't mind it") a necessary and favorite exclamation of the great novelist. Some of the most interesting pas-

sages in this biography are taken from Dr. Lord's letters to his publishers. He congratulates himself that he has "fallen into the hands of scholars as well as gentlemen." He writes of his early books, his trials as a young lecturer, his aim in writing history, and his judgments on contemporaneous authors. His publishers draw him out, and he gives an eight-page discourse, some of which has been transcribed for the benefit of the readers of this last and tenth volume of "Beacon Lights," which contains this Life of the author. He confides to them his domestic plans and perplexities; he indulges in satire and repartee; his religious views find a free vent in these fruitful letters. He writes on military art, on Biblical inspiration, on speculation in stocks, on the Blood Covenant. He tells how the servant girl burned up a part of a revised manuscript, and it must be written over again; how his daughter will not allow him to do as he pleases in his own library, but will insist on "putting [his] table to rights," which drives him nearly mad, etc. He rehearses his English experiences, asks for books on subjects about which he is writing. He says: "Now I can be as free and careless as I please, for you will correct all errors and can be trusted." He relates the story of his sympathy for the Union, and why his uncle's views influenced his own.

One of Dr. Lord's latest letters is from Ashfield, and

the last sentence in it reads: "I forgot to say that I showed to Professor Norton and Dr. Hall my scheme of Macaulay, and the other subjects with which I intend to make a couple of volumes for popular use in the study of English History, and they both approve highly of the plan."

Incidentally, allusions are made in these letters to business matters that require attention; but the acknowledgement, for example, of bank checks, always satisfactory to the doctor because of large sales, seems a mere addendum, so happy is the author in allowing his pen to run on freely to his appreciative correspondents.

The publications of which Dr. Lord was the author are not numerous. His "Modern History" appeared in two forms, the American and the English editions. His "United States History," "The Old Roman World," "Ancient States and Empires," and "Ancient History for Schools and Colleges" follow. He also published a text-book called "Points of History." For his "Beacon Lights of History" he recast, revised, and re-wrote his lectures and these books, putting the substance of them all into biographical form. He wrote the "Life of Mrs. Emma Willard," several Review articles, a sketch of the "History, Greatness, and Dangers of America," and prefaces to historical works. His address at the Centennial of Berwick Academy

is in print, as are also several pamphlets written by him.

Although he said, "It has been a great satisfaction to me to have men like Andrew D. White and others, who themselves have made their mark in educational lines, say that to my lectures they owed their first inspiration in the study of history," yet these rewards of his labor were not the only remuneration Dr. Lord received. His receipts from copyrights, before the publication of "Beacon Lights," were over $20,000; and his lectures between the years 1850 and 1870 averaged a profit of $2,300 a year, while the decade between 1870 and 1880 yielded at least $5000 per annum. He enjoyed one year of what were to him extraordinary financial returns, — the year 1873–74, when his total receipts from all sources from July to July were over $8000. He never speculated in stocks, and his business ability would have made him rich had he cared to save money instead of spending it. His children were, in his later years, first in his thought. Nothing was too good for them, and whatever would make his home attractive to them and their friends was generously provided.

The taste and comfort of the interior of "The Cobbles," due in large measure to his daughter's artistic sense, were as marked as its exterior was unique and picturesque. Although he was no bibliomaniac, rare

editions of books stood on the shelves of his library; he bought many books for use, but never any for show.

Dr. Lord's life presents a noteworthy example of a well-rounded, full-orbed career. It was, with the exceptions common to the lot of man, a life of uniform success. One purpose reigned throughout its four-score years, — "Clearness and truthfulness in a popular exposition of history." He said, "I don't write for fame, but to make useful books for those who cannot easily get access to works which are called learned." When copy for a proposed prospectus of the "Beacon Lights" was sent to him, he wrote: "Alas! if I were only one quarter the man which this paper would seem to indicate, I should be in pride as bloated as a bondholder. You say my name is a familiar household word, when not one person in a thousand in this country has ever heard of me. It is enough for me that I have conscientiously endeavored for fifty years to teach sound doctrine and useful truth. In this consciousness I have had my reward."

Among the unusually large number of eminent literary men who died within the twelve months including the death of Dr. Lord, he may be counted as serving well his day and generation. If not as great in theology as McCosh and Shedd, he was as useful as

they were in diffusing a knowledge of the Divine Righteousness. Although not an explorer in the realm of Antiquities like Layard and Sir Henry Rawlinson, or in the Semitic ages with Robertson Smith, he has helped to make the modern world familiar with ancient annals, and to prepare it for the profounder teachings of modern discovery. If he was not as brilliant as Froude, he was equally popular and more reliable. As true to patriotism and religion as Whittier, and as genial as Holmes, he was no autocrat in letters, but fulfilled his self-appointed task, infusing the wisdom which he taught with the charm of a radiant and inexhaustible humor.

Life with Dr. Lord was a joy. His literary labors were not burdens. He was an enchanter who inspired men with the enthusiasms which animated his own spirit. He aimed at large objects, and cared little for the trivial and commonplace. He has chronicled the deeds of heroes, that men may emulate their valor in defence of right. And when he passed away, working to the end with his remaining strength and with mind unimpaired, he had completed every task to which he had set his hand and will. The ten volumes of his "Beacon Lights of History" are the monuments of his genius, his faith, his industry, and his artistic skill.

Not permitting himself to be named among the

Beacon Lights, which shone more brightly by his handling, Dr. Lord at least deserves, as a fitting tribute to his finished career, the declaration that by him those Lights have radiated far and wide, illuminating a continent, perpetuating the glory of great deeds, and reflecting in them the truth of Nature and of God.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

By Miss Lord.

[The author had requested Dr. Lord's daughter to send him some memoranda concerning her father, to serve as material in this biography; but he thinks it will be more interesting if the letter be inserted here by itself, just as it stands. — A. S. T.]

YOU have asked me for some personal reminiscences of my father, and I will jot down for your use a few of the little things that come to my mind, superficial matters of everyday life, which often add a lighter interest to the more serious and important records of what the life has accomplished.

My first recollection of my father dates from my mother's death. He was away at the time, far in the West, and returned just in time for the funeral, when his effort to suppress his grief was terrible for me to see, as he led me by the coffin and taught me, at seven years of age, what death meant.

After that we were separated, and he would come to see me at my aunt's; but I do not think he took

much pleasure in it. I was very little with him then, except in the summer. I can remember my delight in driving with him. One summer he took my brother and me to Falls Village, Conn., where he allowed me to follow my sweet fancy, which was to roam over the fields and woods barefooted, or to sit for hours with my feet under a little waterfall in the river. He used to tell me in fun that I was gypsy-born, and had been taken out of the fields. This I believed, and as a child formed rather Bohemian habits, which I have always retained, — an easy thing, with him for a companion!

With all my father's peculiarities of carelessness he had much method. He wished me to do some task each morning. As I did not know how to sew, and did not care for study, he would give me the endless task of sorting his old lecture-tickets and circulars while he sat by absorbed in writing. This was so tedious to me that I used to play with the colored cards, making armies of the Bourbon kings and card-houses of the Fathers of the Church.

My brother was my father's intellectual companion. Papa had a way, natural to his sympathetic disposition, of telling all his troubles to us. This resulted in getting them off his own mind, but leaving them very much on ours: as when no invitations to lecture came in during the summer, and we were

made to feel that we were going to the poorhouse. These blue times were dreadful to me, and I always knew at such periods what not to ask for. His daily letters to me under these circumstances distressed me so that I would not open them if I wanted to do anything in particular, for fear of being made unhappy. We were taught to be self-reliant because we had to be. I remember that the summer when I left school father gave me some blank checks and told me to go where I liked among my friends, while he and my brother should go to Europe. I never shall forget how hurt I was by this seeming partiality; but on his return he brought many things to make up for it, and to delight my vanity.

It was then that I first took charge of my father's house, and very proud I was; for it was the first time he really seemed to appreciate anything about me. I learned to know afterwards that his apparent inattention to me was not from any lack of love, but from his general disregard of children and ignorance about them. As soon as I was old enough to be his companion, his whole thought seemed to be his care for me; and at times he was so apprehensive of any danger coming to me that he would not let me leave him. My domestic tastes pleased him, and he thought there was nothing about housekeeping that I did not understand, which made me take double pains to please

him. He wished always to have fine dinners for his friends, and sometimes to have them ready on short notice. One day he told me that a lady was coming. "But," I said, "the cook has left." "Never mind," he answered; "never put off any one who wants to come and see you." He used to say, "If you invite people for vanity, it ends in vanity; but if people come of their own accord, they want to see you." So he took the lady driving for hours while I prepared and cooked the dinner, which happened to turn out so good that after that I never had an excuse for declining to have company.

His indulgence to us children was unbounded because he trusted us. I had the charge of the house, my brother of the grounds; and as I was young, I felt a proud care of things. Nothing made me happier than to have my father write to have rooms ready for So-and-so, or a dinner prepared in haste for guests he brought unexpectedly. There were charming dinners with his old friends, who came always in the spring, and sat up all night over their pipes; and dinners to the town clergy, which were not always so charming, because he would want all the denominations, and they did not always combine very well.

The springtime, after my father's lecture tours were over, was the happiest time of the year, and was very different from the winter, when my brother and I

"ruled the roost" without him. He never interfered with our pleasures then, but would sometimes arrive unexpectedly and find us in the midst of a frolic, which would call forth the remark, "The mice are having a pretty good time."

I had a great fear of doing something to displease him when he came in this way, and also of his being brought home ill. Once, while I was at a party, a hackman came for me and said, "Your father is home, and wants you right off." I shall always think of the fear I felt while driving up the hill and seeing the light in his bedroom, and also of the relief at finding him by the library fire, smoking, with everything in its accustomed disorder, — for it only took him five minutes to get the whole house disarranged. He sympathized with me, in his quiet way, in this trial; but his library table must be left as it was, no matter what the confusion, though I might do what I liked to the other parts of the house.

Once I wrote him, on my return to our house after renting it, that the tenants' servants had left bugs in their rooms, — and what should I do? He wrote back a long letter on the trials of life, — loss of friends, property, pestilence, famine, and then said: "What are bugs to these? Get a lot of women in and clean house."

That, too, was an idea of his, — always to get "a

lot" of work done at once. In the springtime he wanted everything in commotion; and if repairs were to be made on the house, the workmen must all come at the same time and wait for one another. He delighted in what he called "a thorough overhauling." Every book in the library must be put on the floor while he sorted them afresh; papers and letters followed. Sometimes in the midst of this he would take it into his head to indulge his taste for cooking. So his favorite dinner had to be prepared, — calf's head. The hair must be taken off with resin, which he must oversee; then the next day soup had to be made, which he also attended to. I remember once that a friend, coming into the kitchen at this time, pinned a dish-towel on his coat-tail, of which he was unconscious all the morning, much to the amusement of the cook. There were chafing-dish dinners, when he would cover the table with sauces for his *ragoût*, and throw in wine and spices as recklessly as he threw his books around. But if the cloth was often spotted, the dish was a success.

Another of father's spring pastimes was painting carriages, which he insisted he could do as well as any one. This operation was always dreaded by me, for it meant spoiled clothes as well as spoiled carriages. Everything was daubed with paint, and his poor hands suffered for days afterward. I begged him once to be

careful of his clothes, and it had a singular effect. Fortunately he decided to take the back of the house, under the wide piazza, for the scene of action. When I went to see how he was getting on, I found him with a clean shirt over all his clothes, and it, as well as the legs of his black trousers, which protruded below, had suffered from the paint, together with his face. He was a spectacle! When he did these queer things he was as serious as when he was writing his lectures; for whatever he did, he did with his might, and "at one heat," as he called it, — sitting up all night to write, or standing up all day to paint a carriage. Then, thoroughly tired out, he would sleep on the sofa after dinner till I was ready for bed, when he wondered why I wanted to retire so early.

One of father's delights was gardening. He would get all the men he could together, and often do unnecessary things. Once he built a drain to a swamp, which he dug out for a pond, walled it around with stone, and said he should keep fish there for the table. It is needless to say the pond soon became stagnant, and men had to be hired to fill it up again. Also he planted, on a piece of ground which was dug up and enriched, one thousand cabbages, from which he expected to make a hundred dollars. When I asked him how: "Why, take them round to the houses and stores," he answered. I don't remember what hap-

pened to the cabbages, but I know he wagered a hat with a friend that he would make the hundred dollars; and he afterwards sent the check for the hat, although the friend never used it.

Another farming exploit was selling all the apples on the trees. I don't know where father was when the man came to pick them; but when I asked him some time after how much he received for them, he looked very sheepish and said, "Nothing." "Why not?" I asked. "Because I don't know the man's name who took them," he answered.

He really, however, had a clear head for any important business, and was seldom mistaken in his judgments; but he could never keep his accounts. I have known him to have a thousand dollars more, or less, than he thought he had. If it was less, very rigid economy had to be practised for months; if more, extravagant liberality, such as buying more than was needed of everything. This was one of his peculiar ways, so that in our drives I would always try to keep out of the village for fear he would get caught in a shop, when I had to await his pleasure in the carriage while he would buy "something to have in the house," as he expressed it. Once it was half a sheep because it was marked "Southdown," and "would keep," he said. This habit of "salting down" things for future use he must have formed in his youth.

I remember he bought a pig on one of our drives, which of course grew. In the following winter he wrote home, "Kill the pig, and smoke the hams, and make lard," etc. This operation terrified me, and I wrote back that it was no longer a pig but a large hog. And then he answered, much to my delight, "Well, sell the pig, — call it hog, if you like."

My father's greatest pleasure was to "build castles." I don't know how many imaginary houses he mapped out, drawing the ground-plans on the backs of his lectures or any paper that offered. Doubtless, however, the building of all these houses in fancy was one cause of the picturesqueness and comfort of the two real houses that he built in Stamford. He would now and then keep me up nights talking of trips to Europe, and getting out maps to trace the tours in ink. Sometimes I would forget the mood that was sure to follow, and lie awake thinking of the pleasure to come, — only to find the next morning that it was all a dream. I learned never to expect any plan to be carried out, except one made in the morning. I suppose those imaginative tours helped to bring it about that the trips we succeeded in taking were so delightful. As he had travelled so much he never made a circumstance of it. Taking very little luggage, we would find ourselves on a steamer on short notice, and from the outset he was in a happy mood, never ill,

and the centre of the ship's company. He would find out the chess-players and retire to the smoking-room, while I was left with friends on deck. Of course his long pipe had to go too. His valise was a study to every one who caught a glimpse of its confusion, — pipes, clean linen, slippers, papers, and plenty of tobacco to fill in the corners.

It was a great charm about my father that while he had a nervous temperament and quick temper, he was never in a hurry in travelling. He was always interested in those he met. In the cars, in the hotels, on shipboard, and even in the little inns we visited, he always found an audience, — for that he must have, if it was only one person. And his sociality was universal and democratic. In this way he would sometimes worry me by telling stories at table to make the servant laugh. If he lost a train he would be complacent about it, and cheerfully wait for another. Once at Pompeii, when our party had lost the train, he went to sleep on an old hard couch in the station, and had to be waked up to take the next one.

Our journeys are a delight to remember. Father took no note of time. I have sat for hours on a stone in the Roman Forum, or on the lawns in Oxford, waiting for him to move on, not liking to disturb his thought. We would frequently find some queer little place for lunch. Once in Holland it was in a little shop where

he espied a woman cooking her dinner. He entered, and pointed to the potatoes boiling on the fire, and then to eggs and bread in the windows, etc., and finally we were served with a very good meal. On coming out he saw some fine cherries to which he also pointed, weighing out a small quantity, then holding out a handful of change. The woman helped herself, — to too much, he thought, for he caught up another handful of cherries from the basket, which he ate as he walked down the street, laughing.

We would spend hours in London and Paris in the small shops, where he would indulge his fancy for buying little things, — such as corks with silver tops, shirt-studs, thread and needles, and small hardware, which he tumbled into a drawer after he came home, and was always pleased when I would borrow of him, although he would say, "Why don't you have things of your own?" These he would call his "little luxuries."

In these trips my father often neglected to present the letters of introduction he brought, saying it was too much trouble, and that it was better not to run after people. In this way I missed much pleasure, for when we stayed at the large hotels we usually made acquaintances which would have proved interesting to me. At one of these hotels Lady S. invited me to visit her castle; but father objected, saying that

she was "uninteresting and fat." So I was obliged to lose the anticipated enjoyment.

Little inns especially took his fancy, and he would tell the driver to take us to the picturesque ones. In a small English town we were taken in this way to one where a bowling club had their green, and were to have dinner just as we arrived. So the hostess asked father if he would like to dine with them. "Yes, if they want me," he answered. And I think they did want him, from the amount of stories I heard him telling, and their echoing laughter.

One of these trips — the last, only the year before he died — was taken on coaches through Devonshire. I used to wonder how at his age he could sit on the box-seat and smoke, going down those dreadful hills. I once noticed him put down his pipe, and asked him what the matter was. He answered in his plucky way, "Nothing." But I saw he was holding on, and I said, "Are you frightened?" "A little," he answered. But I think he was more so when we were put down on top of the hill above Clovelly, for he found he had to walk to the hotel half-way down that dreadful steep, with no means of getting back except the climb, impossible to him. I was very much worried that night, fearing he might be taken ill, and could not sleep until I heard him go to bed in the small hours. I asked next morning what he had

been doing so late, and his face was beaming. "Oh," he answered, "I have been talking to some jolly Oxford boys, and they have made me tell stories all the evening." I noticed that they were quite as fascinated the next morning on the porch, and they tried their best to find out who he was; but for once he was reticent about himself, and only said, "I am an American literary tramp." On asking for the cards of these "jolly boys" in bicycle rigs, that he might send them some of his books on his return to America, he was surprised to see "Rev." prefacing each name.

The fishermen of the little town were no less interested in talking with him; and on our passing them as we went down the hill to the boat, one said to his mate: "Do you see that old fellow with the long pipe? Well, he has come all the way from America to see Clovelly, and he is eighty-two years old." Very likely my father did say so, he was so interested in the little town Kingsley has made famous by his "Westward Ho!"

As I said before, my father was never happier than when he was before an audience, — whether it was a room full, or a group, of men, women, or girls; but he must have their sole attention. For this reason he was not always a good guest, unless he went alone; and one could never count on his moods. A friend once made the mistake of inviting him to dine with

a gentleman who had the same weakness for pleasing other people with his conversation, and after the dinner she asked the poor man how he liked Dr. Lord. "I do not care for him," he answered; "he wants to do all the talking." She afterward asked father the same question about the other man, and he said, "Oh, he is agreeable enough; but he talks too much."

My father never liked to have me make fun of his friends, but it was a way he took with some of mine; for he did not always welcome those whom I liked. In a sarcastic speech he would sometimes place them in an unattractive light to me. If I had callers after ten o'clock, he was apt to be impatient.

Of my women friends he could never see enough, and never objected to having company unless it crowded out other things. Sometimes, indeed, if he was tired, he would ask why I "kept tavern;" and then if I had a lull in entertaining he would say, "It seems to me we have n't as many friends as we used to have." If I ever had ladies at the house and did not ask him in, he would generally make himself heard. Once I was having a lunch party, and asked him — as it was a club affair — if I might send his lunch into the library. He consented amiably enough, but got dreadfully tired waiting for the courses, which probably reached him cold; for, perceiving a strong smell

of burning fat, I went to explore, and discovered that he was cooking a chop over his open fire, and letting the fat and the smell go where they would.

My father was seldom ill, except from attacks of gout in the latter part of his life. These he took with the philosophy he accorded to all troubles, for I never heard him complain at the "dispensations of Providence." He received even the awful blow of my brother's death — which happened when he was away from home, and was an abiding grief to the end of his life — as resignedly as smaller trials, such as the loss of a course of lectures, or a fit of sickness to himself; although I can remember only one illness, which came after a driving trip we had taken together, and which lasted some months. He had several falls, however, — one from the roof of the new house he was building (where he had gone to look after the chimney), down to the attic floor, and one on a steamboat going to Chautauqua. I missed him on the steamboat, and after a while he appeared, laughing and greatly excited. "Where do you think I have been?" he said. "I was looking at the men handle the trunks, and stepped back, and fell down into the furnace-room. When I saw the flames so near me," he added, "I thought I had reached the infernal regions."

My last journey with my father was to spend the

summer of 1894 in the quiet and beautiful village of Ashfield, in Massachusetts. I felt his weakness coming on then; but he was diverted by the agreeable society and the delightful drives. I shall always look back to that last summer as the happiest with him. He made himself perfectly at home in the cottage we had taken, and enjoyed all that the little town offered, even the weekly visit of the fishmonger, who would drive up to the door to let father choose his fish and vegetables, while he had a pleasant conversation with the loquacious dealer.

The drives about Ashfield were of the loveliest, each afternoon a different one; although father's favorite was to follow the river, where he always picked out several beautiful trees and marked them as his friends, not remembering that he had ever noticed them before.

There were games of chess with a Boston artist in the morning, which I remember were interrupted on one occasion by the stable-keeper coming in to announce the death of our horse. The interview was characteristic. The man, with a piece of straw in his mouth, remarked, "He 's dead." No response from the chess-board. Soon he repeated, "He 's dead."

"Who is?" at last said my father.

"Your horse."

"Well," said my father, "get him buried;" and he continued his game. Although father had an affection

for the animal, he did not believe in "crying over spilt milk," and rather rebuked me for my sentimentality on the occasion.

So there were no more drives. But there were other pleasures, — calls from the kind ladies of the town, visits to and from the genial Professor Norton and Dr. Stanley Hall; also many old friends came up to visit us among the hills.

I shall think always of the last two events connected with my father's public life. One was the laborious task of making the index for his last volume of "Beacon Lights of History." He found this the hardest work of book-making, and would gather together my friends to cut the paper in slips after he had written the subjects on it, and stick pins through them, to sort again and re-write. The other was his last public appearance at the famous Ashfield Annual Dinner, when Professor Norton, in his graceful way, introduced my father with Dr. Holmes's witty phrase, as "eighty-three years young," and when he stood for the last time to speak, as he put it, "in public on the stage," among his friends, — the new ones no less appreciative of his last effort than the old. Of these the charming writer, Sarah Orne Jewett, was a beloved representative. He said good-by then to all that was of the world, and of the life he had so much enjoyed.

In a short time the weakness from which my father died crept upon him; and soon after returning to the cottage we had built in Stamford with so much pleasure, in the sunny room he had prepared for his "old age," which never really came, he faced death as serenely as all other events in his varied life. A few days before he died, as I was beside him, he looked up, — his eyes never so blue, — and said quietly: "Dear, I believe I am going to die;" and added, "it matters not whether I live or die. If I live, I shall be a poor sick man of many infirmities. I am willing to die. I cannot say much; but when I die, tell what I say: I have done my work. What a man does for good is the only thing. A Christian is one who lives according to the Scriptures, — not dogmas, not what man teaches. If I live, I must help others. I have no personal desire to get well."

In mentioning the undeniable peculiarities of my father, — which were as natural to him as breathing, but which, nevertheless, he himself saw and laughed about as freely as did his friends, — I must not leave an impression unjust to his memory. Impulsive he was always, and careless often; and his keen sense of the ridiculous and love of fun frequently broke out in irony and even sarcasm. But his impulses were generous; his carelessness was rather a life-long contempt for petty details while pursuing his interest in more important

ones; and his kindness of heart was so evident in his laughing eyes that he rarely offended even the subjects of his sharp sayings. It is not for me to speak of his beautiful character. His generosity was his crowning virtue. To his family he was devoted and liberal, while to his friends he was the soul of hospitality, wishing them always to use his home as their own.

My own relations to my father during all his later years were those of an intimate companion and friend as well as daughter. He needed sympathetic comradeship; and whether it was a business affair, or a new lecture, or a proposed journey, or a drive about the pleasant country roads, or the enjoyment of a jaunt in foreign lands, he was constantly appealing to me for council if not for counsel, and always for some responsive expression. He would read me what he had written, and discuss it, — of course rather for the sake of a sympathetic auditor than for a literary adviser. But in these and all the matters of life he made me his friend and partner. The abiding sense of his generous, loving nature, and the memory especially of the last twenty years of his life, with all its variation of scene, event, and mood, remain to me a precious legacy.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

Abbott, J. S. C., 285.
Abélard, 58, 59, 190.
Adams, Frederick A., 35, 70.
——, John Quincy, 61, 195.
——, Nathaniel, 9.
——, Dr. William, 177.
Addison, Julia, 192.
Alexander, Rev. Dr. Archibald, 255.
——, Dr., of Edinburgh, 158.
Alexander the Great, 117.
American Education Society, 25, 34.
Andover Theological Seminary, 46.
Anselm, 58.
Antislavery agitators, 238.
Aquinas, Thomas, 157.
Arnold, Thomas, 53.
Ashfield, 274, 294.
Augustine, Saint, 53, 157.

B.

Bacon, Lord, 54, 245.
——, Miss Delia, 109, 110, 114.
——, Leonard, D.D., 109, 113.
Bain, Mr., Editor Leeds Mercury, 134.
Ballantyne, James, 293.
Bancroft, George, 101.
——, J. Henry, 108.
Barrington, Daines, 62.
Bayard, Thomas H., 53.
Bayle, Pierre, 62.
"Beacon Lights of History," 293.
Beecher, Dr. Edward, 169.
——, Henry Ward, 35, 60, 81, 206, 210.
Bell, Joseph, 33.
Bellamy, Rev. Dr. Joseph, 91.
Beman, Dr. N. N. S., 64.
Berwick Academy, 20, 273, 295.
Besant, Walter, 119.
Binney, Thomas, 35, 142, 164.
Blanchard, Rev. Mr., 85.
Bledsoe, Prof. Albert Taylor, 213, 237.
Bodwell, Joseph C., 35.
Boniface VII., 198.
Bossuet, 35, 224.
Bradbury, Bion, 22.
Brandis, Professor, 154.
Brewster, Tempy, 23.
Bright, John, 143.
Brontë, Charlotte, 291.
Brooks, Rev. Charles T., 172.
Brown, Gilman, 70.
——, Professor, 32.
Brougham, Lord, 143.
Bryant, William Cullen, 177.
Brunnow, Professor, of Dublin, 212.
Buckingham, Mr., 153.
Buckminster, Rev. Joseph, 13, 17.
Buddington, Dr., 169.
Burke, Edmund, 36, 238.
Burns, Robert, 52.
Butler, Dr. Clement, 169, 178.
——, Fanny Kemble, 174.

C.

Cæsar, Julius, 117, 196.
Calvin, John, 57, 245.
Campbell, Rev. Mr., 24.
Canning, George, 36, 117.
Canova, 199.
Carnot, Madame, 266.
Carlyle, Thomas, 50, 52, 53, 62, 101, 144.
——, Jane Welsh (Mrs. Thomas), 144.
Cass, Lewis, 179.
Chalmers, Thomas, 35, 158.
Chambers, Robert, 293.
Channing, William Ellery, 112.
Chase, Professor, 32.
——, Rev. Mr., 68.
Chaucer, 247.
Chapin, Edward H., 206, 209.
Chess-playing, 269.
Cheever, Rev. Dr. George B., 177.
Choate, Rufus, 33.
Chrysostom, 60.
Cicero, 36, 117.
Civil War, The, 239.
Clarence, Duke of, 12.
Clark, Rev. Tertius, 86.
Clarkson, Mr., of Columbia, S. C., 235.
Cleopatra, 250.
Cobden, Richard, 128.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 51, 54.
Colman, Rev. Henry, 146, 149, 150.
Combe, George, 158.
Condé, 117.
Columbus, Christopher, 246.
Cowden Clarke, Mr. and Mrs., 130.
Coues, Samuel E., 63, 84, 108.
Cowperthwaite and Co., 280.
Cranmer, Archbishop, 178.
Croker, John Wilson, 285.
Cumming, Rev. Dr. Joseph, 143.
Curtis, George William, 206, 275.
Cushing, Caleb, 61.

D.

Dante, 247.
Dartmouth College, 28–45.
Dartmouth, Earl of, 120.
Dawson, George, 190.
Demosthenes, 36, 117, 137.
Derby, Lord, 143.
Diogenes, 190.
Disraeli, Benjamin, 143, 189.
Domenichino, 199.
Doremus, Rev. Dr., 177.
——, Professor, 211.
Douglas, Stephen A., 179.
Ducie, Lord, 131.
Dunn, Henry, 283.
Dupanloup, Bishop, 188.
Duyckinck, Evert A., 177.

E.

Edwards, Jonathan, 86.
Emerson, Dr., Professor of History at Andover, 60, 85, 100.
——, Ralph Waldo, 61, 99, 209, 223.
"English Men of Letters," 274.
Erasmus, Life of, 278.
Everett, Edward, 61, 144, 171, 210.
Ewald, Georg H. A., 286.
Extemporaneous speaking, 35, 37.

F.

Farrar, Squire, 18.
Felton, Prof. C. C., 179.
Fields, James T., 223.
Fitch, Rev. Dr. Eleazar T., 109, 113.
Foster, Lafayette S., 56.
Fowler, Asa, 30.
Fox, Charles James, 117.
——, George, 177.
France, Anatole, 287.
Franklin, Benjamin, 17.
Froude, James Anthony, 259, 286, 298.

G.

Gainsford, Dr., of Oxford, 193.
Gannett, Dr. Ezra Stiles, 222.
Geike, Cunningham, 286.
"George Rice!" 268.
Gibbon, Edward, 62.
Giles, Henry, 115, 209, 285.
Gladstone, William Ewart, 36, 143, 189, 293.
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 55.
Goodwin, Daniel R., 21.
Gordon, Mr., of Oxford, 192, 194.
Gough, John B., 111, 206, 207
Graham, Sylvester, 95.
——, Mrs. Sylvester, 217.
Gray, Mr., Irish agitator, 130.
Green, Miss, 175.
Guizot, F. P. G., 62, 100, 103.
Gustavus Adolphus, 117.

H.

Haddock, Prof. Charles B., 31.
Hague, Rev. Dr. William, 140.
Haines, Miss, 175.
Hale, Professor Benjamin, 32.
Hall, President G. Stanley, 274, 295.
——, Hall, Robert, 35.
Hallam, Henry, 62.
Hamilton, Alexander, 232, 238.
——, Rev. Dr., 120, 134.
Harris, Mr. (Lancastrian School), 15.
Harrison, Frederic, 291.
Hasseltine, Miss, 175.
Haven, John and Nathaniel, 9.
Hawes, Rev. Dr. Joel, 110.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 173.
Hayes, John L., 21, 22, 110.
——, William H., 12, 120.
Hildebrand, 248.
Hildenmier, Dr., 154.
Hill, Abigail, 13.
——, "Deacon" John, 13.
"History, Greatness, and Dangers of America," 295.
Hitchcock, Roswell D., 81.
Hodge, Rev. Dr. Charles, 255.
Hodgson, Mr., of Liverpool, 123, 125, 129.
Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell, 209, 223, 298, 316.
Homer, Rev. Bradford, 108.
Hopkins, President Mark, 227.
Howson, Dr. John Paul, Dean of Chester, 185.
Hubbard, Samuel, 110.
Hudson, Henry Norman, 111, 210.
——, Miss, 65.
Humphrey, Rev. Dr., 170.

I.

Ireland, John, 130.
Irving, Washington, 101, 177.

J.

James, Rev. John Angell, 120, 159, 189.
Jefferson, Thomas, 237.
Jerome, Saint, 178.
Jesuitism, 245.
"Jewish Heroes and Prophets," 252.

K.

Kingsley, Charles, 312.
Kirk, Dr. Edward N., 113.
Knight, Sir Arnold, 124, 138, 156.

L.

Ladd, Eliphalet, 13.
——, Sophia, mother of Dr. John Lord, 13, 14.
——, William, 14, 75, 76, 108.
Lamartine, Alphonse de, 62.
Lambert, Thomas R., 22.
Langdon, Governor, 9.

Laud, Archbishop, 178.
Layard, Austen Henry, 298.
Lecky, William E., 215.
Leighton, Robert, Archbishop of Glasgow, 53.
Lincoln, Abraham, 238, 241.
Longfellow, Henry W., 223.
Louis Napoleon, 186.
Lord, Annie S., 184 ; Reminiscences by, 300.
——, Arthur, 265.
——, Augustus, 11, 12.
——, Rev. C. E., D.D., 264.
——, Eliot, 265.
——, Dr. John, subject of this Memoir. *See* Table of Contents.
——, John, General, grandfather of Dr. J. L., 10, 11.
——, John, Jr., 174, 219, 263.
——, John Perkins, father of Dr. J. L., 9, 11, 19.
——, Madame, widow of General John L., 20.
——, Nathan, Elder, 11, 12, 13.
——, Nathan, President, 12, 25, 29, 44, 88, 120, 219, 239, 241.
——, Nathaniel, 11.
——, Samuel, 10, 12.
——, Samuel P., 264.
——, Susan, 12.
——, Rev. William, 264.
Lowell Institute, 221.
Lowell, James Russell, 221, 223.
——, John Augustus, 221.
——, John, Jr., 221.
Luther, Martin, 246.
Lyon, Mary, 64, 114.
Lyndhurst, Lord, 143.

M.

McCosh, President James, 297.
McNeile, Rev. Dr., 127.
Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord, 51,62, 101, 285, 295.
Mackintosh, Sir James, 62.
Maitland, Samuel Roffey, 62.
Marlborough, Duchess of, 250.
Martineau, Rev. Dr. James, 120, 127.
Mason, Rev. Charles, 170.
——, Jeremiah, 9, 10, 31, 170.
Maury, Lieut. Matthew F., 179.
Meacham, James, 70.
Michael Angelo, 199, 201, 246.
Miller, Professor, 100.
Milner, Joseph, 60.
Mirabeau, 51, 117.
Mitchell, General O. M., 211.
"Modern Europe," 283.
"Modern History," 280.
Mohammed, 247.
Montgomery, Rev. Robert, 143.
More, Hannah, 115, 251.
Moses, 190, 251.
Mosheim, Johann Lorenz von, 62.
Motley, John Lothrop, 101.
Murdoch, Rev. Dr., 109.
Mussey, Dr., vegetarian, 33.
——, Mrs. Charles (Susan Lord), 265.

N.

Napoleon, 187, 285.
Neander, August, 62.
Nebuchadnezzar, 198.
Newman, John Henry, 62.
Niebuhr, Barthold G., 62.
Norton, Prof. Chas. Eliot, 274, 295, 316
Nott, Dr. Eliphalet, 66, 217.

O.

Olcott, Squire (Hanover, N. H.), 33.
"Old Roman World," 284, 295.
Oxford Essays, 62.

P.

Paddock, B. H., Bishop of Mass., 56.
——, T. A., Bishop of Olympia, 56.
——, Seth B., 56.
Page, Rev. Mr., 31.
Paine, Thomas, 238.
Park, Edwards A., 35, 58, 60, 108, 205.
Parker, Theodore, 222.
Parkes, Edwin, 13.
Pascal, Blaise, 50.
Patton, President Francis S., 255.
Paul, Saint, 190.
Paulding, James K., 177.
Paxton, Sir Joseph, 136.
Peabody, Rev. Dr. A. P., 274, 288.
——, Rev. David, 80.
——, Mesdames, of Salem, 171.
Peck, Prof. Wm. G., 212.
Peel, Sir Robert, 143, 293.
Perry, Pres't, Hamilton College, 68.
Phillips, Dr., of Oxford, 194.
——, Wendell, 35, 36, 206, 208, 211.
Pitt, William, 117, 293.
Pius IX., 198.
"Points of History," 295.
Porter, Agnes, 155, 133.
——, Mary (Mrs. John Lord), 147, 155, 159, 214.
Potter, Dr. Alonzo, 66.
Prescott, William, 101, 109.
Prime, Dr. Irenæus, 177.
Proctor, Richard Anthony, 210.
Publishers, Chapter on, 280.
Puncheon, English lecturer, 210.
Putnam, Professor, 32.
——, Rev. Mr., 17.
Putnam's Magazine, 285.

R.

Raffles, Rev. Dr., 120, 125.
——, Sir Stamford, 126.
Ramsay, Dean, 158.
Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, 199.
Récamier, Madame de, 250.
Richmond, Duke of, 146, 150.
Rienzi, 190.
Rogers, Henry, 159.
Ronge, Johannes, 155.
Ruskin, John, 256.
Russell, Lord John, 143.

S.

Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, 54.
Saint Theresa, 250.
Sanborn, Prof. Edwin D., 32.
Sanderson Academy, 275.
Savonarola, 60, 201, 246.
Schlegel, W. F. von, 62, 155.
School-teaching in the country, 37–41.
Scott, Sir Walter, 293.
——, Thomas, 60.
——, General Winfield, 179.
Sears, Dr. Barnas, 169.
Sheafe, James and Jacob, 9.
Shedd, Prof. W. G. T., 297.
Shurtleff, Prof. Roswell, 30.
Silsbee, Nathaniel, 171.
Sismondi, 103.
Slavery and abolition, 235.
Smith, Mr., Editor Liverpool Mercury, 120, 124.
——, Prof. Henry B., 101.
——, Robertson, 298.
Socrates, 251.
Solomon, 252.
South, Robert, 36.
Spalding, Edward, 35.
Sparks, Jared, 100, 101, 171, 286, 287.
Sprague, Rev. Dr. William, 120.
Spring, Rev. Dr. Gardiner, 35.
Staël, Madame de, 155.
Stanley, A. P., Dean, 192, 286.
Stephen, Sir James, 190, 194.
Stowe, Dr. Calvin E., 189.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 190.
Street, Alfred B., 177.
——, Augustus, 111.
Stuart, Prof. Moses, 48, 68, 71.
Sumner, Charles, 179.
Sylvester, Professor, 145.

T.

Tappan, Professor and Chancellor Henry Philip, 175, 177, 211, 262.
Taylor, Isaac, 55.
——, Nathaniel William, 59.
——, Zachary, 233.
Thackeray, Wm. M., 53.
Thayer, Thacher, 70.
Tholuck, Frederick A. G., 156.
Thompson, "Parson" John, 24.
Thorne, Mrs. Sam'l G. (Harriet E. Lord), 265.
Thornwell, Charlotte, 265.
——, Dr. James Henly, 236.
Ticknor, George, 101.
Ticknor and Fields, 116.
Tozer, Martha, 11.
Trollope, Anthony, 36.
Trowbridge, Wm. P., 213.
Tucker, Miss Louisa (the second Mrs. John Lord), 266.
——, Rev. Dr., 65.
Twombly, Rev. Dr. Alexander S., Titlepage, Publisher's Note, 273.
Tyng, Rev. Dr. Stephen H., 260.

U.

"United States History," 295.

V.

Vaughan, Rev. Dr., 130, 194.
——, Sexton, 17.
Victoria, Queen, 150.
Vinton, Rev. Dr. Alexander, 170.

W.

Walker, Amasa, 81.
——, Francis A., 41.
——, Rev. Mr., 41.
Ward, Rev. James Wilson, 90.
——, Rev. Dr. William Hayes, 90.
Waterston, Rev. Dr., 170.
Webster, Daniel, 10, 17, 31, 36, 45, 61, 179, 195, 233.
Weeks, Edwin Lord, 13.
Wellington, 117.
West, Dr. Chas. E., 175, 176, 261, 278.
Whately, Archbishop, 132, 195.
Wheeler, President, of Burlington, 55.
Wheelock, Dr., 194.
Whipple, Cuffee and Dinah, 19.
——, Edwin P., 111, 209.
White, Andrew D., 212.
——, Rev. Mr., of Liverpool, 37.
Whitefield, George, 60.
Whittier, John G., 298.
Whittington, 119.
Willard, Mrs. Emma, 64, 112, 175, 295.
William IV., 12.
Willis, N. P., 177.
Wilson, John ("Christopher North"), 158, 159.
Winchester, J., 109.
Winslow, Rev. Dr., 170.
Wiseman, Dr. and Cardinal Nicholas Patrick Stephen, 125, 138.
Woods, Professor Leonard, 57.
Worcester, John, 35.
——, Mr., of Manchester, Vt., 62.

Y.

Yates, Richard, 120, 123.
Young, Ira, 21, 25.
Young, Professor Charles A., 32.

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